

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND

THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

TO THE PRESENT TIME

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE SECOND



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GENERAL INDEX

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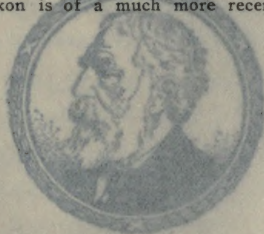
THE WORLD'S BEST LITERATURE

THE DURHAM BOOK

A page from the Gospels of Lindisfarne, preserved in the British Museum.

This is a reproduction of a truly remarkable style of illumination, which appears to have arisen in Ireland about the sixth or seventh centuries. The style is formed by an artistic and ingenious interweaving of threads, bands and ribbons of various colors, upon black or colored grounds, varied by the introduction of extremely attenuated lizard-like reptiles, birds and other animals known only to the fauna of the illuminator's imagination.

This manuscript, as is shown by an entry at the end of the book, was the hand work of the Eadfrith, Abbot of Lindisfarne, who wrote it in honor of God and St. Cuthbert, the illuminations being executed by the Monk Oethewald, who later became Abbot. These facts fix the date of the work as between 698 and 721 A. D. The book was held in great esteem and later chronicles of Durham relate marvelous tales of the miracles it worked. As is usual in such works, the grandest pages are those devoted to the beginnings of the gospels, the one shown in the plate being that of St. John. The interlinear translation of the Latin into the Saxon is of a much more recent date than the rest of the manuscript.



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EDWARD GIBBON

EDWARD GIBBON

(1737-1794)

BY W. E. H. LECKY

THE history of Gibbon has been described by John Stuart Mill as the only eighteenth-century history that has withstood nineteenth-century criticism; and whatever objections modern critics may bring against some of its parts, the substantial justice of this verdict will scarcely be contested. No other history of that century has been so often reprinted, annotated, and discussed, or remains to the present day a capital authority on the great period of which it treats. As a composition it stands unchallenged and conspicuous among the masterpieces of English literature, while as a history it covers a space of more than twelve hundred years, including some of the most momentous events in the annals of mankind.

Gibbon was born at Putney, Surrey, April 27th, 1737. Though his father was a member of Parliament and the owner of a moderate competence, the author of this great work was essentially a self-educated man. Weak health and almost constant illness in early boyhood broke up his school life,—which appears to have been fitfully and most imperfectly conducted,—withdrew him from boyish games, but also gave him, as it has given to many other shy and sedentary boys, an early and inveterate passion for reading. His reading, however, was very unlike that of an ordinary boy. He has given a graphic picture of the ardor with which, when he was only fourteen, he flung himself into serious but unguided study; which was at first purely desultory, but gradually contracted into historic lines, and soon concentrated itself mainly on that Oriental history which he was one day so brilliantly to illuminate. "Before I was sixteen," he says, "I had exhausted all that could be learned in English of the Arabs and Persians, the Tartars and Turks; and the same ardor led me to guess at the French of D'Herbelot, and to construe the barbarous Latin of Pocock's 'Abulfaragius.'"

His health however gradually improved, and when he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, it might have been expected that a new period of intellectual development would have begun; but Oxford had at this time sunk to the lowest depth of stagnation, and to Gibbon it proved extremely uncongenial. He complained that he found no guidance, no stimulus, and no discipline, and that the fourteen

months he spent there were the most idle and unprofitable of his life. They were very unexpectedly cut short by his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, which he formally adopted at the age of sixteen.

This conversion is, on the whole, the most surprising incident of his calm and uneventful life. The tendencies of the time, both in England and on the Continent, were in a wholly different direction. The more spiritual and emotional natures were now passing into the religious revival of Wesley and Whitefield, which was slowly transforming the character of the Anglican Church and laying the foundations of the great Evangelical party. In other quarters the predominant tendencies were towards unbelief, skepticism, or indifference. Nature seldom formed a more skeptical intellect than that of Gibbon, and he was utterly without the spiritual insight, or spiritual cravings, or overmastering enthusiasms, that produce and explain most religious changes. Nor was he in the least drawn towards Catholicism on its æsthetic side. He had never come in contact with its worship or its professors; and to his unimaginative, unimpassioned, and profoundly intellectual temperament, no ideal type could be more uncongenial than that of the saint. He had however from early youth been keenly interested in theological controversies. He argued, like Lardner and Paley, that miracles are the Divine attestation of orthodoxy. Middleton convinced him that unless the Patristic writers were wholly undeserving of credit, the gift of miracles continued in the Church during the fourth and fifth centuries; and he was unable to resist the conclusion that during that period many of the leading doctrines of Catholicism had passed into the Church. The writings of the Jesuit Parsons, and still more the writings of Bossuet, completed the work which Middleton had begun. Having arrived at this conclusion, Gibbon acted on it with characteristic honesty, and was received into the Church on the 8th of June, 1753.

The English universities were at this time purely Anglican bodies, and the conversion of Gibbon excluded him from Oxford. His father judiciously sent him to Lausanne to study with a Swiss pastor named Pavilliard, with whom he spent five happy and profitable years. The theological episode was soon terminated. Partly under the influence of his teacher, but much more through his own reading and reflections, he soon disentangled the purely intellectual ties that bound him to the Church of Rome; and on Christmas Day, 1754, he received the sacrament in the Protestant church of Lausanne.

His residence at Lausanne was very useful to him. He had access to books in abundance, and his tutor, who was a man of great good sense and amiability but of no remarkable capacity, very judiciously left his industrious pupil to pursue his studies in his own way.

"Hiving wisdom with each studious year," as Byron so truly says, he speedily amassed a store of learning which has seldom been equaled. His insatiable love of knowledge, his rare capacity for concentrated, accurate, and fruitful study, guided by a singularly sure and masculine judgment, soon made him, in the true sense of the word, one of the best scholars of his time. His learning, however, was not altogether of the kind that may be found in a great university professor. Though the classical languages became familiar to him, he never acquired or greatly valued the minute and finished scholarship which is the boast of the chief English schools; and careful students have observed that in following Greek books he must have very largely used the Latin translations. Perhaps in his capacity of historian this deficiency was rather an advantage than the reverse. It saved him from the exaggerated value of classical form, and from the neglect of the more corrupt literatures, to which English scholars have been often prone. Gibbon always valued books mainly for what they contained, and he had early learned the lesson which all good historians should learn: that some of his most valuable materials will be found in literatures that have no artistic merit; in writers who, without theory and almost without criticism, simply relate the facts which they have seen, and express in unsophisticated language the beliefs and impressions of their time.

Lausanne and not Oxford was the real birthplace of his intellect, and he returned from it almost a foreigner. French had become as familiar to him as his own tongue; and his first book, a somewhat superficial essay on the study of literature, was published in the French language. The noble contemporary French literature filled him with delight, and he found on the borders of the Lake of Geneva a highly cultivated society to which he was soon introduced, and which probably gave him more real pleasure than any in which he afterwards moved. With Voltaire himself he had some slight acquaintance, and he at one time looked on him with profound admiration; though fuller knowledge made him sensible of the flaws in that splendid intellect. I am here concerned with the life of Gibbon only in as far as it discloses the influences that contributed to his master work, and among these influences the foreign element holds a prominent place. There was little in Gibbon that was distinctively English; his mind was essentially cosmopolitan. His tastes, ideals, and modes of thought and feeling turned instinctively to the Continent.

In one respect this foreign type was of great advantage to his work. Gibbon excels all other English historians in symmetry, proportion, perspective, and arrangement, which are also the pre-eminent and characteristic merits of the best French literature. We find in his writing nothing of the great miscalculations of space that were made

by such writers as Macaulay and Buckle; nothing of the awkward repetitions, the confused arrangement, the semi-detached and disjointed episodes that mar the beauty of many other histories of no small merit. Vast and multifarious as are the subjects which he has treated, his work is a great whole, admirably woven in all its parts. On the other hand, his foreign taste may perhaps be seen in his neglect of the Saxon element, which is the most vigorous and homely element in English prose. Probably in no other English writer does the Latin element so entirely predominate. Gibbon never wrote an unmeaning and very seldom an obscure sentence; he could always paint with sustained and stately eloquence an illustrious character or a splendid scene: but he was wholly wanting in the grace of simplicity, and a monotony of glitter and of mannerism is the great defect of his style. He possessed, to a degree which even Tacitus and Bacon had hardly surpassed, the supreme literary gift of condensation, and it gives an admirable force and vividness to his narrative; but it is sometimes carried to excess. Not unfrequently it is attained by an excessive allusiveness, and a wide knowledge of the subject is needed to enable the reader to perceive the full import and meaning conveyed or hinted at by a mere turn of phrase. But though his style is artificial and pedantic, and greatly wanting in flexibility, it has a rare power of clinging to the memory, and it has profoundly influenced English prose. That excellent judge Cardinal Newman has said of Gibbon, "I seem to trace his vigorous condensation and peculiar rhythm at every turn in the literature of the present day."

It is not necessary to relate here in any detail the later events of the life of Gibbon. There was his enlistment as captain in the Hampshire militia. It involved two and a half years of active service, extending from May 1760 to December 1762; and as Gibbon afterwards acknowledged, if it interrupted his studies and brought him into very uncongenial duties and societies, it at least greatly enlarged his acquaintance with English life, and also gave him a knowledge of the rudiments of military science, which was not without its use to the historian of so many battles. There was a long journey, lasting for two years and five months, in France and Italy, which greatly confirmed his foreign tendencies. In Paris he moved familiarly in some of the best French literary society; and in Rome, as he tells us in a well-known passage, while he sat "musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter" (which is now the Church of the Ara Coeli),—on October 15th, 1764,—he first conceived the idea of writing the history of the decline and fall of Rome.

There was also that very curious episode in his life, lasting from 1774 to 1782,—his appearance in the House of Commons. He had

declined an offer of his father's to purchase a seat for him in 1760; and fourteen years later, when his father was dead, when his own circumstances were considerably contracted, he received and accepted at the hands of a family connection the offer of a seat. His Parliamentary career was entirely undistinguished, and he never even opened his mouth in debate,—a fact which was not forgotten when very recently another historian was candidate for a seat in Parliament. In truth, this somewhat shy and reserved scholar, with his fastidious taste, his eminently judicial mind, and his highly condensed and elaborate style, was singularly unfit for the rough work of Parliamentary discussion. No one can read his books without perceiving that his English was not that of a debater; and he has candidly admitted that he entered Parliament without public spirit or serious interest in politics, and that he valued it chiefly as leading to an office which might restore the fortune which the extravagance of his father had greatly impaired. His only real public service was the composition in French of a reply to the French manifesto which was issued at the beginning of the war of 1778. He voted steadily and placidly as a Tory, and it is not probable that in doing so he did any violence to his opinions. Like Hume, he shrank with an instinctive dislike from all popular agitations, from all turbulence, passion, exaggeration, and enthusiasm; and a temperate and well-ordered despotism was evidently his ideal. He showed it in the well-known passage in which he extols the benevolent despotism of the Antonines as without exception the happiest period in the history of mankind, and in the unmixed horror with which he looked upon the French Revolution that broke up the old landmarks of Europe. For three years he held an office in the Board of Trade, which added considerably to his income without adding greatly to his labors, and he supported steadily the American policy of Lord North and the Coalition ministry of North and Fox; but the loss of his office and the retirement of North soon drove him from Parliament, and he shortly after took up his residence at Lausanne.

But before this time a considerable part of his great work had been accomplished. The first quarto volume of the 'Decline and Fall' appeared in February 1776. As is usually the case with historical works, it occupied a much longer period than its successors, and was the fruit of about ten years of labor. It passed rapidly through three editions, received the enthusiastic eulogy of Hume and Robertson, and was no doubt greatly assisted in its circulation by the storm of controversy that arose about his Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters. In April 1781 two more volumes appeared, and the three concluding volumes were published together on the 8th of May, 1788, being the fifty-first birthday of the author.

A work of such magnitude, dealing with so vast a variety of subjects, was certain to exhibit some flaws. The controversy at first turned mainly upon its religious tendency. The complete skepticism of the author, his aversion to the ecclesiastical type which dominated in the period of which he wrote, and his unalterable conviction that Christianity, by diverting the strength and enthusiasm of the Empire from civic into ascetic and ecclesiastical channels, was a main cause of the downfall of the Empire and of the triumph of barbarism, gave him a bias which it was impossible to overlook. On no other subject is his irony more bitter or his contempt so manifestly displayed. Few good critics will deny that the growth of the ascetic spirit had a large part in corroding and enfeebling the civic virtues of the Empire; but the part which it played was that of intensifying a disease that had already begun, and Gibbon, while exaggerating the amount of the evil, has very imperfectly described the great services rendered even by a monastic Church in laying the basis of another civilization and in mitigating the calamities of the barbarian invasion. The causes he has given of the spread of Christianity in the Fifteenth Chapter were for the most part true causes, but there were others of which he was wholly insensible. The strong moral enthusiasms that transform the character and inspire or accelerate all great religious changes lay wholly beyond the sphere of his realizations. His language about the Christian martyrs is the most repulsive portion of his work; and his comparison of the sufferings caused by pagan and Christian persecutions is greatly vitiated by the fact that he only takes account of the number of deaths, and lays no stress on the profuse employment of atrocious tortures, which was one of the most distinct features of the pagan persecutions. At the same time, though Gibbon displays in this field a manifest and a distorting bias, he never, like some of his French contemporaries, sinks into the mere partisan, awarding to one side unqualified eulogy and to the other unqualified contempt. Let the reader who doubts this examine and compare his masterly portraits of Julian and of Athanasius, and he will perceive how clearly the great historian could recognize weaknesses in the characters by which he was most attracted, and elements of true greatness in those by which he was most repelled. A modern writer, in treating of the history of religions, would have given a larger space to comparative religion, and to the gradual, unconscious, and spontaneous growth of myths in the twilight periods of the human mind. These however were subjects which were scarcely known in the days of Gibbon, and he cannot be blamed for not having discussed them.

Another class of objections which has been brought against him is that he is weak upon the philosophical side, and deals with history

mainly as a mere chronicle of events, and not as a chain of causes and consequences, a series of problems to be solved, a gradual evolution which it is the task of the historian to explain. Coleridge, who detested Gibbon and spoke of him with gross injustice, has put this objection in the strongest form. He accuses him of having reduced history to a mere collection of splendid anecdotes; of noting nothing but what may produce an effect; of skipping from eminence to eminence without ever taking his readers through the valleys between; of having never made a single philosophical attempt to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, which is the very subject of his history. That such charges are grossly exaggerated will be apparent to any one who will carefully read the Second and Third Chapters, describing the state and tendencies of the Empire under the Antonines; or the chapters devoted to the rise and character of the barbarians, to the spread of Christianity, to the influence of monasticism, to the jurisprudence of the republic and of the Empire; nor would it be difficult to collect many acute and profound philosophical remarks from other portions of the history. Still, it may be admitted that the philosophical side is not its strongest part. Social and economical changes are sometimes inadequately examined and explained, and we often desire fuller information about the manners and life of the masses of the people. As far as concerns the age of the Antonines, this want has been amply supplied by the great work of Friedländer.

History, like many other things in our generation, has fallen largely into the hands of specialists; and it is inevitable that men who have devoted their lives to a minute examination of short periods should be able to detect some deficiencies and errors in a writer who traversed a period of more than twelve hundred years. Many generations of scholars have arisen since Gibbon; many new sources of knowledge have become available, and archæology especially has thrown a flood of new light on some of the subjects he treated. Though his knowledge and his narrative are on the whole admirably sustained, there are periods which he knew less well and treated less fully than others. His account of the Crusades is generally acknowledged to be one of the most conspicuous of these, and within the last few years there has arisen a school of historians who protest against the low opinion of the Byzantine Empire which was held by Gibbon, and was almost universal among scholars till the present generation. That these writers have brought into relief certain merits of the Lower Empire which Gibbon had neglected, will not be denied; but it is perhaps too early to decide whether the reaction has not, like most reactions, been carried to extravagance, and whether in its general features the estimate of Gibbon is not nearer the truth than some of those which are now put forward to replace it.

Much must no doubt be added to the work of Gibbon in order to bring it up to the level of our present knowledge; but there is no sign that any single work is likely to supersede it or to render it useless to the student; nor does its survival depend only or even mainly on its great literary qualities, which have made it one of the classics of the language. In some of these qualities Hume was the equal of Gibbon and in others his superior, and he brought to his history a more penetrating and philosophical intellect and an equally calm and unenthusiastic nature; but the study which Hume bestowed on his subject was so superficial and his statements were often so inaccurate, that his work is now never quoted as an authority. With Gibbon it is quite otherwise. His marvelous industry, his almost unrivaled accuracy of detail, his sincere love of truth, his rare discrimination and insight in weighing testimony and in judging character, have given him a secure place among the greatest historians of the world.

His life lasted only fifty-six years; he died in London on January 15th, 1794. With a single exception his history is his only work of real importance. That exception is his admirable autobiography. Gibbon left behind him six distinct sketches, which his friend Lord Sheffield put together with singular skill. It is one of the best specimens of self-portraiture in the language, reflecting with pellucid clearness both the life and character, the merits and defects, of its author. He was certainly neither a hero nor a saint; nor did he possess the moral and intellectual qualities that dominate in the great conflicts of life, sway the passions of men, appeal powerfully to the imagination, or dazzle and impress in social intercourse. He was a little slow, a little pompous, a little affected and pedantic. In the general type of his mind and character he bore much more resemblance to Hume, Adam Smith, or Reynolds, than to Johnson or Burke. A reserved scholar, who was rather proud of being a man of the world; a confirmed bachelor, much wedded to his comforts though caring nothing for luxury, he was eminently moderate in his ambitions, and there was not a trace of passion or enthusiasm in his nature. Such a man was not likely to inspire any strong devotion. But his temper was most kindly, equable, and contented; he was a steady friend, and he appears to have been always liked and honored in the cultivated and uncontentious society in which he delighted. His life was not a great one, but it was in all essentials blameless and happy. He found the work which was most congenial to him. He pursued it with admirable industry and with brilliant success, and he left behind him a book which is not likely to be forgotten while the English language endures.

W. L. L.

ZENOBIA

AURELIAN had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equaled in beauty her ancestor Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of Oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert,—lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was in a great measure ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the Great King, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the

provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invincible chiefs. The Senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrenian prince returned to the city of Emesa in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by domestic treason; and his favorite amusement of hunting was the cause, or at least the occasion, of his death. His nephew Mæonius presumed to dart his javelin before that of his uncle; and though admonished of his error, repeated the same insolence. As a monarch and as a sportsman, Odenathus was provoked, took away his horse, a mark of ignominy among the barbarians, and chastised the rash youth by a short confinement. The offense was soon forgot, but the punishment was remembered; and Mæonius, with a few daring associates, assassinated his uncle in the midst of a great entertainment. Herod, the son of Odenathus, though not of Zenobia, a young man of a soft and effeminate temper, was killed with his father. But Mæonius obtained only the pleasure of revenge by this bloody deed. He had scarcely time to assume the title of Augustus, before he was sacrificed by Zenobia to the memory of her husband.

With the assistance of his most faithful friends, she immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly counsels Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years. By the death of Odenathus, that authority was at an end which the Senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining both the Senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals who was sent against her to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighboring States of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia dreaded her enmity and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her

ancestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The Emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content that while *he* pursued the Gothic war, *she* should assert the dignity of the Empire in the East. The conduct however of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity, nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East.

When Aurelian passed over into Asia against an adversary whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the province of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a perfidious citizen. The generous though fierce temper of Aurelian abandoned the traitor to the rage of the soldiers: a superstitious reverence induced him to treat with lenity the countrymen of Apollonius the philosopher. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till the Emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who from necessity rather than choice had been engaged in the service of the Palmyrenian Queen. The unexpected mildness of such a conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and as far as the gates of Emesa the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms.

Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation, had she indolently permitted the Emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles, so similar in almost every circumstance that we can scarcely distinguish them from each other, except by observing that the first was fought near Antioch and the second near Emesa. In both the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt. The numerous forces of Zenobia consisted for the most part of light archers, and of heavy cavalry clothed in complete steel. The Moorish and Illyrian horse of Aurelian

were unable to sustain the ponderous charge of their antagonists. They fled in real or affected disorder, engaged the Palmyrenians in a laborious pursuit, harassed them by a desultory combat, and at length discomfited this impenetrable but unwieldy body of cavalry. The light infantry, in the mean time, when they had exhausted their quivers, remaining without protection against a closer onset, exposed their naked sides to the swords of the legions. Aurelian had chosen these veteran troops, who were usually stationed on the Upper Danube, and whose valor had been severely tried in the Alemannic war. After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared, with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same.

Amid the barren deserts of Arabia, a few cultivated spots rise like islands out of the sandy ocean. Even the name of Tadmor, or Palmyra, by its signification in the Syriac as well as in the Latin language, denoted the multitude of palm-trees which afforded shade and verdure to that temperate region. The air was pure, and the soil, watered by some invaluable springs, was capable of producing fruits as well as corn. A place possessed of such singular advantages, and situated at a convenient distance between the Gulf of Persia and the Mediterranean,* was soon frequented by the caravans which conveyed to the nations of Europe a considerable part of the rich commodities of India. Palmyra insensibly increased into an opulent and independent city, and connecting the Roman and the Parthian monarchies by the mutual benefits of commerce, was suffered to observe a humble neutrality, till at length after the victories of Trajan the little republic sunk into the bosom of Rome, and flourished more than one hundred and fifty years in the subordinate though honorable rank of a colony. It was during that peaceful period, if we may judge from a few remaining inscriptions, that the wealthy Palmyrenians constructed those temples, palaces, and

* Five hundred and thirty-seven miles from Seleucia, two hundred and three from the nearest coast of Syria, according to Pliny.

porticos of Grecian architecture whose ruins, scattered over an extent of several miles, have deserved the curiosity of our travelers. The elevation of Odenathus and Zenobia appeared to reflect new splendor on their country, and Palmyra for a while stood forth the rival of Rome: but the competition was fatal, and ages of prosperity were sacrificed to a moment of glory.

In his march over the sandy desert between Emesa and Palmyra, the Emperor Aurelian was perpetually harassed by the Arabs; nor could he always defend his army, and especially his baggage, from those flying troops of active and daring robbers who watched the moment of surprise and eluded the slow pursuit of the legions. The siege of Palmyra was an object far more difficult and important, and the Emperor, who with incessant vigor pressed the attacks in person, was himself wounded with a dart. "The Roman people," says Aurelian, in an original letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *balistæ*, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favorable to all my undertakings." Doubtful, however, of the protection of the gods and of the event of the siege, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation: to the Queen, a splendid retreat; to the citizens, their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected, and the refusal was accompanied with insult.

The firmness of Zenobia was supported by the hope that in a very short time famine would compel the Roman army to repossess the desert, and by the reasonable expectation that the kings of the East, and particularly the Persian monarch, would arm in the defense of their most natural ally. But fortune and the perseverance of Aurelian overcame every obstacle. The death of Sapor, which happened about this time, distracted the counsels of Persia, and the inconsiderable succors that attempted to relieve Palmyra were easily intercepted either by the arms or the liberality of the Emperor. From every part of Syria a regular succession of convoys safely arrived in the camp, which was increased by the return of Probus with his victorious troops from the conquest of

Egypt. It was then that Zenobia resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the Emperor. Her capital soon afterwards surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity. The arms, horses, and camels, with an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk, and precious stones, were all delivered to the conqueror, who, leaving only a garrison of six hundred archers, returned to Emesa and employed some time in the distribution of rewards and punishments at the end of so memorable a war, which restored to the obedience of Rome those provinces that had renounced their allegiance since the captivity of Valerian.

When the Syrian Queen was brought into the presence of Aurelian he sternly asked her, How she had presumed to rise in arms against the emperors of Rome! The answer of Zenobia was a prudent mixture of respect and firmness: "Because I disdained to consider as Roman emperors an Aureolus or a Gallienus. You alone I acknowledge as my conqueror and my sovereign." But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so it is seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamors of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra which she had proposed as her model, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian. The fame of Longinus, who was included among the numerous and perhaps innocent victims of her fear, will survive that of the Queen who betrayed or the tyrant who condemned him. Genius and learning were incapable of moving a fierce unlettered soldier, but they had served to elevate and harmonize the soul of Longinus. Without uttering a complaint he calmly followed the executioner, pitying his unhappy mistress, and bestowing comfort on his afflicted friends. . . .

But, however in the treatment of his unfortunate rivals Aurelian might indulge his pride, he behaved towards them with a generous clemency which was seldom exercised by the ancient conquerors. Princes who without success had defended their throne or freedom, were frequently strangled in prison as soon

as the triumphal pomp ascended the Capitol. These usurpers, whom their defeat had convicted of the crime of treason, were permitted to spend their lives in affluence and honorable repose. The Emperor presented Zenobia with an elegant villa at Tibur, or Tivoli, about twenty miles from the capital; the Syrian queen insensibly sunk into a Roman matron, her daughters married into noble families, and her race was not yet extinct in the fifth century.

FOUNDATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE

WE ARE at present qualified to view the advantageous position of Constantinople, which appears to have been formed by nature for the centre and capital of a great monarchy. Situated in the forty-first degree of latitude, the imperial city commanded from her seven hills the opposite shores of Europe and Asia; the climate was healthy and temperate, the soil fertile, the harbor secure and capacious; and the approach on the side of the continent was of small extent and easy defense. The Bosphorus and the Hellespont may be considered as the two gates of Constantinople; and the prince who possessed those important passages could always shut them against a naval enemy and open them to the fleets of commerce. The preservation of the eastern provinces may in some degree be ascribed to the policy of Constantine, as the barbarians of the Euxine, who in the preceding age had poured their armaments into the heart of the Mediterranean, soon desisted from the exercise of piracy, and despaired of forcing this insurmountable barrier. When the gates of the Hellespont and Bosphorus were shut, the capital still enjoyed within their spacious inclosure every production which could supply the wants or gratify the luxury of its numerous inhabitants. The sea-coasts of Thrace and Bithynia, which languish under the weight of Turkish oppression, still exhibit a rich prospect of vineyards, of gardens, and of plentiful harvests; and the Propontis has ever been renowned for an inexhaustible store of the most exquisite fish, that are taken in their stated seasons without skill and almost without labor. But when the passages of the straits were thrown open for trade, they alternately admitted the natural and artificial riches of the North and South, of the Euxine and of the Mediterranean. Whatever rude commodities were collected in the forests of Germany and Scythia, as far as

the sources of the Tanais and the Borysthenes; whatsoever was manufactured by the skill of Europe or Asia; the corn of Egypt, and the gems and spices of the farthest India, were brought by the varying winds into the port of Constantinople, which for many ages attracted the commerce of the ancient world.

The prospect of beauty, of safety, and of wealth, united in a single spot, was sufficient to justify the choice of Constantine. But as some decent mixture of prodigy and fable has in every age been supposed to reflect a becoming majesty on the origin of great cities, the Emperor was desirous of ascribing his resolution, not so much to the uncertain counsels of human policy as to the infallible and eternal decrees of Divine wisdom. In one of his laws he has been careful to instruct posterity that in obedience to the commands of God he laid the everlasting foundations of Constantinople: and though he has not condescended to relate in what manner the celestial inspiration was communicated to his mind, the defect of his modest silence has been liberally supplied by the ingenuity of succeeding writers, who describe the nocturnal vision which appeared to the fancy of Constantine as he slept within the walls of Byzantium. The tutelar genius of the city, a venerable matron sinking under the weight of years and infirmities, was suddenly transformed into a blooming maid, whom his own hands adorned with all the symbols of imperial greatness. The monarch awoke, interpreted the auspicious omen, and obeyed without hesitation the will of Heaven. The day which gave birth to a city or colony was celebrated by the Romans with such ceremonies as had been ordained by a generous superstition; and though Constantine might omit some rites which savored too strongly of their pagan origin, yet he was anxious to leave a deep impression of hope and respect on the minds of the spectators. On foot, with a lance in his hand, the Emperor himself led the solemn procession, and directed the line which was traced as the boundary of the destined capital; till the growing circumference was observed with astonishment by the assistants, who at length ventured to observe that he had already exceeded the most ample measure of a great city. "I shall still advance," replied Constantine, "till HE, the invisible guide who marches before me, thinks proper to stop." Without presuming to investigate the nature or motives of this extraordinary conductor, we shall content ourselves with the more humble task of describing the extent and limits of Constantinople.

In the actual state of the city, the palace and gardens of the Seraglio occupy the eastern promontory, the first of the seven hills, and cover about one hundred and fifty acres of our own measure. The seat of Turkish jealousy and despotism is erected on the foundations of a Grecian republic; but it may be supposed that the Byzantines were tempted by the conveniency of the harbor to extend their habitations on that side beyond the modern limits of the Seraglio. The new walls of Constantine stretched from the port to the Propontis across the enlarged breadth of the triangle, at a distance of fifteen stadia from the ancient fortification; and with the city of Byzantium they inclosed five of the seven hills which, to the eyes of those who approach Constantinople, appear to rise above each other in beautiful order. About a century after the death of the founder, the new buildings, extending on one side up the harbor and on the other along the Propontis, already covered the narrow ridge of the sixth and the broad summit of the seventh hill. The necessity of protecting those suburbs from the incessant inroads of the barbarians engaged the younger Theodosius to surround his capital with an adequate and permanent inclosure of walls. From the eastern promontory to the Golden Gate, the extreme length of Constantinople was about three Roman miles; the circumference measured between ten and eleven, and the surface might be computed as equal to about two thousand English acres. It is impossible to justify the vain and credulous exaggerations of modern travelers, who have sometimes stretched the limits of Constantinople over the adjacent villages of the European, and even of the Asiatic coast. But the suburbs of Pera and Galata, though situate beyond the harbor, may deserve to be considered as a part of the city; and this addition may perhaps authorize the measure of a Byzantine historian, who assigns sixteen Greek (about fourteen Roman) miles for the circumference of his native city. Such an extent may not seem unworthy of an imperial residence. Yet Constantinople must yield to Babylon and Thebes, to ancient Rome, to London, and even to Paris.

The master of the Roman world, who aspired to erect an eternal monument of the glories of his reign, could employ in the prosecution of that great work the wealth, the labor, and all that yet remained of the genius of obedient millions. Some estimate may be formed of the expense bestowed with imperial liberality on the foundation of Constantinople, by the allowance of

about two millions five hundred thousand pounds for the construction of the walls, the porticos, and the aqueducts. The forests that overshadowed the shores of the Euxine, and the celebrated quarries of white marble in the little island of Proconnesus, supplied an inexhaustible stock of materials, ready to be conveyed, by the convenience of a short water carriage, to the harbor of Byzantium. A multitude of laborers and artificers urged the conclusion of the work with incessant toil; but the impatience of Constantine soon discovered that, in the decline of the arts, the skill as well as numbers of his architects bore a very unequal proportion to the greatness of his designs. The magistrates of the most distant provinces were therefore directed to institute schools, to appoint professors, and by the hopes of rewards and privileges to engage in the study and practice of architecture a sufficient number of ingenious youths who had received a liberal education. The buildings of the new city were executed by such artificers as the reign of Constantine could afford; but they were decorated by the hands of the most celebrated masters of the age of Pericles and Alexander. To revive the genius of Phidias and Lysippus surpassed indeed the power of a Roman emperor; but the immortal productions which they had bequeathed to posterity were exposed without defense to the rapacious vanity of a despot. By his commands the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments. The trophies of memorable wars, the objects of religious veneration, the most finished statues of the gods and heroes, of the sages and poets of ancient times, contributed to the splendid triumph of Constantinople, and gave occasion to the remark of the historian Cedrenus, who observes with some enthusiasm that nothing seemed wanting except the souls of the illustrious men whom these admirable monuments were intended to represent. But it is not in the city of Constantine, nor in the declining period of an empire, when the human mind was depressed by civil and religious slavery, that we should seek for the souls of Homer and of Demosthenes.

During the siege of Byzantium, the conqueror had pitched his tent on the commanding eminence of the second hill. To perpetuate the memory of his success, he chose the same advantageous position for the principal Forum, which appears to have been of a circular or rather elliptical form. The two opposite entrances formed triumphal arches; the porticos which inclosed

it on every side were filled with statues; and the centre of the Forum was occupied by a lofty column, of which a mutilated fragment is now degraded by the appellation of the *burnt pillar*. This column was erected on a pedestal of white marble twenty feet high, and was composed of ten pieces of porphyry, each of which measured about ten feet in height and about thirty-three in circumference. On the summit of the pillar, above one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, stood the colossal statue of Apollo. It was of bronze, had been transported either from Athens or from a town of Phrygia, and was supposed to be the work of Phidias. The artist had represented the god of day, or as it was afterwards interpreted, the Emperor Constantine himself with a sceptre in his right hand, the globe of the world in his left, and a crown of rays glittering on his head. The Circus, or Hippodrome, was a stately building about four hundred paces in length and one hundred in breadth. The space between the two *metæ* or goals was filled with statues and obelisks; and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity—the bodies of three serpents twisted into one pillar of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks. The beauty of the Hippodrome has been long since defaced by the rude hands of the Turkish conquerors; but under the similar appellation of Atmeidan, it still serves as a place of exercise for their horses. From the throne whence the Emperor viewed the Circensian games, a winding staircase descended to the palace: a magnificent edifice which scarcely yielded to the residence of Rome itself, and which, together with the dependent courts, gardens, and porticos, covered a considerable extent of ground upon the banks of the Propontis between the Hippodrome and the church of St. Sophia. We might likewise celebrate the baths, which still retained the name of Zeuxippus, after they had been enriched by the munificence of Constantine with lofty columns, various marbles, and above threescore statues of bronze. But we should deviate from the design of this history if we attempted minutely to describe the different buildings or quarters of the city. It may be sufficient to observe that whatever could adorn the dignity of a great capital, or contribute to the benefit or pleasure of its numerous inhabitants, was contained within the walls of Constantinople. A particular description, composed about a century after its

foundation, enumerates a capitol or school of learning, a circus, two theatres, eight public and one hundred and fifty-three private baths, fifty-two porticos, five granaries, eight aqueducts or reservoirs of water, four spacious halls for the meetings of the senate or courts of justice, fourteen churches, fourteen palaces, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight houses which for their size or beauty deserved to be distinguished from the multitude of plebeian habitations.

The populousness of his favored city was the next and most serious object of the attention of its founder. In the dark ages which succeeded the translation of the empire, the remote and the immediate consequences of that memorable event were strangely confounded by the vanity of the Greeks and the credulity of the Latins. It was asserted and believed that all the noble families of Rome, the Senate, and the equestrian order, with their innumerable attendants, had followed their Emperor to the banks of the Propontis; that a spurious race of strangers and plebeians was left to possess the solitude of the ancient capital; and that the lands of Italy, long since converted into gardens, were at once deprived of cultivation and inhabitants. In the course of this history such exaggerations will be reduced to their just value: yet, since the growth of Constantinople cannot be ascribed to the general increase of mankind and of industry, it must be admitted that this artificial colony was raised at the expense of the ancient cities of the empire. Many opulent senators of Rome and of the eastern provinces were probably invited by Constantine to adopt for their country the fortunate spot which he had chosen for his own residence. The invitations of a master are scarcely to be distinguished from commands; and the liberality of the Emperor obtained a ready and cheerful obedience. He bestowed on his favorites the palaces which he had built in the several quarters of the city, assigned them lands and pensions for the support of their dignity, and alienated the demesnes of Pontus and Asia to grant hereditary estates by the easy tenure of maintaining a house in the capital. But these encouragements and obligations soon became superfluous, and were gradually abolished. Wherever the seat of government is fixed, a considerable part of the public revenue will be expended by the prince himself, by his ministers, by the officers of justice, and by the domestics of the palace. The most wealthy of the provincials will be attracted by the powerful motives

of interest and duty, of amusement and curiosity. A third and more numerous class of inhabitants will insensibly be formed, of servants, of artificers, and of merchants, who derive their subsistence from their own labor and from the wants or luxury of the superior ranks. In less than a century Constantinople disputed with Rome itself the pre-eminence of riches and numbers. New piles of buildings, crowded together with too little regard to health or convenience, scarcely allowed the intervals of narrow streets for the perpetual throng of men, of horses, and of carriages. The allotted space of ground was insufficient to contain the increasing people; and the additional foundations, which on either side were advanced into the sea, might alone have composed a very considerable city.

The frequent and regular distributions of wine and oil, of corn or bread, of money or provisions, had almost exempted the poorer citizens of Rome from the necessity of labor. The magnificence of the first Cæsars was in some measure imitated by the founder of Constantinople; but his liberality, however it might excite the applause of the people, has incurred the censure of posterity. A nation of legislators and conquerors might assert their claim to the harvests of Africa, which had been purchased with their blood; and it was artfully contrived by Augustus that in the enjoyment of plenty the Romans should lose the memory of freedom. But the prodigality of Constantine could not be excused by any consideration either of public or private interest; and the annual tribute of corn imposed upon Egypt for the benefit of his new capital was applied to feed a lazy and insolent populace at the expense of the husbandmen of an industrious province. Some other regulations of this Emperor are less liable to blame, but they are less deserving of notice. He divided Constantinople into fourteen regions or quarters, dignified the public council with the appellation of senate, communicated to the citizens the privileges of Italy, and bestowed on the rising city the title of colony, the first and most favored daughter of ancient Rome. The venerable parent still maintained the legal and acknowledged supremacy which was due to her age, her dignity, and to the remembrance of her former greatness.

As Constantine urged the progress of the work with the impatience of a lover, the walls, the porticos, and the principal edifices were completed in a few years, or according to another account, in a few months; but this extraordinary diligence should

excite the less admiration, since many of the buildings were finished in so hasty and imperfect a manner that under the succeeding reign they were preserved with difficulty from impending ruin. But while they displayed the vigor and freshness of youth, the founder prepared to celebrate the dedication of his city. The games and largesses which crowned the pomp of this memorable festival may easily be supposed; but there is one circumstance of a more singular and permanent nature which ought not entirely to be overlooked. As often as the birthday of the city returned, the statue of Constantine, framed by his order, of gilt wood, and bearing in its right hand a small image of the genius of the place, was erected on a triumphal car. The guards, carrying white tapers and clothed in their richest apparel, accompanied the solemn procession as it moved through the Hippodrome. When it was opposite to the throne of the reigning emperor, he rose from his seat, and with grateful reverence adored the memory of his predecessor. At the festival of the dedication an edict, engraved on a column of marble, bestowed the title of SECOND or NEW ROME on the city of Constantine. But the name of Constantinople has prevailed over that honorable epithet, and after the revolution of fourteen centuries still perpetuates the fame of its author.

CHARACTER OF CONSTANTINE

THE character of the prince who removed the seat of empire, and introduced such important changes into the civil and religious constitution of his country, has fixed the attention and divided the opinions of mankind. By the grateful zeal of the Christians, the deliverer of the Church has been decorated with every attribute of a hero and even of a saint, while the discontent of the vanquished party has compared Constantine to the most abhorred of those tyrants who by their vice and weakness dishonored the imperial purple. The same passions have in some degree been perpetuated to succeeding generations, and the character of Constantine is considered, even in the present age, as an object either of satire or of panegyric. By the impartial union of those defects which are confessed by his warmest admirers, and of those virtues which are acknowledged by his most implacable enemies, we might hope to delineate a just

portrait of that extraordinary man which the truth and candor of history should adopt without a blush. But it would soon appear, that the vain attempt to blend such discordant colors and to reconcile such inconsistent qualities must produce a figure monstrous rather than human, unless it is viewed in its proper and distinct lights, by a careful separation of the different periods of the reign of Constantine.

The person as well as the mind of Constantine had been enriched by nature with her choicest endowments. His stature was lofty, his countenance majestic, his deportment graceful, his strength and activity were displayed in every manly exercise, and from his earliest youth to a very advanced season of life he preserved the vigor of his constitution by a strict adherence to the domestic virtues of chastity and temperance. He delighted in the social intercourse of familiar conversation; and though he might sometimes indulge his disposition to raillery with less reserve than was required by the severe dignity of his station, the courtesy and liberality of his manners gained the hearts of all who approached him. The sincerity of his friendship has been suspected; yet he showed on some occasions that he was not incapable of a warm and lasting attachment. The disadvantage of an illiterate education had not prevented him from forming a just estimate of the value of learning; and the arts and sciences derived some encouragement from the munificent protection of Constantine. In the dispatch of business, his diligence was indefatigable; and the active powers of his mind were almost continually exercised in reading, writing, or meditating, in giving audience to ambassadors, and in examining the complaints of his subjects. Even those who censured the propriety of his measures were compelled to acknowledge that he possessed magnanimity to conceive and patience to execute the most arduous designs, without being checked either by the prejudices of education or by the clamors of the multitude. In the field he infused his own intrepid spirit into the troops, whom he conducted with the talents of a consummate general; and to his abilities, rather than to his fortune, we may ascribe the signal victories which he obtained over the foreign and domestic foes of the republic. He loved glory as the reward, perhaps as the motive, of his labors. The boundless ambition which, from the moment of his accepting the purple at York, appears as the ruling passion of his soul, may be justified by the dangers of his

own situation, by the character of his rivals, by the consciousness of superior merit, and by the prospect that his success would enable him to restore peace and order to the distracted empire. In his civil wars against Maxentius and Licinius he had engaged on his side the inclinations of the people, who compared the undissembled vices of those tyrants with the spirit of wisdom and justice which seemed to direct the general tenor of the administration of Constantine.

Had Constantine fallen on the banks of the Tiber, or even in the plains of Hadrianople, such is the character which, with a few exceptions, he might have transmitted to posterity. But the conclusion of his reign (according to the moderate and indeed tender sentence of a writer of the same age) degraded him from the rank which he had acquired among the most deserving of the Roman princes. In the life of Augustus we behold the tyrant of the republic converted, almost by imperceptible degrees, into the father of his country and of human kind. In that of Constantine we may contemplate a hero who had so long inspired his subjects with love and his enemies with terror, degenerating into a cruel and dissolute monarch, corrupted by his fortune or raised by conquest above the necessity of dissimulation. The general peace which he maintained during the last fourteen years of his reign was a period of apparent splendor rather than of real prosperity; and the old age of Constantine was disgraced by the opposite yet reconcilable vices of rapaciousness and prodigality. The accumulated treasures found in the palaces of Maxentius and Licinius were lavishly consumed; the various innovations introduced by the conqueror were attended with an increasing expense; the cost of his buildings, his court, and his festivals required an immediate and plentiful supply; and the oppression of the people was the only fund which could support the magnificence of the sovereign. His unworthy favorites, enriched by the boundless liberality of their master, usurped with impunity the privilege of rapine and corruption. A secret but universal decay was felt in every part of the public administration; and the Emperor himself, though he still retained the obedience, gradually lost the esteem of his subjects. The dress and manners which towards the decline of life he chose to affect, served only to degrade him in the eyes of mankind. The Asiatic pomp which had been adopted by the pride of Diocletian assumed an air of softness and effeminacy in the person of Constantine. He is

represented with false hair of various colors, laboriously arranged by the skillful artists of the times; a diadem of a new and more expensive fashion; a profusion of gems and pearls, of collars and bracelets, and a variegated flowing robe of silk, most curiously embroidered with flowers of gold. In such apparel, scarcely to be excused by the youth and folly of Elagabalus, we are at a loss to discover the wisdom of an aged monarch and the simplicity of a Roman veteran. A mind thus relaxed by prosperity and indulgence was incapable of rising to that magnanimity which disdains suspicion and dares to forgive. The deaths of Maximian and Licinius may perhaps be justified by the maxims of policy as they are taught in the schools of tyrants; but an impartial narrative of the executions, or rather murders, which sullied the declining age of Constantine, will suggest to our most candid thoughts the idea of a prince who could sacrifice without reluctance the laws of justice and the feelings of nature, to the dictates either of his passions or of his interest.

The same fortune which so invariably followed the standard of Constantine seemed to secure the hopes and comforts of his domestic life. Those among his predecessors who had enjoyed the longest and most prosperous reigns, Augustus, Trajan, and Diocletian, had been disappointed of posterity; and the frequent revolutions had never allowed sufficient time for any imperial family to grow up and multiply under the shade of the purple. But the royalty of the Flavian line, which had been first ennobled by the Gothic Claudius, descended through several generations; and Constantine himself derived from his royal father the hereditary honors which he transmitted to his children. The Emperor had been twice married. Minervina, the obscure but lawful object of his youthful attachment, had left him only one son, who was called Crispus. By Fausta, the daughter of Maximian, he had three daughters, and three sons known by the kindred names of Constantine, Constantius, and Constans. The unambitious brothers of the great Constantine, Julius Constantius, Dalmatius, and Hannibalianus, were permitted to enjoy the most honorable rank and the most affluent fortune that could be consistent with a private station. The youngest of the three lived without a name and died without posterity. His two elder brothers obtained in marriage the daughters of wealthy senators, and propagated new branches of the imperial race. Gallus and Julian afterwards became the most illustrious of the children of Julius

Constantius the *Patrician*. The two sons of Dalmatius, who had been decorated with the vain title of *censor*, were named Dalmatius and Hannibalianus. The two sisters of the great Constantine, Anastasia and Eutropia, were bestowed on Optatus and Nepotianus, two senators of noble birth and of consular dignity. His third sister, Constantia, was distinguished by her pre-eminence of greatness and of misery. She remained the widow of the vanquished Licinius; and it was by her entreaties that an innocent boy, the offspring of their marriage, preserved for some time his life, the title of Cæsar, and a precarious hope of the succession. Besides the females and the allies of the Flavian house, ten or twelve males to whom the language of modern courts would apply the title of princes of the blood, seemed, according to the order of their birth, to be destined either to inherit or to support the throne of Constantine. But in less than thirty years this numerous and increasing family was reduced to the persons of Constantius and Julian, who alone had survived a series of crimes and calamities such as the tragic poets have deplored in the devoted lines of Pelops and of Cadmus.

DEATH OF JULIAN

WHILE Julian struggled with the almost insuperable difficulties of his situation, the silent hours of the night were still devoted to study and contemplation. Whenever he closed his eyes in short and interrupted slumbers, his mind was agitated with painful anxiety; nor can it be thought surprising that the Genius of the Empire should once more appear before him, covering with a funeral veil his head and his horn of abundance, and slowly retiring from the imperial tent. The monarch started from his couch, and stepping forth to refresh his wearied spirits with the coolness of the midnight air, he beheld a fiery meteor which shot athwart the sky and suddenly vanished. Julian was convinced that he had seen the menacing countenance of the god of war; the council which he summoned of Tuscan Haruspices unanimously pronounced that he should abstain from action; but on this occasion necessity and reason were more prevalent than superstition, and the trumpets sounded at the break of day. The army marched through a hilly country, and the hills had been secretly occupied by the Persians.

Julian led the van with the skill and attention of a consummate general; he was alarmed by the intelligence that his rear was suddenly attacked. The heat of the weather had tempted him to lay aside his cuirass; but he snatched a shield from one of his attendants and hastened with a sufficient reinforcement to the relief of the rear guard. A similar danger recalled the intrepid prince to the defense of the front; and as he galloped between the columns, the centre of the left was attacked and almost overpowered by a furious charge of the Persian cavalry and elephants. This huge body was soon defeated by the well-timed evolution of the light infantry, who aimed their weapons, with dexterity and effect, against the backs of the horsemen and the legs of the elephants. The Barbarians fled; and Julian, who was foremost in every danger, animated the pursuit with his voice and gestures. His trembling guards, scattered and oppressed by the disorderly throng of friends and enemies, reminded their fearless sovereign that he was without armor, and conjured him to decline the fall of the impending ruin. As they exclaimed, a cloud of darts and arrows was discharged from the flying squadrons; and a javelin, after razing the skin of his arm, transpierced the ribs and fixed in the inferior part of the liver. Julian attempted to draw the deadly weapon from his side, but his fingers were cut by the sharpness of the steel, and he fell senseless from his horse. His guards flew to his relief, and the wounded Emperor was gently raised from the ground and conveyed out of the tumult of the battle into an adjacent tent. The report of the melancholy event passed from rank to rank; but the grief of the Romans inspired them with invincible valor and the desire of revenge. The bloody and obstinate conflict was maintained by the two armies till they were separated by the total darkness of the night. The Persians derived some honor from the advantage which they obtained against the left wing, where Anatolius, master of the offices, was slain, and the præfect Salust very narrowly escaped. But the event of the day was adverse to the Barbarians. They abandoned the field, their two generals Meranes and Nohordates, fifty nobles or satraps, and a multitude of their bravest soldiers; and the success of the Romans, if Julian had survived, might have been improved into a decisive and useful victory.

The first words that Julian uttered after his recovery from the fainting fit into which he had been thrown by loss of blood,

were expressive of his martial spirit. He called for his horse and arms, and was impatient to rush into the battle. His remaining strength was exhausted by the painful effort, and the surgeons who examined his wound discovered the symptoms of approaching death. He employed the awful moments with the firm temper of a hero and a sage; the philosophers who had accompanied him in this fatal expedition compared the tent of Julian with the prison of Socrates; and the spectators whom duty or friendship or curiosity had assembled round his couch listened with respectful grief to the funeral oration of their dying emperor:—"Friends and fellow soldiers, the seasonable period of my departure is now arrived, and I discharge, with the cheerfulness of a ready debtor, the demands of nature. I have learned from philosophy how much the soul is more excellent than the body; and that the separation of the nobler substance should be the subject of joy rather than of affliction. I have learned from religion that an earthly death has often been the reward of piety; and I accept, as a favor of the gods, the mortal stroke that secures me from the danger of disgracing a character which has hitherto been supported by virtue and fortitude. I die without remorse, as I have lived without guilt. I am pleased to reflect on the innocence of my private life; and I can affirm with confidence that the supreme authority, that emanation of the Divine power, has been preserved in my hands pure and immaculate. Detesting the corrupt and destructive maxims of despotism, I have considered the happiness of the people as the end of government. Submitting my actions to the laws of prudence, of justice, and of moderation, I have trusted the event to the care of Providence. Peace was the object of my counsels as long as peace was consistent with the public welfare; but when the imperious voice of my country summoned me to arms, I exposed my person to the dangers of war with the clear foreknowledge (which I had acquired from the art of divination) that I was destined to fall by the sword. I now offer my tribute of gratitude to the Eternal Being, who has not suffered me to perish by the cruelty of a tyrant, by the secret dagger of conspiracy, or by the slow tortures of lingering disease. He has given me, in the midst of an honorable career, a splendid and glorious departure from this world; and I hold it equally absurd, equally base, to solicit or to decline the stroke of fate. Thus much I have attempted to say; but my strength fails me, and I feel the approach of death.

I shall cautiously refrain from any word that may tend to influence your suffrages in the election of an emperor. My choice might be imprudent or injudicious; and if it should not be ratified by the consent of the army, it might be fatal to the person whom I should recommend. I shall only, as a good citizen, express my hopes that the Romans may be blessed with the government of a virtuous sovereign." After this discourse, which Julian pronounced in a firm and gentle tone of voice, he distributed by a military testament the remains of his private fortune; and making some inquiry why Anatolius was not present, he understood from the answer of Sallust that Anatolius was killed, and bewailed with amiable inconsistency the loss of his friend. At the same time he reproved the immoderate grief of the spectators, and conjured them not to disgrace by unmanly tears the fate of a prince who in a few moments would be united with heaven and with the stars. The spectators were silent; and Julian entered into a metaphysical argument with the philosophers Priscus and Maximus on the nature of the soul. The efforts which he made, of mind as well as body, most probably hastened his death. His wound began to bleed with fresh violence; his respiration was embarrassed by the swelling of the veins; he called for a draught of cold water, and as soon as he had drunk it expired without pain, about the hour of midnight. Such was the end of that extraordinary man, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of one year and about eight months from the death of Constantius. In his last moments he displayed, perhaps with some ostentation, the love of virtue and of fame which had been the ruling passions of his life.

THE FALL OF ROME

AT THE hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the imperial city which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into a vanquished city, discovered however some regard for the laws

of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valor, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul as holy and inviolable sanctuaries. Amidst the horrors of a nocturnal tumult, several of the Christian Goths displayed the fervor of a recent conversion; and some instances of their uncommon piety and moderation are related, and perhaps adorned, by the zeal of ecclesiastical writers. While the Barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged virgin who had devoted her life to the service of the altar was forced open by one of the powerful Goths. He immediately demanded, though in civil language, all the gold and silver in her possession; and was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a splendid hoard of massy plate of the richest materials and the most curious workmanship. The Barbarian viewed with wonder and delight this valuable acquisition, till he was interrupted by a serious admonition addressed to him in the following words: "These," said she, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter; if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience. For my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend." The Gothic captain, struck with reverential awe, dispatched a messenger to inform the King of the treasure which he had discovered, and received a peremptory order from Alaric that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported, without damage or delay, to the church of the Apostle. From the extremity, perhaps, of the Quirinal hill, to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected with glittering arms the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver; and the martial shouts of the Barbarians were mingled with the sound of religious psalmody. From all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession; and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age, or rank, or even of sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican. The learned work 'Concerning the City of God' was professedly composed by St. Augustine to justify the ways of Providence in the destruction of the Roman

greatness. He celebrates with peculiar satisfaction this memorable triumph of Christ, and insults his adversaries by challenging them to produce some similar example of a town taken by storm, in which the fabulous gods of antiquity had been able to protect either themselves or their deluded votaries.

In the sack of Rome, some rare and extraordinary examples of Barbarian virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the Apostolic churches could receive a very small proportion of the Roman people; many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least to the faith, of Christ; and we may suspect without any breach of charity or candor that in the hour of savage license, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the gospel seldom influenced the behavior of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the Barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families. The matrons and virgins of Rome were exposed to injuries more dreadful, in the apprehension of chastity, than death itself.

The want of youth, or beauty, or chastity protected the greatest part of the Roman women from the danger of a rape. But avarice is an insatiate and universal passion, since the enjoyment of almost every object that can afford pleasure to the different tastes and tempers of mankind may be procured by the possession of wealth. In the pillage of Rome, a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the wagons

that always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shattered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe. The acquisition of riches served only to stimulate the avarice of the rapacious Barbarians, who proceeded by threats, by blows, and by tortures, to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasure. Visible splendor and expense were alleged as the proof of a plentiful fortune; the appearance of poverty was imputed to a parsimonious disposition; and the obstinacy of some misers, who endured the most cruel torments before they would discover the secret object of their affection, was fatal to many unhappy wretches, who expired under the lash for refusing to reveal their imaginary treasures. The edifices of Rome, though the damage has been much exaggerated, received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate, they fired the adjacent houses to guide their march and to distract the attention of the citizens; the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings; and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained, in the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration. Yet a contemporary historian has observed that fire could scarcely consume the enormous beams of solid brass, and that the strength of man was insufficient to subvert the foundations of ancient structures. Some truth may possibly be concealed in his devout assertion that the wrath of Heaven supplied the imperfections of hostile rage, and that the proud Forum of Rome, decorated with the statues of so many gods and heroes, was leveled in the dust by the stroke of lightning.

It was not easy to compute the multitudes who, from an honorable station and a prosperous future, were suddenly reduced to the miserable condition of captives and exiles. . . . The nations who invaded the Roman empire had driven before them into Italy whole troops of hungry and affrighted provincials, less apprehensive of servitude than of famine. The calamities of Rome and Italy dispersed the inhabitants to the most lonely, the most secure, the most distant places of refuge. . . . The Italian fugitives were dispersed through the provinces, along the coast of Egypt and Asia, as far as Constantinople and Jerusalem;

and the village of Bethlem, the solitary residence of St. Jerom and his female converts, was crowded with illustrious beggars of either sex and every age, who excited the public compassion by the remembrance of their past fortune. This awful catastrophe of Rome filled the astonished empire with grief and terror. So interesting a contrast of greatness and ruin disposed the fond credulity of the people to deplore, and even to exaggerate, the afflictions of the queen of cities. The clergy, who applied to recent events the lofty metaphors of Oriental prophecy, were sometimes tempted to confound the destruction of the capital and the dissolution of the globe.

SILK

I NEED not explain that *silk* is originally spun from the bowels of a caterpillar, and that it composes the golden tomb from whence a worm emerges in the form of a butterfly. Till the reign of Justinian, the silkworms who feed on the leaves of the white mulberry-tree were confined to China; those of the pine, the oak, and the ash were common in the forests both of Asia and Europe: but as their education is more difficult, and their produce more uncertain, they were generally neglected, except in the little island of Ceos, near the coast of Attica. A thin gauze was procured from their webs, and this Cean manufacture, the invention of a woman, for female use, was long admired both in the East and at Rome. Whatever suspicions may be raised by the garments of the Medes and Assyrians, Virgil is the most ancient writer who expressly mentions the soft wool which was combed from the trees of the Seres or Chinese; and this natural error, less marvelous than the truth, was slowly corrected by the knowledge of a valuable insect, the first artificer of the luxury of nations. That rare and elegant luxury was censured, in the reign of Tiberius, by the gravest of the Romans; and Pliny, in affected though forcible language, has condemned the thirst of gain which explores the last confines of the earth for the pernicious purpose of exposing to the public eye naked draperies and transparent matrons. A dress which showed the turn of the limbs, the color of the skin, might gratify vanity or provoke desire; the silks which had been closely woven in China were sometimes unraveled by the Phœnician

women, and the precious materials were multiplied by a looser texture and the intermixture of linen threads. Two hundred years after the age of Pliny the use of pure or even of mixed silks was confined to the female sex, till the opulent citizens of Rome and the provinces were insensibly familiarized with the example of Elagabalus, the first who, by this effeminate habit, had sullied the dignity of an emperor and a man. Aurelian complained that a pound of silk was sold at Rome for twelve ounces of gold; but the supply increased with the demand, and the price diminished with the supply. If accident or monopoly sometimes raised the value even above the standard of Aurelian, the manufacturers of Tyre and Berytus were sometimes compelled, by the operation of the same causes, to content themselves with a ninth part of that extravagant rate. A law was thought necessary to discriminate the dress of comedians from that of senators; and of the silk exported from its native country the far greater part was consumed by the subjects of Justinian. They were still more intimately acquainted with a shell-fish of the Mediterranean, surnamed the silkworm of the sea: the fine wool or hair by which the mother-of-pearl affixes itself to the rock is now manufactured for curiosity rather than use; and a robe obtained from the same singular materials was the gift of the Roman Emperor to the satraps of Armenia.

A valuable merchandise of small bulk is capable of defraying the expense of land carriage; and the caravans traversed the whole latitude of Asia in two hundred and forty-three days from the Chinese Ocean to the sea-coast of Syria. Silk was immediately delivered to the Romans by the Persian merchants who frequented the fairs of Armenia and Nisibis; but this trade, which in the intervals of truce was oppressed by avarice and jealousy, was totally interrupted by the long wars of the rival monarchies. The great king might proudly number Sogdiana, and even *Serica*, among the provinces of his empire: but his real dominion was bounded by the Oxus; and his useful intercourse with the Sogdoites beyond the river depended on the pleasure of their conquerors the white Huns, and the Turks, who successively reigned over that industrious people. Yet the most savage dominion has not extirpated the seeds of agriculture and commerce, in a region which is celebrated as one of the four gardens of Asia; the cities of Samarcand and Bochara are advantageously seated for the exchange of its various productions; and their

merchants purchased from the Chinese the raw or manufactured silk which they transported into Persia for the use of the Roman Empire. In the vain capital of China, the Sogdian caravans were entertained as the suppliant embassies of tributary kingdoms; and if they returned in safety, the bold adventure was rewarded with exorbitant gain. But the difficult and perilous march from Samarcand to the first town of Shensi could not be performed in less than sixty, eighty, or one hundred days: as soon as they had passed the Jaxartes they entered the desert; and the wandering hordes, unless they are restrained by armies and garrisons, have always considered the citizen and the traveler as the objects of lawful rapine. To escape the Tartar robbers and the tyrants of Persia, the silk caravans explored a more southern road; they traversed the mountains of Thibet, descended the streams of the Ganges or the Indus, and patiently expected, in the ports of Guzerat and Malabar, the annual fleets of the West. But the dangers of the desert were found less intolerable than toil, hunger, and the loss of time; the attempt was seldom renewed, and the only European who has passed that untrequented way applauds his own diligence, that in nine months after his departure from Pekin, he reached the mouth of the Indus. The ocean, however, was open to the free communication of mankind. From the great river to the tropic of Cancer, the provinces of China were subdued and civilized by the emperors of the North; they were filled about the time of the Christian era with cities and men, mulberry-trees and their precious inhabitants; and if the Chinese, with the knowledge of the compass, had possessed the genius of the Greeks or Phœnicians, they might have spread their discoveries over the southern hemisphere. I am not qualified to examine, and I am not disposed to believe, their distant voyages to the Persian Gulf or the Cape of Good Hope; but their ancestors might equal the labors and success of the present race, and the sphere of their navigation might extend from the Isles of Japan to the Straits of Malacca,—the pillars, if we may apply that name, of an Oriental Hercules. Without losing sight of land, they might sail along the coast to the extreme promontory of Achin, which is annually visited by ten or twelve ships laden with the productions, the manufactures, and even the artificers of China; the Island of Sumatra and the opposite peninsula are faintly delineated as the regions of gold and silver; and the trading cities named in the geography of

Ptolemy may indicate that this wealth was not solely derived from the mines. The direct interval between Sumatra and Ceylon is about three hundred leagues: the Chinese and Indian navigators were conducted by the flight of birds and periodical winds; and the ocean might be securely traversed in square-built ships, which instead of iron were sewed together with the strong thread of the cocoanut. Ceylon, Serendib, or Taprobana, was divided between two hostile princes; one of whom possessed the mountains, the elephants, and the luminous carbuncle, and the other enjoyed the more solid riches of domestic industry, foreign trade, and the capacious harbor of Trinquemale, which received and dismissed the fleets of the East and West. In this hospitable isle, at an equal distance (as it was computed) from their respective countries, the silk merchants of China, who had collected in their voyages aloes, cloves, nutmeg, and sandal-wood, maintained a free and beneficial commerce with the inhabitants of the Persian Gulf. The subjects of the great king exalted, without a rival, his power and magnificence; and the Roman, who confounded their vanity by comparing his paltry coin with a gold medal of the Emperor Anastasius, had sailed to Ceylon in an Æthiopian ship as a simple passenger.

As silk became of indispensable use, the Emperor Justinian saw with concern that the Persians had occupied by land and sea the monopoly of this important supply, and that the wealth of his subjects was continually drained by a nation of enemies and idolaters. An active government would have restored the trade of Egypt and the navigation of the Red Sea, which had decayed with the prosperity of the empire; and the Roman vessels might have sailed, for the purchase of silk, to the ports of Ceylon, of Malacca, or even of China. Justinian embraced a more humble expedient, and solicited the aid of his Christian allies, the Æthiopians of Abyssinia, who had recently acquired the arts of navigation, the spirit of trade, and the seaport of Adulis, still decorated with the trophies of a Grecian conqueror. Along the African coast they penetrated to the Equator in search of gold, emeralds, and aromatics; but they wisely declined an unequal competition, in which they must be always prevented by the vicinity of the Persians to the markets of India; and the Emperor submitted to the disappointment till his wishes were gratified by an unexpected event. The gospel had been preached to the Indians; a bishop already governed the Christians of St. Thomas

on the pepper coast of Malabar; a church was planted in Ceylon, and the missionaries pursued the footsteps of commerce to the extremities of Asia. Two Persian monks had long resided in China, perhaps in the royal city of Nankin, the seat of a monarch addicted to foreign superstitions, and who actually received an embassy from the Isle of Ceylon. Amidst their pious occupations they viewed with a curious eye the common dress of the Chinese, the manufactures of silk, and the myriads of silkworms, whose education (either on trees or in houses) had once been considered as the labor of queens. They soon discovered that it was impracticable to transport the short-lived insect, but that in the eggs a numerous progeny might be preserved and multiplied in a distant climate. Religion or interest had more power over the Persian monks than the love of their country: after a long journey they arrived at Constantinople, imparted their project to the Emperor, and were liberally encouraged by the gifts and promises of Justinian. To the historians of that prince, a campaign at the foot of Mount Caucasus has seemed more deserving of a minute relation than the labors of these missionaries of commerce, who again entered China, deceived a jealous people by concealing the eggs of the silkworm in a hollow cane, and returned in triumph with the spoils of the East. Under their direction the eggs were hatched at the proper season by the artificial heat of dung; the worms were fed with mulberry leaves; they lived and labored in a foreign climate; a sufficient number of butterflies were saved to propagate the race, and trees were planted to supply the nourishment of the rising generations. Experience and reflection corrected the errors of a new attempt, and the Sogdoite ambassadors acknowledged in the succeeding reign that the Romans were not inferior to the natives of China in the education of the insects and the manufactures of silk, in which both China and Constantinople have been surpassed by the industry of modern Europe. I am not insensible of the benefits of elegant luxury; yet I reflect with some pain that if the importers of silk had introduced the art of printing, already practiced by the Chinese, the comedies of Menander and the entire decades of Livy would have been perpetuated in the editions of the sixth century.

MAHOMET'S DEATH AND CHARACTER

TILL the age of sixty-three years, the strength of Mahomet was equal to the temporal and spiritual fatigues of his mission.

His epileptic fits, an absurd calumny of the Greeks, would be an object of pity rather than abhorrence; but he seriously believed that he was poisoned at Chaibar by the revenge of a Jewish female. During four years the health of the prophet declined; his infirmities increased; but his mortal disease was a fever of fourteen days which deprived him by intervals of the use of reason. As soon as he was conscious of his danger, he edified his brethren by the humility of his virtue or penitence. "If there be any man," said the apostle from the pulpit, "whom I have unjustly scourged, I submit my own back to the lash of retaliation. Have I aspersed the reputation of a Mussulman? let him proclaim *my* thoughts in the face of the congregation. Has any one been despoiled of his goods? the little that I possess shall compensate the principal and the interest of the debt." "Yes," replied a voice from the crowd, "I am entitled to three drams of silver." Mahomet heard the complaint, satisfied the demand, and thanked his creditor for accusing him in this world rather than at the day of judgment. He beheld with temperate firmness the approach of death; enfranchised his slaves (seventeen men, as they are named, and eleven women), minutely directed the order of his funeral, and moderated the lamentations of his weeping friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace. Till the third day before his death, he regularly performed the function of public prayer: the choice of Abubeker to supply his place appeared to mark that ancient and faithful friend as his successor in the sacerdotal and regal office; but he prudently declined the risk and envy of a more explicit nomination. At a moment when his faculties were visibly impaired, he called for pen and ink to write, or more properly, to dictate, a Divine book, the sum and accomplishment of all his revelations: a dispute arose in the chamber whether he should be allowed to supersede the authority of the Koran, and the prophet was forced to reprove the indecent vehemence of his disciples. If the slightest credit may be afforded to the traditions of his wives and companions, he maintained, in the bosom of his family, and to the last moments of his life, the dignity of an apostle and the faith of an enthusiast; described the visits of Gabriel, who bade an everlasting farewell

to the earth, and expressed his lively confidence not only of the mercy but of the favor of the Supreme Being. In a familiar discourse he had mentioned his special prerogative, that the angel of death was not allowed to take his soul till he had respectfully asked the permission of the prophet. The request was granted; and Mahomet immediately fell into the agony of his dissolution: his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha, the best beloved of all his wives; he fainted with the violence of pain; recovering his spirits, he raised his eyes towards the roof of the house, and with a steady look, though a faltering voice, uttered the last broken though articulate words:—"O God! . . . pardon my sins . . . Yes . . . I come . . . among my fellow-citizens on high;" and thus peaceably expired on a carpet spread upon the floor. An expedition for the conquest of Syria was stopped by this mournful event: the army halted at the gates of Medina, the chiefs were assembled round their dying master. The city, more especially the house, of the prophet, was a scene of clamorous sorrow or silent despair: fanaticism alone could suggest a ray of hope and consolation. "How can he be dead—our witness, our intercessor, our mediator with God? By God, he is not dead: like Moses and Jesus, he is wrapped in a holy trance, and speedily will he return to his faithful people." The evidence of sense was disregarded, and Omar, unsheathing his cimeter, threatened to strike off the heads of the infidels who should dare to affirm that the prophet was no more. The tumult was appeased by the weight and moderation of Abubeker. "Is it Mahomet," said he to Omar and the multitude, "or the God of Mahomet, whom you worship? The God of Mahomet liveth forever; but the apostle was a mortal like ourselves, and according to his own prediction, he has experienced the common fate of mortality." He was piously interred by the hands of his nearest kinsman, on the same spot on which he expired. Medina has been sanctified by the death and burial of Mahomet, and the innumerable pilgrims of Mecca often turn aside from the way, to bow in voluntary devotion before the simple tomb of the prophet.

At the conclusion of the life of Mahomet it may perhaps be expected that I should balance his faults and virtues, that I should decide whether the title of enthusiast or impostor more properly belongs to that extraordinary man. Had I been intimately conversant with the son of Abdallah, the task would still

be difficult and the success uncertain: at the distance of twelve centuries, I darkly contemplate his shade through a cloud of religious incense; and could I truly delineate the portrait of an hour, the fleeting resemblance would not equally apply to the solitary of Mount Héra, to the preacher of Mecca, and to the conqueror of Arabia. The author of a mighty revolution appears to have been endowed with a pious and contemplative disposition; so soon as marriage had raised him above the pressure of want, he avoided the paths of ambition and avarice; and till the age of forty he lived with innocence, and would have died without a name. The unity of God is an idea most congenial to nature and reason; and a slight conversation with the Jews and Christians would teach him to despise and detest the idolatry of Mecca. It was the duty of a man and a citizen to impart the doctrine of salvation, to rescue his country from the dominion of sin and error. The energy of a mind incessantly bent on the same object would convert a general obligation into a particular call; the warm suggestions of the understanding or the fancy would be felt as the inspirations of Heaven; the labor of thought would expire in rapture and vision; and the inward sensation, the invisible monitor, would be described with the form and attributes of an angel of God. From enthusiasm to imposture the step is perilous and slippery: the dæmon of Socrates affords a memorable instance how a wise man may deceive himself, how a good man may deceive others, how the conscience may slumber in a mixed and middle state between self-illusion and voluntary fraud. Charity may believe that the original motives of Mahomet were those of pure and genuine benevolence; but a human missionary is incapable of cherishing the obstinate unbelievers who reject his claims, despise his arguments, and persecute his life; he might forgive his personal adversaries, he may lawfully hate the enemies of God; the stern passions of pride and revenge were kindled in the bosom of Mahomet, and he sighed, like the prophet of Nineveh, for the destruction of the rebels whom he had condemned. The injustice of Mecca and the choice of Medina transformed the citizen into a prince, the humble preacher into the leader of armies; but his sword was consecrated by the example of the saints, and the same God who afflicts a sinful world with pestilence and earthquakes might inspire for their conversion or chastisement the valor of his servants. In the exercise of political government, he was compelled to abate of the stern

rigor of fanaticism, to comply in some measure with the prejudices and passions of his followers, and to employ even the vices of mankind as the instruments of their salvation. The use of fraud and perfidy, of cruelty and injustice, were often subservient to the propagation of the faith; and Mahomet commanded or approved the assassination of the Jews and idolaters who had escaped from the field of battle. By the repetition of such acts the character of Mahomet must have been gradually stained; and the influence of such pernicious habits would be poorly compensated by the practice of the personal and social virtues which are necessary to maintain the reputation of a prophet among his sectaries and friends. Of his last years, ambition was the ruling passion; and a politician will suspect that he secretly smiled (the victorious impostor!) at the enthusiasm of his youth and the credulity of his proselytes. A philosopher will observe that *their* credulity and *his* success would tend more strongly to fortify the assurance of his Divine mission; that his interest and religion were inseparately connected; and that his conscience would be soothed by the persuasion that he alone was absolved by the Deity from the obligation of positive and moral laws. If he retained any vestige of his native innocence, the sins of Mahomet may be allowed as an evidence of his sincerity. In the support of truth, the arts of fraud and fiction may be deemed less criminal; and he would have started at the foulness of the means, had he not been satisfied of the importance and justice of the end. Even in a conqueror or a priest, I can surprise a word or action of unaffected humanity; and the decree of Mahomet that in the sale of captives the mothers should never be separated from their children, may suspend or moderate the censure of the historian.

The good sense of Mahomet despised the pomp of royalty; the apostle of God submitted to the menial offices of the family; he kindled the fire, swept the floor, milked the ewes, and mended with his own hands his shoes and his woolen garment. Disdaining the penance and merit of a hermit, he observed, without effort or vanity, the abstemious diet of an Arab and a soldier. On solemn occasions he feasted his companions with rustic and hospitable plenty; but in his domestic life, many weeks would elapse without a fire being kindled on the hearth of the prophet. The interdiction of wine was confirmed by his example; his hunger was appeased with a sparing allowance of barley bread; he delighted in the taste of milk and honey, but his ordinary food

consisted of dates and water. Perfumes and women were the two sensual enjoyments which his nature required and his religion did not forbid; and Mahomet affirmed that the fervor of his devotion was increased by these innocent pleasures. The heat of the climate inflames the blood of the Arabs, and their libidinous complexion has been noticed by the writers of antiquity. Their incontinence was regulated by the civil and religious laws of the Koran; their incestuous alliances were blamed; the boundless license of polygamy was reduced to four legitimate wives or concubines: their rights both of bed and of dowry were equitably determined; the freedom of divorce was discouraged; adultery was condemned as a capital offense; and fornication in either sex was punished with a hundred stripes. Such were the calm and rational precepts of the legislator, but in his private conduct Mahomet indulged the appetites of a man and abused the claims of a prophet. A special revelation dispensed him from the laws which he had imposed on his nation: the female sex, without reserve, was abandoned to his desires; and this singular prerogative excited the envy rather than the scandal, the veneration rather than the envy, of the devout Mussulmans. If we remember the seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines of the wise Solomon, we shall applaud the modesty of the Arabian, who espoused no more than seventeen or fifteen wives; eleven are enumerated, who occupied at Medina their separate apartments round the house of the apostle, and enjoyed in their turns the favor of his conjugal society. What is singular enough, they were all widows, excepting only Ayesha, the daughter of Abubeker. *She* was doubtless a virgin, since Mahomet consummated his nuptials (such is the premature ripeness of the climate) when she was only nine years of age. The youth, the beauty, the spirit of Ayesha gave her a superior ascendant; she was beloved and trusted by the prophet, and after his death the daughter of Abubeker was long revered as the mother of the faithful. Her behavior had been ambiguous and indiscreet; in a nocturnal march she was accidentally left behind, and in the morning Ayesha returned to the camp with a man. The temper of Mahomet was inclined to jealousy; but a Divine revelation assured him of her innocence: he chastised her accusers, and published a law of domestic peace, that no woman should be condemned unless four male witnesses had seen her in the act of adultery. In his adventures with Zeineb the wife of Zeid, and

with Mary, an Egyptian captive, the amorous prophet forgot the interest of his reputation. At the house of Zeid, his freedman and adopted son, he beheld in a loose undress the beauty of Zeineb, and burst forth into an ejaculation of devotion and desire. The servile, or grateful, freedman understood the hint, and yielded without hesitation to the love of his benefactor. But as the filial relation had excited some doubt and scandal, the angel Gabriel descended from heaven to ratify the deed, to annul the adoption, and gently to reprove the apostle for distrusting the indulgence of his God. One of his wives, Hafna the daughter of Omar, surprised him on her own bed, in the embraces of his Egyptian captive: she promised secrecy and forgiveness; he swore that he would renounce the possession of Mary. Both parties forgot their engagements; and Gabriel again descended with a chapter of the Koran, to absolve him from his oath and to exhort him freely to enjoy his captives and concubines, without listening to the clamors of his wives. In a solitary retreat of thirty days, he labored, alone with Mary, to fulfill the commands of the angel. When his love and revenge were satiated, he summoned to his presence his eleven wives, reproached their disobedience and indiscretion, and threatened them with a sentence of divorce, both in this world and in the next; a dreadful sentence, since those who had ascended the bed of the prophet were forever excluded from the hope of a second marriage. Perhaps the incontinence of Mahomet may be palliated by the tradition of his natural or preternatural gifts; he united the manly virtue of thirty of the children of Adam; and the apostle might rival the thirteenth labor of the Grecian Hercules. A more serious and decent excuse may be drawn from his fidelity to Cadijah. During the twenty-four years of their marriage, her youthful husband abstained from the right of polygamy, and the pride or tenderness of the venerable matron was never insulted by the society of a rival. After her death he placed her in the rank of the four perfect women, with the sister of Moses, the mother of Jesus, and Fatima, the best beloved of his daughters. "Was she not old?" said Ayesha, with the insolence of a blooming beauty: "has not God given you a better in her place?" "No, by God," said Mahomet, with an effusion of honest gratitude, "there never can be a better! She believed in me when men despised me; she relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world."

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY

I SHOULD deceive the expectation of the reader if I passed in silence the fate of the Alexandrian library as it is described by the learned Abulpharagius. The spirit of Amrou was more curious and liberal than that of his brethren, and in his leisure hours the Arabian chief was pleased with the conversation of John, the last disciple of Ammonius, and who derived the surname of *Philoponus* from his laborious studies of grammar and philosophy. Emboldened by this familiar intercourse, Philoponus presumed to solicit a gift, inestimable in *his* opinion, contemptible in that of the Barbarians—the royal library, which alone among the spoils of Alexandria had not been appropriated by the visit and the seal of the conqueror. Amrou was inclined to gratify the wish of the grammarian, but his rigid integrity refused to alienate the minutest object without the consent of the caliph; and the well-known answer of Omar was inspired by the ignorance of a fanatic: “If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed.” The sentence was executed with blind obedience, the volumes of paper or parchment were distributed to the four thousand baths of the city; and such was their incredible multitude, that six months were barely sufficient for the consumption of this precious fuel. Since the Dynasties of Abulpharagius have been given to the world in a Latin version, the tale has been repeatedly transcribed; and every scholar, with pious indignation, has deplored the irreparable shipwreck of the learning, the arts, and the genius, of antiquity. For my own part, I am strongly tempted to deny both the fact and the consequences. The fact is indeed marvelous. “Read and wonder!” says the historian himself; and the solitary report of a stranger who wrote at the end of six hundred years on the confines of Media is overbalanced by the silence of two annalists of a more early date, both Christians, both natives of Egypt, and the most ancient of whom, the patriarch Eutychius, has amply described the conquest of Alexandria. The rigid sentence of Omar is repugnant to the sound and orthodox precept of the Mahometan casuists: they expressly declare that the religious books of the Jews and Christians which are acquired by the right of war should never be

committed to the flames; and that the works of profane science, historians or poets, physicians or philosophers, may be lawfully applied to the use of the faithful. A more destructive zeal may perhaps be attributed to the first successors of Mahomet; yet in this instance, the conflagration would have speedily expired in the deficiency of materials. I shall not recapitulate the disasters of the Alexandrian library, the involuntary flame that was kindled by Cæsar in his own defense, or the mischievous bigotry of the Christians, who studied to destroy the monuments of idolatry. But if we gradually descend from the age of the Antonines to that of Theodosius, we shall learn from a chain of contemporary witnesses that the royal palace and the temple of Serapis no longer contained the four, or the seven, hundred thousand volumes which had been assembled by the curiosity and magnificence of the Ptolemies. Perhaps the church and seat of the patriarchs might be enriched with a repository of books; but if the ponderous mass of Arian and Monophysite controversy were indeed consumed in the public baths, a philosopher may allow, with a smile, that it was ultimately devoted to the benefit of mankind. I sincerely regret the more valuable libraries which have been involved in the ruin of the Roman Empire; but when I seriously compute the lapse of ages, the waste of ignorance, and the calamities of war, our treasures, rather than our losses, are the objects of my surprise. Many curious and interesting facts are buried in oblivion; the three great historians of Rome have been transmitted to our hands in a mutilated state, and we are deprived of many pleasing compositions of the lyric, iambic, and dramatic poetry of the Greeks. Yet we should gratefully remember that the mischances of time and accident have spared the classic works to which the suffrage of antiquity had adjudged the first place of genius and glory; the teachers of ancient knowledge who are still extant had perused and compared the writings of their predecessors; nor can it fairly be presumed that any important truth, any useful discovery in art or nature, has been snatched away from the curiosity of modern ages.

THE FINAL RUIN OF ROME

IN THE last days of Pope Eugenius the Fourth, two of his servants, the learned Poggius and a friend, ascended the Capitoline Hill, reposed themselves among the ruins of columns and temples, and viewed from that commanding spot the wide and various prospect of desolation. The place and the object gave ample scope for moralizing on the vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave; and it was agreed that in proportion to her former greatness the fall of Rome was the more awful and deplorable. "Her primeval state, such as she might appear in a remote age, when Evander entertained the stranger of Troy, has been delineated by the fancy of Virgil. This Tarpeian Rock was then a savage and solitary thicket; in the time of the poet it was crowned with the golden roofs of a temple; the temple is overthrown, the gold has been pillaged, the wheel of fortune has accomplished her revolution, and the sacred ground is again disfigured with thorns and brambles. The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman Empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings; illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how is it fallen! how changed! how defaced! The path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek among the shapeless and enormous fragments the marble theatre, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticos of Nero's palace; survey the other hills of the city,—the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws and elect their magistrates, is now inclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices that were founded for eternity lie prostrate, naked, and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant; and the ruin is the more visible, from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune."

These relics are minutely described by Poggius, one of the first who raised his eyes from the monuments of legendary to those of classic superstition. 1. Besides a bridge, an arch, a

sepulchre, and the pyramid of Cestius, he could discern, of the age of the republic, a double row of vaults in the salt office of the Capitol, which were inscribed with the name and munificence of Catulus. 2. Eleven temples were visible in some degree, from the perfect form of the Pantheon to the three arches and a marble column of the temple of Peace which Vespasian erected after the civil wars and the Jewish triumph. 3. Of the number which he rashly defines, of seven *thermæ*, or public baths, none were sufficiently entire to represent the use and distribution of the several parts; but those of Diocletian and Antoninus Caracalla still retained the titles of the founders and astonished the curious spectator who in observing their solidity and extent, the variety of marbles, the size and multitude of the columns, compared the labor and expense with the use and importance. Of the baths of Constantine, of Alexander, of Domitian, or rather of Titus, some vestige might yet be found. 4. The triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine were entire, both the structure and the inscriptions; a falling fragment was honored with the name of Trajan; and two arches then extant in the Flaminian Way have been ascribed to the baser memory of Faustina and Gallienus. 5. After the wonder of the Coliseum, Poggius might have overlooked a small amphitheatre of brick, most probably for the use of the prætorian camp; the theatres of Marcellus and Pompey were occupied in a great measure by public and private buildings; and in the Circus, Agonalis and Maximus, little more than the situation and the form could be investigated. 6. The columns of Trajan and Antonine were still erect; but the Egyptian obelisks were broken or buried. A people of gods and heroes, the workmanship of art, was reduced to one equestrian figure of gilt brass and to five marble statues, of which the most conspicuous were the two horses of Phidias and Praxiteles. 7. The two mausoleums or sepulchres of Augustus and Hadrian could not totally be lost; but the former was only visible as a mound of earth, and the latter, the castle of St. Angelo, had acquired the name and appearance of a modern fortress. With the addition of some separate and nameless columns, such were the remains of the ancient city; for the marks of a more recent structure might be detected in the walls, which formed a circumference of ten miles, included three hundred and seventy-nine turrets, and opened into the country by thirteen gates.

This melancholy picture was drawn above nine hundred years after the fall of the Western Empire, and even of the Gothic kingdom of Italy. A long period of distress and anarchy, in which empire, and arts, and riches had migrated from the banks of the Tiber, was incapable of restoring or adorning the city; and as all that is human must retrograde if it do not advance, every successive age must have hastened the ruin of the works of antiquity. To measure the progress of decay, and to ascertain, at each era, the state of each edifice, would be an endless and a useless labor; and I shall content myself with two observations which will introduce a short inquiry into the general causes and effects. 1. Two hundred years before the eloquent complaint of Poggius, an anonymous writer composed a description of Rome. His ignorance may repeat the same objects under strange and fabulous names. Yet this barbarous topographer had eyes and ears; he could observe the visible remains; he could listen to the tradition of the people; and he distinctly enumerates seven theatres, eleven baths, twelve arches, and eighteen palaces, of which many had disappeared before the time of Poggius. It is apparent that many stately monuments of antiquity survived till a late period, and that the principles of destruction acted with vigorous and increasing energy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. 2. The same reflection must be applied to the three last ages; and we should vainly seek the Septizonium of Severus, which is celebrated by Petrarch and the antiquarians of the sixteenth century. While the Roman edifices were still entire, the first blows, however weighty and impetuous, were resisted by the solidity of the mass and the harmony of the parts; but the slightest touch would precipitate the fragments of arches and columns that already nodded to their fall.

After a diligent inquiry, I can discern four principal causes of the ruin of Rome, which continued to operate in a period of more than a thousand years. I. The injuries of time and nature. II. The hostile attacks of the Barbarians and Christians. III. The use and abuse of the materials. And IV. The domestic quarrels of the Romans.

I. The art of man is able to construct monuments far more permanent than the narrow span of his own existence; yet these monuments, like himself, are perishable and frail; and in the boundless annals of time his life and his labors must equally be measured as a fleeting moment. Of a simple and solid edifice it

is not easy, however, to circumscribe the duration. As the wonders of ancient days, the Pyramids attracted the curiosity of the ancients: a hundred generations, the leaves of autumn, have dropped into the grave; and after the fall of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, the Cæsars and caliphs, the same Pyramids stand erect and unshaken above the floods of the Nile. A complex figure of various and minute parts is more accessible to injury and decay; and the silent lapse of time is often accelerated by hurricanes and earthquakes, by fires and inundations. The air and earth have doubtless been shaken, and the lofty turrets of Rome have tottered from their foundations, but the seven hills do not appear to be placed on the great cavities of the globe; nor has the city in any age been exposed to the convulsions of nature which in the climate of Antioch, Lisbon, or Lima, have crumbled in a few moments the works of ages in the dust. Fire is the most powerful agent of life and death: the rapid mischief may be kindled and propagated by the industry or negligence of mankind; and every period of the Roman annals is marked by the repetition of similar calamities. A memorable conflagration, the guilt or misfortune of Nero's reign, continued, though with unequal fury, either six or nine days. Innumerable buildings, crowded in close and crooked streets, supplied perpetual fuel for the flames; and when they ceased, four only of the fourteen regions were left entire; three were totally destroyed, and seven were deformed by the relics of smoking and lacerated edifices. In the full meridian of empire, the metropolis arose with fresh beauty from her ashes; yet the memory of the old deplored the irreparable losses, the arts of Greece, the trophies of victory, the monuments of primitive or fabulous antiquity. In the days of distress and anarchy every wound is mortal, every fall irretrievable; nor can the damage be restored either by the public care of government or the activity of private interest. Yet two causes may be alleged, which render the calamity of fire more destructive to a flourishing than a decayed city. 1. The more combustible materials of brick, timber, and metals are first melted and consumed, but the flames may play without injury or effect on the naked walls and massy arches that have been despoiled of their ornaments. 2. It is among the common and plebeian habitations that a mischievous spark is most easily blown to a conflagration; but as soon as they are devoured, the greater edifices which have resisted or escaped are left as so many islands in a state of solitude and

safety. From her situation, Rome is exposed to the danger of frequent inundations. Without excepting the Tiber, the rivers that descend from either side of the Apennine have a short and irregular course; a shallow stream in the summer heats; an impetuous torrent when it is swelled in the spring or winter by the fall of rain and the melting of the snows. When the current is repelled from the sea by adverse winds, when the ordinary bed is inadequate to the weight of waters, they rise above the banks and overspread without limits or control the plains and cities of the adjacent country. Soon after the triumph of the first Punic War, the Tiber was increased by unusual rains; and the inundation, surpassing all former measure of time and place, destroyed all the buildings that were situate below the hills of Rome. According to the variety of ground, the same mischief was produced by different means; and the edifices were either swept away by the sudden impulse, or dissolved and undermined by the long continuance of the flood. Under the reign of Augustus the same calamity was renewed: the lawless river overturned the palaces and temples on its banks; and after the labors of the Emperor in cleansing and widening the bed that was incumbered with ruins, the vigilance of his successors was exercised by similar dangers and designs. The project of diverting into new channels the Tiber itself, or some of the dependent streams, was long opposed by superstition and local interests; nor did the use compensate the toil and costs of the tardy and imperfect execution. The servitude of rivers is the noblest and most important victory which man has obtained over the licentiousness of nature; and if such were the ravages of the Tiber under a firm and active government, what could oppose, or who can enumerate, the injuries of the city after the fall of the Western Empire? A remedy was at length produced by the evil itself: the accumulation of rubbish and the earth that has been washed down from the hills is supposed to have elevated the plain of Rome fourteen or fifteen feet perhaps above the ancient level: and the modern city is less accessible to the attacks of the river.

II. The crowd of writers of every nation who impute the destruction of the Roman monuments to the Goths and the Christians, have neglected to inquire how far they were animated by a hostile principle, and how far they possessed the means and the leisure to satiate their enmity. In the preceding volumes of this history I have described the triumph of barbarism and

religion; and I can only resume in a few words their real or imaginary connection with the ruin of ancient Rome. Our fancy may create or adopt a pleasing romance: that the Goths and Vandals sallied from Scandinavia, ardent to avenge the flight of Odin, to break the chains and to chastise the oppressors of mankind; that they wished to burn the records of classic literature, and to found their national architecture on the broken members of the Tuscan and Corinthian orders. But in simple truth, the Northern conquerors were neither sufficiently savage nor sufficiently refined to entertain such aspiring ideas of destruction and revenge. The shepherds of Scythia and Germany had been educated in the armies of the Empire, whose discipline they acquired and whose weakness they invaded; with the familiar use of the Latin tongue, they had learned to reverence the name and titles of Rome; and though incapable of emulating, they were more inclined to admire than to abolish the arts and studies of a brighter period. In the transient possession of a rich and unresisting capital, the soldiers of Alaric and Genseric were stimulated by the passions of a victorious army; amidst the wanton indulgence of lust or cruelty, portable wealth was the object of their search; nor could they derive either pride or pleasure from the unprofitable reflection that they had battered to the ground the works of the consuls and Cæsars. Their moments were indeed precious: the Goths evacuated Rome on the sixth, the Vandals on the fifteenth day, and though it be far more difficult to build than to destroy, their hasty assault would have made a slight impression on the solid piles of antiquity. We may remember that both Alaric and Genseric affected to spare the buildings of the city; that they subsisted in strength and beauty under the auspicious government of Theodoric; and that the momentary resentment of Totila was disarmed by his own temper and the advice of his friends and enemies. From these innocent Barbarians the reproach may be transferred to the Catholics of Rome. The statues, altars, and houses of the dæmons were an abomination in their eyes; and in the absolute command of the city, they might labor with zeal and perseverance to erase the idolatry of their ancestors. The demolition of the temples in the East affords to *them* an example of conduct, and to *us* an argument of belief; and it is probable that a portion of guilt or merit may be imputed with justice to the Roman proselytes. Yet their abhorrence was confined to the monuments of heathen

superstition; and the civil structures that were dedicated to the business or pleasure of society might be preserved without injury or scandal. The change of religion was accomplished not by a popular tumult, but by the decrees of the emperors, of the Senate, and of time. Of the Christian hierarchy, the bishops of Rome were commonly the most prudent and least fanatic; nor can any positive charge be opposed to the meritorious act of saving and converting the majestic structure of the Pantheon.

III. The value of any object that supplies the wants or pleasures of mankind is compounded of its substance and its form, of the materials and the manufacture. Its price must depend on the number of persons by whom it may be acquired and used; on the extent of the market; and consequently on the ease or difficulty of remote exportation according to the nature of the commodity, its local situation, and the temporary circumstances of the world. The Barbarian conquerors of Rome usurped in a moment the toil and treasure of successive ages; but except the luxuries of immediate consumption, they must view without desire all that could not be removed from the city in the Gothic wagons or the fleet of the Vandals. Gold and silver were the first objects of their avarice; as in every country, and in the smallest compass, they represent the most ample command of the industry and possessions of mankind. A vase or a statue of those precious metals might tempt the vanity of some Barbarian chief; but the grosser multitude, regardless of the form, was tenacious only of the substance; and the melted ingots might be readily divided and stamped into the current coin of the empire. The less active or less fortunate robbers were reduced to the baser plunder of brass, lead, iron, and copper: whatever had escaped the Goths and Vandals was pillaged by the Greek tyrants; and the Emperor Constans in his rapacious visit stripped the bronze tiles from the roof of the Pantheon. The edifices of Rome might be considered as a vast and various mine: the first labor of extracting the materials was already performed; the metals were purified and cast; the marbles were hewn and polished; and after foreign and domestic rapine had been satiated, the remains of the city, could a purchaser have been found, were still venal. The monuments of antiquity had been left naked of their precious ornaments; but the Romans would demolish with their own hands the arches and walls, if the hope of profit could surpass the cost of the labor and exportation. If Charlemagne

had fixed in Italy the seat of the Western Empire, his genius would have aspired to restore, rather than to violate, the works of the Cæsars: but policy confined the French monarch to the forests of Germany; his taste could be gratified only by destruction; and the new palace of Aix-la-Chapelle was decorated with the marbles of Ravenna and Rome. Five hundred years after Charlemagne, a king of Sicily, Robert,—the wisest and most liberal sovereign of the age,—was supplied with the same materials by the easy navigation of the Tiber and the sea; and Petrarch sighs an indignant complaint that the ancient capital of the world should adorn from her own bowels the slothful luxury of Naples. But these examples of plunder or purchase were rare in the darker ages; and the Romans, alone and unenvied, might have applied to their private or public use the remaining structures of antiquity, if in their present form and situation they had not been useless in a great measure to the city and its inhabitants. The walls still described the old circumference, but the city had descended from the seven hills into the Campus Martius; and some of the noblest monuments which had braved the injuries of time were left in a desert, far remote from the habitations of mankind. The palaces of the senators were no longer adapted to the manners or fortunes of their indigent successors: the use of baths and porticos was forgotten; in the sixth century the games of the theatre, amphitheatre, and circus had been interrupted; some temples were devoted to the prevailing worship, but the Christian churches preferred the holy figure of the cross; and fashion, or reason, had distributed after a peculiar model the cells and offices of the cloister. Under the ecclesiastical reign, the number of these pious foundations was enormously multiplied; and the city was crowded with forty monasteries of men, twenty of women, and sixty chapters and colleges of canons and priests, who aggravated instead of relieving the depopulation of the tenth century. But if the forms of ancient architecture were disregarded by a people insensible of their use and beauty, the plentiful materials were applied to every call of necessity or superstition; till the fairest columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, the richest marbles of Paros and Numidia, were degraded, perhaps to the support of a convent or a stable. The daily havoc which is perpetrated by the Turks in the cities of Greece and Asia may afford a melancholy example; and in the gradual destruction of the monuments of Rome, Sixtus the Fifth

may alone be excused for employing the stones of the Septizonium in the glorious edifice of St. Peter's. A fragment, a ruin, howsoever mangled or profaned, may be viewed with pleasure and regret; but the greater part of the marble was deprived of substance, as well as of place and proportion: it was burnt to lime for the purpose of cement. Since the arrival of Poggius, the temple of Concord and many capital structures had vanished from his eyes; and an epigram of the same age expresses a just and pious fear that the continuance of this practice would finally annihilate all the monuments of antiquity. The smallness of their numbers was the sole check on the demands and depredations of the Romans. The imagination of Petrarch might create the presence of a mighty people; and I hesitate to believe that even in the fourteenth century they could be reduced to a contemptible list of thirty-three thousand inhabitants. From that period to the reign of Leo the Tenth, if they multiplied to the amount of eighty-five thousand, the increase of citizens was in some degree pernicious to the ancient city.

IV. I have reserved for the last, the most potent and forcible cause of destruction, the domestic hostilities of the Romans themselves. Under the dominion of the Greek and French emperors, the peace of the city was disturbed by accidental though frequent seditions: it is from the decline of the latter, from the beginning of the tenth century, that we may date the licentiousness of private war, which violated with impunity the laws of the Code and the gospel, without respecting the majesty of the absent sovereign or the presence and person of the vicar of Christ. In a dark period of five hundred years, Rome was perpetually afflicted by the sanguinary quarrels of the nobles and the people, the Guelphs and Ghibelines, the Colonna and Ursini; and if much has escaped the knowledge, and much is unworthy of the notice, of history, I have exposed in the two preceding chapters the causes and effects of the public disorders. At such a time, when every quarrel was decided by the sword and none could trust their lives or properties to the impotence of law, the powerful citizens were armed for safety, or offense, against the domestic enemies whom they feared or hated. Except Venice alone, the same dangers and designs were common to all the free republics of Italy; and the nobles usurped the prerogative of fortifying their houses and erecting strong towers that were capable of resisting a sudden attack. The cities were filled with

these hostile edifices; and the example of Lucca, which contained three hundred towers, her law which confined their height to the measure of fourscore feet, may be extended with suitable latitude to the more opulent and populous States. The first step of the senator Brancalcione in the establishment of peace and justice, was to demolish (as we have already seen) one hundred and forty of the towers of Rome; and in the last days of anarchy and discord, as late as the reign of Martin the Fifth, forty-four still stood in one of the thirteen or fourteen regions of the city. To this mischievous purpose the remains of antiquity were most readily adapted: the temples and arches afforded a broad and solid basis for the new structures of brick and stone; and we can name the modern turrets that were raised on the triumphal monuments of Julius Cæsar, Titus, and the Antonines. With some slight alterations, a theatre, an amphitheatre, a mausoleum, was transformed into a strong and spacious citadel. I need not repeat that the mole of Adrian has assumed the title and form of the castle of St. Angelo; the Septizonium of Severus was capable of standing against a royal army; the sepulchre of Metella has sunk under its outworks; the theatres of Pompey and Marcellus were occupied by the Savelli and Ursini families; and the rough fortress has been gradually softened to the splendor and elegance of an Italian palace. Even the churches were encompassed with arms and bulwarks, and the military engines on the roof of St. Peter's were the terror of the Vatican and the scandal of the Christian world. Whatever is fortified will be attacked; and whatever is attacked may be destroyed. Could the Romans have wrested from the popes the castle of St. Angelo, they had resolved by a public decree to annihilate that monument of servitude. Every building of defense was exposed to a siege; and in every siege the arts and engines of destruction were laboriously employed. After the death of Nicholas the Fourth, Rome, without a sovereign or a senate, was abandoned six months to the fury of civil war. "The houses," says a cardinal and poet of the times, "were crushed by the weight and velocity of enormous stones; the walls were perforated by the strokes of the battering-ram; the towers were involved in fire and smoke; and the assailants were stimulated by rapine and revenge." The work was consummated by the tyranny of the laws; and the factions of Italy alternately exercised a blind and thoughtless vengeance on their adversaries, whose houses and castles they razed to the

ground. In comparing the *days* of foreign, with the *ages* of domestic hostility, we must pronounce that the latter have been far more ruinous to the city; and our opinion is confirmed by the evidence of Petrarch. "Behold," says the laureate, "the relics of Rome, the image of her pristine greatness! neither time nor the Barbarian can boast the merit of this stupendous destruction: it was perpetrated by her own citizens, by the most illustrious of her sons; and your ancestors [he writes to a noble Annibaldi] have done with battering-ram what the Punic hero could not accomplish with the sword." The influence of the two last principles of decay must in some degree be multiplied by each other, since the houses and towers which were subverted by civil war required a new and perpetual supply from the monuments of antiquity.

These general observations may be separately applied to the amphitheatre of Titus, which has obtained the name of the Coliseum, either from its magnitude or from Nero's colossal statue; an edifice, had it been left to time and nature, which might perhaps have claimed an eternal duration. The curious antiquaries who have computed the numbers and seats are disposed to believe that above the upper row of stone steps the amphitheatre was encircled and elevated with several stages of wooden galleries, which were repeatedly consumed by fire, and restored by the emperors. Whatever was precious, or portable, or profane, the statues of gods and heroes, and the costly ornaments of sculpture which were cast in brass or overspread with leaves of silver and gold, became the first prey of conquest or fanaticism, of the avarice of the Barbarians or the Christians. In the massy stones of the Coliseum, many holes are discerned; and the two most probable conjectures represent the various accidents of its decay. These stones were connected by solid links of brass or iron, nor had the eye of rapine overlooked the value of the baser metals; the vacant space was converted into a fair or market; the artisans of the Coliseum are mentioned in an ancient survey; and the chasms were perforated or enlarged to receive the poles that supported the shops or tents of the mechanic trades. Reduced to its naked majesty, the Flavian amphitheatre was contemplated with awe and admiration by the pilgrims of the North; and their rude enthusiasm broke forth in a sublime proverbial expression, which is recorded in the eighth century, in the fragments of the venerable Bede: "As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome shall

stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall." In the modern system of war a situation commanded by the three hills would not be chosen for a fortress: but the strength of the walls and arches could resist the engines of assault; a numerous garrison might be lodged in the inclosure; and while one faction occupied the Vatican and the Capitol, the other was intrenched in the Lateran and the Coliseum.

The abolition at Rome of the ancient games must be understood with some latitude; and the carnival sports of the Testacean Mount and the Circus Agonalis were regulated by the law or custom of the city. The senator presided with dignity and pomp to adjudge and distribute the prizes, the gold ring, or the *pallium*, as it was styled, of cloth or silk. A tribute on the Jews supplied the annual expense; and the races on foot, on horseback, or in chariots, were ennobled by a tilt and tournament of seventy-two of the Roman youth. In the year 1332 a bull-feast, after the fashion of the Moors and Spaniards, was celebrated in the Coliseum itself; and the living manners are painted in a diary of the times. A convenient order of benches was restored, and a general proclamation as far as Rimini and Ravenna invited the nobles to exercise their skill and courage in this perilous adventure. The Roman ladies were marshaled in three squadrons and seated in three balconies, which on this day, the third of September, were lined with scarlet cloth. The fair Jacova di Rovere led the matrons from beyond the Tiber, a pure and native race who still represent the features and character of antiquity. The remainder of the city was divided as usual between the Colonna and Ursini: the two factions were proud of the number and beauty of their female bands: the charms of Savella Ursini are mentioned with praise, and the Colonna regretted the absence of the youngest of their house, who had sprained her ankle in the garden of Nero's tower. The lots of the champions were drawn by an old and respectable citizen; and they descended into the arena, or pit, to encounter the wild bulls, on foot as it should seem, with a single spear. Amidst the crowd, our annalist has selected the names, colors, and devices of twenty of the most conspicuous knights. Several of the names are the most illustrious of Rome and the ecclesiastical State: Malatesta, Polenta, Della Valle, Cafarello, Savelli, Capoccio, Conti, Annibaldi, Altieri, Corsi: the colors were adapted to their taste and situation; the

devices are expressive of hope or despair, and breathe the spirit of gallantry and arms. "I am alone, like the youngest of the Horatii," the confidence of an intrepid stranger; "I live disconsolate," a weeping widower; "I burn under the ashes," a discreet lover; "I adore Lavinia, or Lucretia," the ambiguous declaration of a modern passion; "My faith is as pure," the motto of a white livery; "Who is stronger than myself?" of a lion's hide; "If I am drowned in blood, what a pleasant death!" the wish of ferocious courage. The pride or prudence of the Ursini restrained them from the field, which was occupied by three of their hereditary rivals, whose inscriptions denoted the lofty greatness of the Colonna name: "Though sad, I am strong;" "Strong as I am great;" "If I fall," addressing himself to the spectators, "you fall with me"—intimating (says the contemporary writer) that while the other families were the subjects of the Vatican, they alone were the supporters of the Capitol. The combats of the amphitheatre were dangerous and bloody. Every champion successively encountered a wild bull; and the victory may be ascribed to the quadrupeds, since no more than eleven were left on the field, with the loss of nine wounded and eighteen killed on the side of their adversaries. Some of the noblest families might mourn; but the pomp of the funerals in the churches of St. John Lateran and Sta. Maria Maggiore afforded a second holiday to the people. Doubtless it was not in such conflicts that the blood of the Romans should have been shed: yet in blaming their rashness we are compelled to applaud their gallantry; and the noble volunteers who display their magnificence and risk their lives under the balconies of the fair, excite a more generous sympathy than the thousands of captives and malefactors who were reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter.

This use of the amphitheatre was a rare, perhaps a singular, festival: the demand for the materials was a daily and continual want which the citizens could gratify without restraint or remorse. In the fourteenth century a scandalous act of concord secured to both factions the privilege of extracting stones from the free and common quarry of the Coliseum; and Poggius laments that the greater part of these stones had been burnt to lime by the folly of the Romans. To check this abuse, and to prevent the nocturnal crimes that might be perpetrated in the vast and gloomy recess, Eugenius the Fourth surrounded it with a wall; and by a charter long extant, granted both the ground and edifice to the

monks of an adjacent convent. After his death the wall was overthrown in a tumult of the people; and had they themselves respected the noblest monument of their fathers, they might have justified the resolve that it should never be degraded to private property. The inside was damaged; but in the middle of the sixteenth century, an era of taste and learning, the exterior circumference of one thousand six hundred and twelve feet was still entire and inviolate; a triple elevation of fourscore arches which rose to the height of one hundred and eight feet. Of the present ruin, the nephews of Paul the Third are the guilty agents; and every traveler who views the Farnese palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes. A similar reproach is applied to the Barberini; and the repetition of injury might be dreaded from every reign, till the Coliseum was placed under the safeguard of religion by the most liberal of the pontiffs, Benedict the Fourteenth, who consecrated a spot which persecution and fable had stained with the blood of so many Christian martyrs.

When Petrarch first gratified his eyes with a view of those monuments, whose scattered fragments so far surpass the most eloquent descriptions, he was astonished at the supine indifference of the Romans themselves; he was humbled rather than elated by the discovery that, except his friend Rienzi and one of the Colonna, a stranger of the Rhône was more conversant with these antiquities than the nobles and natives of the metropolis. The ignorance and credulity of the Romans are elaborately displayed in the old survey of the city, which was composed about the beginning of the thirteenth century; and without dwelling on the manifold errors of name and place, the legend of the Capitol may provoke a smile of contempt and indignation. "The Capitol," says the anonymous writer, "is so named as being the head of the world, where the consuls and senators formerly resided for the government of the city and the globe. The strong and lofty walls were covered with glass and gold, and crowned with a roof of the richest and most curious carving. Below the citadel stood a palace, of gold for the greatest part, decorated with precious stones, and whose value might be esteemed at one-third of the world itself. The statues of all the provinces were arranged in order, each with a small bell suspended from its neck; and such was the contrivance of art magic, that if the province rebelled against Rome the statue turned round to that quarter of the

heavens, the bell rang, the prophet of the Capitol reported the prodigy, and the Senate was admonished of the impending danger." A second example, of less importance though of equal absurdity, may be drawn from the two marble horses; led by two naked youths, which have since been transported from the baths of Constantine to the Quirinal Hill. The groundless application of the names of Phidias and Praxiteles may perhaps be excused: but these Grecian sculptors should not have been removed above four hundred years from the age of Pericles to that of Tiberius; they should not have been transformed into two philosophers or magicians, whose nakedness was the symbol of truth or knowledge, who revealed to the Emperor his most secret actions, and after refusing all pecuniary recompense, solicited the honor of leaving this eternal monument of themselves. Thus, awake to the power of magic, the Romans were insensible to the beauties of art: no more than five statues were visible to the eyes of Poggius; and of the multitudes which chance or design had buried under the ruins, the resurrection was fortunately delayed till a safer and more enlightened age. The Nile, which now adorns the Vatican, had been explored by some laborers in digging a vineyard near the temple, or convent, of the Minerva: but the impatient proprietor, who was tormented by some visits of curiosity, restored the unprofitable marble to its former grave. The discovery of the statue of Pompey, ten feet in length, was the occasion of a lawsuit. It had been found under a partition wall: the equitable judge had pronounced that the head should be separated from the body to satisfy the claims of the contiguous owners; and the sentence would have been executed if the intercession of a cardinal and the liberality of a pope had not rescued the Roman hero from the hands of his barbarous countrymen.

But the clouds of barbarism were gradually dispelled, and the peaceful authority of Martin the Fifth and his successors restored the ornaments of the city as well as the order of the ecclesiastical State. The improvements of Rome since the fifteenth century have not been the spontaneous produce of freedom and industry. The first and most natural root of a great city is the labor and populousness of the adjacent country, which supplies the materials of subsistence, of manufactures, and of foreign trade. But the greater part of the Campagna of Rome is reduced to a dreary and desolate wilderness; the overgrown estates of the

princes and the clergy are cultivated by the lazy hands of indigent and hopeless vassals; and the scanty harvests are confined or exported for the benefit of a monopoly. A second and more artificial cause of the growth of a metropolis is the residence of a monarch, the expense of a luxurious court, and the tributes of dependent provinces. Those provinces and tributes had been lost in the fall of the Empire: and if some streams of the silver of Peru and the gold of Brazil have been attracted by the Vatican, the revenues of the cardinals, the fees of office, the oblations of pilgrims and clients, and the remnant of ecclesiastical taxes, afford a poor and precarious supply, which maintains however the idleness of the court and city. The population of Rome, far below the measure of the great capitals of Europe, does not exceed one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants; and within the spacious inclosure of the walls the largest portion of the seven hills is overspread with vineyards and ruins. The beauty and splendor of the modern city may be ascribed to the abuses of the government, to the influence of superstition. Each reign (the exceptions are rare) has been marked by the rapid elevation of a new family, enriched by the childless pontiff at the expense of the Church and country. The palaces of these fortunate nephews are the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude: the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture have been prostituted in their service; and their galleries and gardens are decorated with the most precious works of antiquity which taste or vanity has prompted them to collect. The ecclesiastical revenues were more decently employed by the popes themselves in the pomp of the Catholic worship; but it is superfluous to enumerate their pious foundations of altars, chapels, and churches, since these lesser stars are eclipsed by the sun of the Vatican, by the dome of St. Peter, the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion. The fame of Julius the Second, Leo the Tenth, and Sixtus the Fifth is accompanied by the superior merit of Bramante and Fontana, of Raphael and Michael Angelo; and the same munificence which had been displayed in palaces and temples was directed with equal zeal to revive and emulate the labors of antiquity. Prostrate obelisks were raised from the ground and erected in the most conspicuous places; of the eleven aqueducts of the Cæsars and consuls, three were restored; the artificial rivers were conducted over a long series of old, or of new arches, to discharge into marble


basins a flood of salubrious and refreshing waters: and the spectator, impatient to ascend the steps of St. Peter's, is detained by a column of Egyptian granite, which rises between two lofty and perpetual fountains to the height of one hundred and twenty feet. The map, the description, the monuments of ancient Rome have been elucidated by the diligence of the antiquarian and the student; and the footsteps of heroes, the relics, not of superstition but of empire, are devoutly visited by a new race of pilgrims from the remote and once savage countries of the North.

All the foregoing selections are made from 'The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON

(1878-)

BY HARRY M. AYRES

IBSON occupies a definite place in contemporary poetry. Endeavoring to make clear what that place is, we may imagine the future historian remarking that the early years of the Great War were years, poetically, of keen expectancy. Great things, he will say, were then astir in the world, men were adapting themselves to large co-operations that made for sympathy and understanding, and moved toward ends that were noble and not immediately selfish. To the poet, meanwhile, the public was lending a ready ear and a generous purse, hoping almost pathetically that something might, half believing that something would, in the end, come of it all; for big events called loud for the needful comment of the poet. The poets themselves, our candid critic will admit, were possessed of technical accomplishment, a fierce desire to see things as they are, and a passionate joy in experimentation. How he will censure their faults, what, in short, our hypothetical historian will go on to say really came of this portentous conjunction of poet and public, we had best leave to his good judgment operating on facts of which we are not yet the possessors. But it is not impossible that he will point out that of the poetry then called «new» there were in this new dawn — phantom or not, as shall appear — two principal expressions. On one side the experiments of the apostles of freedom, the yawp determinedly barbaric, the ramblings of Harlequin in a tobacco trance, and the intense stare of Columbine very drunk to-night; all of which «gesticulating with the lips,» our future historian may say, produced a residuum of memorable work; served the time by showing what could be done when one abandoned one's mind to it; and before it disappeared, along with the strange dances and the monstrous paintings of those days, though it may not have added a new string to the lyre, it at least taught a brave way of wielding the plectrum, which, on occasion and in the right hands, could make the old instrument discourse most eloquent music. A poetic Saturnalia, it had the merit, he may say, of teaching the value of liberty by exhibiting license, playing the drunken Helot to a soberer kind of poetry which in those days — will our historian say it? — gave most definite promise of what was later to be achieved.

This second sort of poetry is also «new,» but it does not cry aloud

its novelty; Chaucer would understand it and Dryden would not disown it. It is poetry essentially narrative, its searching and sympathetic eye directed to scenes of humble life, its expression clear, direct, free of traditional ornament, and though rhythmic and frequently rhymed, measurably close to the structure and idiom of normal human speech. Gibson was one of the first to establish himself in this manner. He is not of those who write prefaces. He does not encourage the publication of autobiographic notices. Concerning him it may be authoritatively stated that he was born at Hexham, Northumberland, October 2d, 1878. Beyond this the only documents available at the present moment of writing are seven volumes of verse. Mr. Gibson began to publish in 1902. His first book to win an audience in this country was the series of dramatic sketches called (Daily Bread) (1910). This was followed by (Fires) (3 vols., 1912); (Borderlands and Thoroughfares) (1914); then (Battle and Other Poems) (1915), in which are reprinted two earlier publications, (Stonefolds) and (On the Threshold) (1907). His latest volume is entitled (Livelihood) (1916).

In all of the books named — of his four earliest volumes it is not possible to express a judgment — the poet is marvelously like himself. It is not wrong to call the bulk of this work narrative, although a considerable part of it, especially in the earlier volumes, is cast in dramatic form. Always the story is the thing; plot is the soul of his little tragedies. But the plot does not generally, or more significantly, develop itself in physical action; its operation is inwards, it unfolds in the emotions and the thoughts, spoken or unspoken, of the characters. Yet the effect on the reader is crisp and clear, there is no hinting at awful and remote significances, no incoherencies; it is neither Orphic nor Sibylline; there are no allusions to perplex the wayfaring man. It is a technique in which the wayfaring man, indeed, has been well schooled. The vogue of the short story has accustomed him to this intense concentration on the moment, this hurling against the chosen point all the reserves of memory — the marvelously detailed memory that one encounters in the movie «cut-back» — till the position gives way, and with a rush and a cheer the story is achieved. Mr. Gibson by using the methods of to-day has broken out a road into the realms of gold, where many who have found more frequented paths uninviting will gladly follow him.

In his materials, too, Mr. Gibson is conscientiously modern. The Foreword to (Fires) states a program: musing before the fire on all the fancies that have charmed the poets, he beholds

«Crouched in the dripping dark,
With steaming shoulders stark,
The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.»

Labor is his theme; toil at sea, childbirth, starvation in the city, fumbling old age, the inexorable and soul-wearying machine, the devouring furnace, the engulfing pit; the shop, the circus, the turnip-field; tramps, shepherds, ploughboys; a doctor, a fiddler, a servant-girl on a holiday. The total effect is a little unrelieved. Undertaking with Crabbe to

«paint the cot

As Truth will paint it, and as Bards will not,»

he presents, only with more specific detail than Crabbe, a no less depressing picture. In (Stonefolds,) in the person of the old shepherd sitting helpless by, while lambs and children are born and die, we feel that we have gazed upon a desolation like that of a forgotten city:

«We two have seen so many young things born,
So many perish: yet death takes us not.»

But the ravings of the stoker in (The Furnace) (in (Daily Bread)), crisped in his own furnace, accompanied by the chorus of wife and solicitous friends, has the hard brilliance of an experiment resolutely gone through in a workmanlike manner. If the ghost of Dan Chaucer could appear to him, and Mr. Gibson has entertained at least the artistic possibility of ghosts, the elder poet might offer a hint or two about the dangers of warbling on one string.

Not that Mr. Gibson is always doleful. The little snatches from a soldier's meditations, which make up (Battle,) afford sudden bits of incongruity which force the reader to seek relief in laughter: «I wonder if the old cow died or not.» Occasionally the poet seeks to elevate his material by resorting to the supernatural: in (The Flute,) which accomplishes precisely what Wordsworth said he was trying to do, (The Vixen,) only one of many poems which display the author's delight in color, and (The Queen's Crag,) one of the most delicately imagined of them all.

Mr. Gibson has deliberately chosen the field in which he works. He is not himself of the soil; he is no Stephen Duck, the poetical thresher, or, to take a modern instance, no Francis Ledwidge. He is the professional poet contemplating sympathetically humble life in country and town. This places him squarely in the pastoral tradition, but pastoral as Theocritus practised it; not mere mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song. (The Piper) (in (Livelihood)) is true to type, even to details. The tradition which the poet adorns shields him in turn from the charge that hinds and pitmen do not habitually talk as he makes them, do not usually think the thoughts he attributes to them. It is the poet's business to make hind and pitman articulate: thus shepherds would talk if they could. What one misses most in setting his work beside that of Theocritus, with which his is in so many ways com-

parable, is song. It may be the modern life of labor does not admit song. Does it not then, perhaps, become the business of the poet to teach it to sing? The poet who has heard the curlew calling at Hallypike and seen across the night the lights of (Home,) is not unfitted for this high task.

FIRES

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SNUG in my easy chair,
 I stirred the fire to flame.
 Fantastically fair,
 The flickering fancies came,
 Born of heart's desire:
 Amber woodland streaming;
 Topaz islands dreaming;
 Sunset-cities gleaming,
 Spire on burning spire;
 Ruddy-windowed taverns;
 Sunshine-spilling wines;
 Crystal-lighted caverns
 Of Golconda's mines;
 Summers, unreturning;
 Passion's crater yearning;
 Troy, the ever-burning;
 Shelley's lustral pyre;
 Dragon-eyes, unsleeping;
 Witches' cauldrons leaping;
 Golden galleys sweeping
 Out from sea-walled Tyre:
 Fancies, fugitive and fair,
 Flashed with singing through the air;
 Till, dazzled by the drowsy glare,
 I shut my eyes to heat and light;
 And saw, in sudden night,
 Crouched in the dripping dark,
 With steaming shoulders stark,
 The man who hews the coal to feed my fire.

MARRIAGE

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GOING my way of old
Contented more or less
I dreamt not life could hold
Such happiness.

I dreamt not that love's way
Could keep the golden height
Day after happy day,
Night after night.

HOME

I

RETURN.

UNDER the brown bird-haunted eaves of thatch
The hollyhocks in crimson glory burned
Against black timbers and old rosy brick,
And over the green door in clusters thick
Hung tangled passion-flowers, when we returned
To our own threshold: and with hand on latch
We stood a moment in the sunset gleam
And looked upon our home as in a dream.

Rapt in a golden glow of still delight
Together on the threshold in the sun
We stood rejoicing that we two had won
To this deep golden peace ere day was done,
That over gloomy plain and storm-swept height
We two, O love, had won to home ere night.

II

CANDLELIGHT

Where through the open window I could see
The supper-table in the golden light
Of tall white candles — brasses glinting bright
On the black gleaming board, and crockery
Colored like gardens of old Araby —
In your blue gown against the walls of white
You stood adream, and in the starry night
I felt strange loneliness steal over me.

You stood with eyes upon the candle flame
That kindled your thick hair to burnished gold,
As in a golden spell that seemed to hold
My heart's love rapt from me for evermore . . .
And then you stirred, and opening the door,
Into the starry night you breathed my name.

III

FIRELIGHT

Against the curtained casement wind and sleet
Rattle and thresh, while snug by our own fire
In dear companionship that naught may tire
We sit, — you listening, sewing in your seat,
Half-dreaming in the glow of light and heat,
I reading some old tale of love's desire
That swept on gold wings to disaster dire
Then sprang re-orient from black defeat.

I close the book, and louder yet the storm
Threshes without. Your busy hands are still;
And on your face and hair the light is warm,
As we sit gazing on the coals' red gleam
In a gold glow of happiness, and dream
Diviner dreams the years shall yet fulfil.

IV

MIDNIGHT

Between the midnight pillars of black elms
The old moon hangs, a thin, cold, amber flame
Over low ghostly mist: a lone snipe wheels
Through shadowy moonshine, droning: and there steals
Into my heart a fear without a name
Out of primeval night's resurgent realms,
Unearthly terror, chilling me with dread
As I lie waking wide-eyed on the bed.

And then you turn towards me in your sleep
Murmuring, and with a sigh of deep content
You nestle to my breast; and over me
Steals the warm peace of you; and, all fear spent,
I hold you to me sleeping quietly,
Till I, too, sink in slumber sound and deep.

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT

(1836-1911)

WHEN, after appearing from time to time in the London Fun, the 'Bab Ballads' were published in book form in 1870, everybody, young and old, found them provocative of hearty laughter. "Much sound and little sense," was the title-page motto. Perhaps the fact that Gilbert's readers did not know why they laughed was one great charm of the ballads. The humor was felt, not analyzed, and involved no mental fatigue. If there was "little sense," no continuity of meaning, there was usually significant suggestion; and social foibles were touched off with good-natured irony in a delightfully inconsequent fashion. The "much sound" was a spirited lyric swing which clung to the memory, a rich rhythm, and a rollicking spontaneity, which disregarded considerations of grammar and pronunciation in a way that only added to the fun.

The 'Bab Ballads,' and 'More Bab Ballads' which appeared in 1872, have become classic. In many of them may be found the germs of the librettos which have made Gilbert famous in comic opera. 'Pinafore,' 'The Mikado,' 'Patience,' and many others of a long and well-known list written to Sir

Arthur Sullivan's music, have furnished the public with many popular songs. A volume of dainty lyrics has been made up from them; and, entitled 'Songs of a Savoyard' (from the Savoy Theatre of London, where the operas were first represented), was published in 1890.

Gilbert was born in London on November 18th, 1836, and educated in that city; after his graduation from the University of London he studied law, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1863. Five years later he became a captain of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders. The success of his first play, (Dulcamara,) in 1866, led him to abandon the law, and he afterwards devoted himself to authorship. Gilbert was knighted in 1907 and died in 1911.



WILLIAM S. GILBERT

CAPTAIN REECE

OF ALL the ships upon the blue,
 No ship contained a better crew
 Than that of worthy Captain Reece,
 Commanding of The Mantlepiece.

He was adored by all his men,
 For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,
 Did all that lay within him to
 Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,
 Their captain danced to them like mad,
 Or told, to make the time pass by,
 Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,
 Warm slippers and hot-water can,
 Brown windsor from the captain's store,
 A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,
 Lo! seltzogenes at every turn;
 And on all very sultry days
 Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then, currant wine and ginger pops
 Stood handily on all the "tops";
 And also, with amusement rife,
 A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea
 From Mr. Mudie's libraree;
 The Times and Saturday Review
 Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,
 Was quite devoted to his men;
 In point of fact, good Captain Reece
 Beatified The Mantelpiece.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,
 He said (addressing all his men):—
 "Come, tell me, please, what I can do
 To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan
I'll make you happy if I can,—
My own convenience count as *nil*:
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee
(The kindly captain's coxwain he,
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man);
He cleared his throat, and thus began:—

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I'm told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of 'em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxwain's plan:—

"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill:
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,
Has just been promised to an Earl,
And all my other familiee
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew?
The word I gave you I'll fulfill;
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall;
I'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of the Mantelpiece,
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:—

"I beg your Honor's leave," he said:—
 "If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who
 Would be the very thing for you—
 She long has loved you from afar:
 She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—
 Addressed her in his playful way:—
 "And did it want a wedding ring?
 It was a tempting ickle sing!

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
 We'll all be married this day week
 At yonder church upon the hill;
 It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
 And widowed ma of Captain Reece,
 Attended there as they were bid:
 It was their duty, and they did.

THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL

T WAS on the shores that round our coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone on a piece of stone
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
 And weedy and long was he;
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
 In a singular minor key:—

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
 Till I really felt afraid,
 For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
 And so I simply said:—

"O elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun his painful yarn:—

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel;
So we drewed a lot, and accordin', shot
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, 'Which

Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be:
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you*?'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see!

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:—

"Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO

FROM east and south the holy clan
Of bishops gathered to a man;
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican,
In flocking crowds they came.
Among them was a bishop who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And Peter was his name.

His people — twenty-three in sum —
They played the eloquent tum-tum,
And lived on scalps served up in rum —
The only sauce they knew.
When first good Bishop Peter came
(For Peter was that bishop's name),
To humor them, he did the same
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,
(His name was Peter) loved him well,
And summoned by the sound of bell,
In crowds together came.
"Oh, massa, why you go away?
Oh, Massa Peter, please to stay."
(They called him Peter, people say,
Because it was his name.)

He told them all good boys to be,
And sailed away across the sea;
At London Bridge that bishop he
Arrived one Tuesday night;
And as that night he homeward strode
To his Pan-Anglican abode,
He passed along the Borough Road,
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round
A person dancing on the ground,
Who straight began to leap and bound
With all his might and main.
To see that dancing man he stopped,
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and hopped,
Then down incontinently dropped,
And then sprang up again.

The bishop chuckled at the sight.
 "This style of dancing would delight
 A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite:
 I'll learn it if I can,
 To please the tribe when I get back."
 He begged the man to teach his knack.
 "Right reverend sir, in half a crack!"
 Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away,
 And taught the bishop every day;
 The dancer skipped like any fay —
 Good Peter did the same.
 The bishop buckled to his task,
 With *battements* and *pas de basque*.
 (I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
 That Peter was his name.)

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said;
 "Stick out your toes—stick in your head,
 Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—
 Your fingers thus extend;
 The attitude's considered quaint."
 The weary bishop, feeling faint,
 Replied, "I do not say it ain't,
 But 'Time!' my Christian friend!"

"We now proceed to something new:
 Dance as the Paynes and Lauris do,
 Like this—one, two—one, two—one, two."
 The bishop, never proud,
 But in an overwhelming heat
 (His name was Peter, I repeat)
 Performed the Payne and Lauri feat,
 And puffed his thanks aloud.

Another game the dancer planned:
 "Just take your ankle in your hand,
 And try, my lord, if you can stand—
 Your body stiff and stark.
 If when revisiting your see
 You learnt to hop on shore, like me,
 The novelty would striking be,
 And must attract remark."

"No," said the worthy bishop, "no;
That is a length to which, I trow,
Colonial bishops cannot go.

You may express surprise
At finding bishops deal in pride—
But if that trick I ever tried,
I should appear undignified
In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes.

"The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Approve a joke as much as you,
And laugh at it as such;
But if they saw their bishop land,
His leg supported in his hand,
The joke they wouldn't understand—
'Twould pain them very much!"

GENTLE ALICE BROWN

IT WAS a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown;
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen;
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily road
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed,
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"O holy father," Alice said, "'twould grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear:
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find;
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"O father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap;
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him and he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word,
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so!
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighborhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good;
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown—
To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well;
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell:

I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two:
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do—
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind;
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind;
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE MERMAIDS

I SING a legend of the sea,
So hard-a-port upon your lee!
A ship on starboard tack!
She's bound upon a private cruise—
(This is the kind of spice I use
To give a salt-sea smack).

Behold, on every afternoon
(Save in a gale or strong monsoon)
Great Captain Capel Cleggs
(Great morally, though rather short)
Sat at an open weather-port
And aired his shapely legs.

And mermaids hung around in flocks,
On cable chains and distant rocks,
To gaze upon those limbs;
For legs like those, of flesh and bone,
Are things "not generally known"
To any merman timbs.

But mermen didn't seem to care
Much time (as far as I'm aware)
With Cleggs's legs to spend;
Though mermaids swam around all day
And gazed, exclaiming, "*That's* the way
A gentleman should end!

"A pair of legs with well-cut knees,
 And calves and ankles such as these
 Which we in rapture hail,
 Are far more eloquent, it's clear
 (When clothed in silk and kerseymere),
 Than any nasty tail."

And Cleggs—a worthy, kind old boy—
 Rejoiced to add to others' joy,
 And when the day was dry,
 Because it pleased the lookers-on,
 He sat from morn till night—though con-
 Stitutionally shy.

At first the mermen laughed, "Pooh! pooh!"
 But finally they jealous grew,
 And sounded loud recalls;
 But vainly. So these fishy males
 Declared they too would clothe their tails
 In silken hose and smalls.

They set to work, these watermen,
 And made their nether robes—but when
 They drew with dainty touch
 The kerseymere upon their tails,
 They found it scraped against their scales,
 And hurt them very much.

The silk, besides, with which they chose
 To deck their tails by way of hose
 (They never thought of shoon)
 For such a use was much too thin,—
 It tore against the caudal fin,
 And "went in ladders" soon.

So they designed another plan:
 They sent their most seductive man,
 This note to him to show:—
 "Our Monarch sends to Captain Cleggs
 His humble compliments, and begs
 He'll join him down below;

"We've pleasant homes below the sea—
 Besides, if Captain Cleggs should be
 (As our advices say)

A judge of mermaids, he will find
Our lady fish of every kind
Inspection will repay."

Good Capel sent a kind reply,
For Capel thought he could descry
An admirable plan
To study all their ways and laws—
(But not their lady fish, because
He was a married man).

The merman sank—the captain too
Jumped overboard, and dropped from view
Like stone from catapult;
And when he reached the merman's lair,
He certainly was welcomed there,
But ah! with what result!

They didn't let him learn their law,
Or make a note of what he saw,
Or interesting mem.;
The lady fish he couldn't find,
But that, of course, he didn't mind—
He didn't come for them.

For though when Captain Capel sank,
The mermen drawn in double rank
Gave him a hearty hail,
Yet when secure of Captain Cleggs,
They cut off both his lovely legs,
And gave him *such* a tail!

When Captain Cleggs returned aboard,
His blithesome crew convulsive roar'd,
To see him altered so.
The admiralty did insist
That he upon the half-pay list
Immediately should go.

In vain declared the poor old salt,
"It's my misfortune—not my fault,"
With tear and trembling lip—
In vain poor Capel begged and begged.
"A man must be completely legged
Who rules a British ship."

So spake the stern First Lord aloud,—
 He was a wag, though very proud,—
 And much rejoiced to say,
 "You're only half a captain now—
 And so, my worthy friend, I vow
 You'll only get half-pay!"

All the above selections are made from 'Fifty Bab Ballads.'

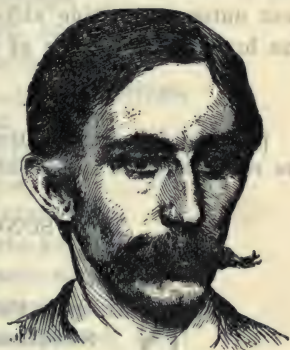
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

(1844-1909)

RICHARD WATSON GILDER was the son of a clergyman, the Rev. William H. Gilder, who published two literary reviews in Philadelphia. He was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, February 8th, 1844, and with such ancestry and home influence came easily to journalism and literary work. He got his schooling in the Bellevue Seminary, which was founded by his father. As with so many young Americans of the time, the war came to interrupt his studies; and in 1863 he served in the "Emergency Corps," in the defense of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Mr. Gilder was one of the American writers who most successfully combined journalism and literature. He began by doing newspaper work, and then by a natural transition became in 1869 editor of *Hours at Home*, and shortly thereafter associate editor of *Scribner's Magazine* with Dr. J. G. Holland. This representative monthly was changed in name to *The Century*, and upon the death of Dr. Holland in 1881 Mr. Gilder became its editor-in-chief. His influence in this conspicuous position was truly wholesome and helpful in the encouraging of literature, and in the discussion of current questions of importance through a popular medium which reaches great numbers of the American people. The *Century* under his direction was ever receptive to young writers and artists of ability, and many since known to fame made their maiden appearance in its pages.

In addition to his influence on the literary movement, Mr. Gilder was very active in philanthropic and political work. He helped secure legislation for the improvement of tenements in cities; he took much interest in the formation of public kindergartens; and gave of his time and strength to further other reforms. His influence in New York City, too, was a strong factor in developing the social aspects of literary and art life there. From Dickinson College he received the degree of LL. D., and from Princeton that of L. H. D.

Mr. Gilder's reputation as a writer is based upon his verse: Only very occasionally did he publish an essay, though thoughtful, strongly written editorials from his pen in his magazine were frequent.



RICHARD W. GILDER

But it was his verse-writing that gave him his place—a distinct and honorable one—in American letters. The fine quality and promise of his work was recognized upon the publication of 'The New Day' in 1875, a first volume which was warmly received. It showed the influence of Italian studies, and contained lyric work of much imaginative beauty. The musicalness of it and the delicately ideal treatment of the love passion were noticeable characteristics. In his subsequent books—'The Celestial Passion,' 1887; 'Lyrics,' 1885 and 1887; 'Two Worlds, and Other Poems,' 1891; 'The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems,' 1893: the contents of these being gathered finally into the one volume 'Five Books of Song,' 1894—he gave still further proof of his genuine lyric gift, his work in later years having a wider range of themes, a broadening vision and deepening purpose. He remained nevertheless essentially a lyrist, a maker of songs; a thorough artist who had seriousness, dignity, and charm. His was an earnest nature, sensitive alike to vital contemporaneous problems and to the honey-sweet voice of the Ideal. He died on November 18, 1909.

[All the following citations from Mr. Gilder's poems are copyrighted, and are reprinted here by special permission of the author and his publishers.]

TWO SONGS FROM 'THE NEW DAY'

I

NOT from the whole wide world I chose thee,
Sweetheart, light of the land and the sea!
The wide, wide world could not inclose thee—
For thou art the whole wide world to me.

II

YEARS have flown since I knew thee first,
And I know thee as water is known of thirst;
Yet I knew thee of old at the first sweet sight,
And thou art strange to me, Love, to-night.

"ROSE-DARK THE SOLEMN SUNSET"

ROSE-DARK the solemn sunset
That holds my thought of thee;
With one star in the heavens
And one star in the sea.

On high no lamp is lighted,
Nor where the long waves flow,

Save the one star of evening
And the shadow star below.

Light of my life, the darkness
Comes with the twilight dream;
Thou art the bright star shining,
And I but the shadowy gleam.

NON SINE DOLORE

WHAT, then, is Life,—what Death?
Thus the Answerer saith;
O faithless mortal, bend thy head and listen:

Down o'er the vibrant strings,
That thrill, and moan, and mourn, and glisten,
The Master draws his bow.
A voiceless pause: then upward, see, it springs,
Free as a bird with unimprisoned wings!
In twain the chord was cloven,
While, shaken with woe,
With breaks of instant joy all interwoven,
Piercing the heart with lyric knife,
On, on the ceaseless music sings,
Restless, intense, serene;—
Life is the downward stroke; the upward, Life;
Death but the pause between.

Then spake the Questioner: If 't were only this,
Ah, who could face the abyss
That plunges steep athwart each human breath?

If the new birth of Death
Meant only more of Life as mortals know it,
What priestly balm, what song of highest poet,
Could heal one sentient soul's immitigable pain?
All, all were vain!

If, having soared pure spirit at the last,
Free from the impertinence and warp of flesh
We find half joy, half pain, on every blast;
Are caught again in closer-woven mesh—

Ah! who would care to die
From out these fields and hills, and this familiar sky;
These firm, sure hands that compass us, this dear humanity?

Again the Answerer saith:—
 O ye of little faith,
 Shall then the spirit prove craven,
 And Death's divine deliverance but give
 A summer rest and haven?
 By all most noble in us, by the light that streams
 Into our waking dreams,
 Ah, we who know what Life is, let us live!
 Clearer and freer, who shall doubt?
 Something of dust and darkness cast forever out;
 But Life, still Life, that leads to higher Life,
 Even though the highest be not free from immortal strife.

The highest! Soul of man, oh be thou bold,
 And to the brink of thought draw near, behold!
 Where, on the earth's green sod,
 Where, where in all the universe of God,
 Hath strife forever ceased?
 When hath not some great orb flashed into space
 The terror of its doom? When hath no human face
 Turned earthward in despair,
 For that some horrid sin had stamped its image there?

If at our passing Life be Life increased,
 And we ourselves flame pure unfettered soul,
 Like the Eternal Power that made the whole
 And lives in all he made
 From shore of matter to the unknown spirit shore;
 If, sire to son, and tree to limb,
 Cycle on countless cycle more and more
 We grow to be like him;
 If he lives on, serene and unafraid,
 Through all his light, his love, his living thought,
 One with the sufferer, be it soul or star;
 If he escape not pain, what beings that are
 Can e'er escape while Life leads on and up the unseen way and far?
 If he escape not, by whom all was wrought,
 Then shall not we,
 Whate'er of godlike solace still may be,—
 For in all worlds there is no Life without a pang, and can be naught.

No Life without a pang! It were not Life,
 If ended were the strife—
 Man were not man, nor God were truly God!
 See from the sod

The lark thrill skyward in an arrow of song:

Even so from pain and wrong

Upsprings the exultant spirit, wild and free.

He knows not all the joy of liberty

Who never yet was crushed 'neath heavy woe.

He doth not know,

Nor can, the bliss of being brave

Who never hath faced death, nor with unquailing eye

Hath measured his own grave.

Courage, and pity, and divinest scorn —

Self-scorn, self-pity, and high courage of the soul;

The passion for the goal;

The strength to never yield though all be lost —

All these are born

Of endless strife; this is the eternal cost

Of every lovely thought that through the portal

Of human minds doth pass with following light.

Blanch not, O trembling mortal!

But with extreme and terrible delight

Know thou the truth,

Nor let thy heart be heavy with false ruth.

No passing burden is our earthly sorrow,

That shall depart in some mysterious morrow.

'Tis His one universe where'er we are —

One changeless law from sun to viewless star.

Were sorrow evil here, evil it were forever,

Beyond the scope and help of our most keen endeavor

God doth not dote,

His everlasting purpose shall not fail.

Here where our ears are weary with the wail

And weeping of the sufferers; there where the Pleiads float —

Here, there, forever, pain most dread and dire

Doth bring the intensest bliss, the dearest and most sure.

'Tis not from Life aside, it doth endure

Deep in the secret heart of all existence.

It is the inward fire,

The heavenly urge, and the divine insistence.

Uplift thine eyes, O Questioner, from the sod!

It were no longer Life,

If ended were the strife;

Man were not man, God were not truly God.

"HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS"

I

IF SONGS were perfume, color, wild desire;
 If poets' words were fire
 That burned to blood in purple-pulsing veins;
 If with a bird-like thrill the moments throbb'd to hours;
 If summer's rains
 Turned drop by drop to shy, sweet, maiden flowers;
 If God made flowers with light and music in them,
 And saddened hearts could win them;
 If loosened petals touched the ground
 With a caressing sound;
 If love's eyes uttered word
 No listening lover e'er before had heard;
 If silent thoughts spake with a bugle's voice;
 If flame passed into song and cried, "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
 If words could picture life's, hope's, heaven's eclipse
 When the last kiss has fallen on dying eyes and lips;
 If all of mortal woe
 Struck on one heart with breathless blow on blow;
 If melody were tears, and tears were starry gleams
 That shone in evening's amethystine dreams;
 Ah yes, if notes were stars, each star a different hue,
 Trembling to earth in dew;
 Or if the boreal pulsings, rose and white,
 Made a majestic music in the night;
 If all the orbs lost in the light of day
 In the deep, silent blue began their harps to play;
 And when in frightening skies the lightnings flashed
 And storm-clouds crashed,
 If every stroke of light and sound were but excess of beauty;
 If human syllables could e'er refashion
 That fierce electric passion;
 If other art could match (as were the poet's duty)
 The grieving, and the rapture, and the thunder
 Of that keen hour of wonder,—
 That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of hell,—
 How Paderewski plays then might I dare to tell.

II

How Paderewski plays! And was it he
 Or some disbodied spirit which had rushed
 From silence into singing; and had crushed

Into one startled hour a life's felicity,
 And highest bliss of knowledge—that all life, grief, wrong,
 Turn at the last to beauty and to song!

THE SONNET

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
 That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
 A precious jewel carved most curiously;
 It is a little picture painted well.
 What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
 From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
 A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
 Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
 This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
 The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
 And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
 A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
 For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
 Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

AMERICA

From 'The Great Remembrance'

LAND that we love! Thou Future of the World!
 Thou refuge of the noble heart oppressed!
 Oh, never be thy shining image hurled
 From its high place in the adoring breast
 Of him who worships thee with jealous love!
 Keep thou thy starry forehead as the dove
 All white, and to the eternal Dawn inclined!
 Thou art not for thyself, but for mankind,
 And to despair of thee were to despair
 Of man, of man's high destiny, of God!
 Of thee should man despair, the journey trod
 Upward, through unknown eons, stair on stair,
 By this our race, with bleeding feet and slow,
 Were but the pathway to a darker woe
 Than yet was visioned by the heavy heart
 Of prophet. To despair of thee! Ah no!
 For thou thyself art Hope; Hope of the World thou art!

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold
 Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
 That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
 That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
 Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
 That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
 For storms to beat on; the lone agony
 Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
 Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
 As might some prophet of the elder day—
 Brooding above the tempest and the fray
 With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
 A power was his beyond the touch of art
 Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

"CALL ME NOT DEAD"

CALL me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
 Into the company of the ever-living
 High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
 Rather be made. Say:—"He at last hath won
 Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
 Music and song and light of immortal faces;
 To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
 He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
 To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,
 And our lost friend just catch one syllable
 Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;
 Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass
 Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
 To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

AFTER-SONG


From 'The New Day'

THROUGH love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
 That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
 From darkness and from sorrow of the night
 To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
 Through love to light! Through light, O God, to thee,
 Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light!

GEORGE ROBERT GISSING

(1857-1903)

BY ALLAN NEVINS

HE life of Gissing is a monument of endeavor and the kind of failure that ultimately dissolves into qualified success; a life that is something of a labyrinth, full of secret passages and ill-appreciated motives, of unfortunate turnings, and drab mysteries. Some of its chief external aspects have been fully and frankly laid bare by Gissing's college friend and literary intimate, Morley Roberts, in *(The Private Life of Henry Maitland)*; some other aspects have been studied by Thomas Seccombe and Frank Swinnerton; and yet behind these inquiries we feel that the man and his character have not been quite revealed. Prompting this feeling are partly the suggestions and unfulfilled promises of these studies, and partly Gissing's own books; for of few writers can it be said in so full a sense that the books are the man. The style, pure, scholarly, intensely earnest, yet shy and generally lacking in brisk energy and force, is the man. The atmosphere of his books, full of the depression arising from their studies of sordid backgrounds and poverty-stricken social groups; their general monotony of color; their realistic intentness upon the actualities of a life in which hampering circumstance is broken through only by the subjective forces of intellect and emotion, and then only partially — all this furnishes the best key to the career of the man. Again and again, finally, in *(New Grub Street)*, *(Born in Exile)*, *(The Whirlpool)*, *(The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft)*, and other books, he not only describes incidents of his life, scenes that he had witnessed and experiences that were his own, but introspectively draws his own character.

Though essentially a man of the study and cloister, Gissing was impelled to write fiction rather by internal than by external impulse. He was called in no uncertain voice, and from the beginning he was a self-conscious artist who would not surrender his ideals. Only superficially would it seem more natural to think of him as a professor of the classics at some comfortable college than as a demographer sitting in that part of London which Charles Booth and Arnold Toynbee chose for field, and bending himself to his conscientious study of social conditions among the lower middle classes. If he was driven to his steady pursuit of writing by the slenderness of reward described in *(New Grub Street)*, and by circumstances which gave him little hold on other

means of subsistence, he also wished to write novels looking upon life from a standpoint better than the «miserably conventional» one he deplored in George Eliot. Of his scholarly tastes we have a thousand evidences in the novels and in (Henry Rycroft.) The description of the boy in (Born in Exile) receiving his classical prizes at school; of the Reardon-Biffen dialogue on Greek poetry in (New Grub Street) —«Choriambics, eh? Possible, of course; but treat them as iam-bics a minore with an anacreusis, and see if they don't go better»; Morton's interest in the campaigns of Belisarius in (The Whirlpool,) all are open autobiographical touches. But in his first novel, (The Unclassed,) Gissing is obviously describing his artistic ambitions in Waymark's words:

«Let me get a little more experience, and I will write such a novel as no one has yet ventured to write, at all events in England. . . . The novel of everyday life is getting worn out. We must dig deeper, get into untouched social strata. Dickens felt this, but he had not the courage to face his subjects; his monthly numbers had to lie on the family tea-table. Not *virginibus puerisque* will be my book, I assure you, but for men and women who like to look beneath the surface.»

Through laborious years he tried with unswerving purpose to achieve the aim thus set forth; he must often have perceived that to have yielded but a little to popular taste would have greatly improved his fortunes, but he never yielded.

Gissing was born at Wakefield on November 22d, 1857, the eldest son of a pharmacist named Thomas Waller Gissing, a man of individuality and literary taste who died when the boy was thirteen. After an interval at boarding school, Gissing went up to Owens College, Manchester, on a junior exhibition, and commenced his studies there at the age of fifteen in a way that seemed to promise a brilliant future in some scholarly field. In the first session he won Professor Ward's prize for an English poem, at seventeen he matriculated in the University of London, at eighteen in the examination for honors following the intermediate B.A. he gained the first place in the first class with the University exhibition in both Latin and English, and this year he also took the Shakespeare scholarship. Partly, as H. G. Wells thinks, as a result of the overwork involved in all this, partly, as Gissing said later, because of the folly of those who turned him loose to live alone in city lodgings during adolescence, he had formed a connection with a girl of the streets, given her more money than his means allowed, and, if we may believe Morley Roberts, stolen from the cloakrooms to make up the deficit. At any rate, his connection with Owens College was prematurely severed by the authorities, and to those who had predicted for him an academic career his whole life became thereafter abnormal and broken. The Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia was then

attracting much attention, and from London, eager to leave his shame behind him and to find literary material there, he proceeded to New York with a very small sum of money. No English papers would accept the articles he sent back, and in desperation he journeyed West to find more material, reaching Chicago with just money enough to pay for a week's lodgings. He applied to the Tribune for employment; and for some months supported himself in the city by writing short stories and other matter for various newspapers. Finally, his inspiration worn out, and homesick for England, he returned East by way of Troy — a Troy paper had pirated one of his stories — in which city he had to subsist several days upon peanuts. There was a brief interlude of canvassing, and then he closed the bitterest experience of his life by sailing for home on borrowed money. He spent some months in Germany, and at Jena, as Austin Harrison tells us, read «Schiller, Goethe, Haeckel, Schopenhauer, innumerable German tomes on ancient philosophy.» He arrived in England with ideas gained from these men striving in his head with those acquired at the same time, if we may refer to himself a passage in (*Workers in the Dawn*,) from Comte, who «came to me with his lucid unfolding of the mystery of the world,» and from Shelley, who strengthened his idealism and his «heart with enthusiasm as with a coat of mail.» He arrived to take up feverish writing amid poverty and the toil of teaching.

This was about 1880; in 1884, according to Morley Roberts, Gissing had separated from his first wife, a woman more than half depraved, and had arranged to support her to the extent of ten shillings a week — more than he sometimes earned; and by 1887, he had got hold of enough tutoring to enable him to occupy a respectable flat and live in some comfort. Among his pupils were Frederic Harrison's sons, and he was often a guest at the Harrison home; Austin Harrison avers that from 1882 onward he was not in penury, but had «a livable income derivable from teaching which he could always increase or modify at will.» But other testimony, especially Roberts's, backed by the autobiographical passages, is to the contrary. It seems certain that at least the first three or four years after his return from Germany were years of comparative misery, though this was partly because he mismanaged his household; that he lived upon bread and dripping — «perfectly pure; they very often mix flour with it, you know»; that as a treat he had pease-pudding — «magnificent pennyworths at a shop in Cleveland Street, of a very rich quality indeed. Excellent faggots they have there, too»; that he would put on an overcoat purchased three years previous with care not to start the seams while «murmuring to himself a Greek iambic line,» we may gather from his novels. He tells us directly that, once tutoring for the London University matriculation a man employed in a local hospital, he rose at six o'clock and tramped an hour because he had not the penny for bus-fare; and that he «was

a struggling man, beset by poverty and other circumstances very unpropitious to mental work.» In 1880 he had published the immature and bitter (*Workers in the Dawn*), and in 1884 (*The Unclassed*), still bitter but more finished. These were followed in 1886 by (*Isabel Clarendon*) and (*Demos*), the latter of which Meredith, then a publisher's reader, praised, and for which he received fifty pounds, or enough to take him to Italy. In the five successive years following 1886 came (*Thyrza*), the vernal (*A Life's Morning*), (*The Nether World*), (*The Emancipated*), and (*New Grub Street*), a list which contains in the first and last novels his two greatest pieces of fiction, and two of the greatest novels of the time. About 1888, very fortunately for him, his wife died.

During these years of slowly growing independence, Gissing made a number of friends of great value to him, though of less than if his circumstances had allowed him to enter freely into the life of the world. Frederic Harrison was one, and found him pupils; Edward Clodd, whom Gissing admired as the manager of a great business who could be a literary figure as well, and who was constant in his regard for the novelist, was another. Clodd saw that he met Meredith on a social footing, and a little later Harrison introduced him to John Morley, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who offered to use as much matter as possible if Gissing would supply it in journalistic form. Still later, about 1895, he met Grant Allen, whom he liked very much as «a simple and very gentle fellow, crammed with multifarious knowledge, enthusiastic in scientific pursuits»; and he also came to know Clement Shorter, for whom he wrote some short stories. Before 1897, at Budleigh Salterton, he had become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wells, and he and his sister took long walks with them in that year. His health was then beginning to fail, and Wells thought him «a damaged and ailing man, full of ill-advised precautions against the imaginary illnesses that were his interpretation of a general *malaise*.» But he was now quite comfortably well off, and able to take a long flight the same year to Italy, tramping in the Campagna and enjoying happy meals with the good red wine of Velletri. In 1891 he had married a second time, and gone to live near Exeter; but his second marriage was nearly as great a failure as the first, and five years later he separated from his wife, taking charge of his two sons by her. As a writer, he had become far more sure of his abilities and his pen, and was winning an increasing *succès d'estime*; partly as a result of this, partly because his earlier materials were exhausted, he had begun to draw people of the well-to-do but unrefined classes, and to drop his more mournful and depressing philosophy. One first-rate novel appeared during this time, (*In the Year of Jubilee*) (1894), with three others of considerable merit, (*The Odd Women*) (1893), (*Eve's Ransom*) (1895), and (*The Whirlpool*) (1897). There was also one collection of tales — the term short story

will not do for Gissing's work — and an admirable study of Charles Dickens (1898).

The last phase was all too short. After 1900 Gissing spent an increasing amount of time abroad, particularly in southern France and northern Spain, for he was troubled with growing tuberculosis and rheumatism; and he contracted a union with a Frenchwoman who cared for him tenderly in his last days. To this phase belongs no novel of great importance, for *(The Crown of Life)* had come out in 1899, and the long historical romance, *(Veranilda)*, a story of the time of Theodoric the Goth, though conscientious in workmanship, was after all a failure. But there do belong to it his notes of a ramble in southern Italy, *(By the Ionian Sea)*, the priceless little volume of personal musings, *(The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft)*, which has few rivals in its softened delicacy and twilight resignation, and the abridgment of Forster's life of Dickens. Edward Clodd has given us in his reminiscences some fine examples of Gissing's letters just before his death, which occurred in December, 1903. Beside *(Veranilda)*, there were brought out posthumously the romance *(Will Warburton)* and the second collection of tales, called *(The House of Cobwebs)*.

It must be understood that while the physical hardships which Gissing endured have been exaggerated, his life was, after all, one cast in hard places and about which there clung the atmosphere of failure. He lacked tact, ease, the ability to get on with other men, in remarkable degree. In Wells's phrase, the studious, reserved, egoistic man had no «social nerve.» He possessed ability and high talent, but no great genius, and the productions of genius he was determined to achieve; he stretched himself upon the rack of his ambition. His eagerness to emulate the great writers of his day, and to approach the great writers of the century, drove him through labor that was intense and was accompanied with the sense that he was always falling short of just what he wished to reach. Brought up in the days of the great Victorians, he wished, as Thomas Seccombe remarks, to produce his three-volume studies in society upon the broad canvas of Dickens and Thackeray; he may even have cherished some hope of being an urban Balzac, and certainly did not submit his capacity to the limitations natural to it. He perceived his deficiencies in time, but he never faltered in adherence to his standards, even when he took it as most unjust that smaller men should make a greater success. The iron entered his soul, and hence proceeds the sense of writhing struggle, of jealousy, of hardships ill-borne, which permeates his novels.

The motto on the original title-page of *(The Nether World)* was a quotation from Renan: «La peinture d'un fumier peut être justifiée pourvu qu'il y pousse une belle fleur; sans cela, le fumier n'est que repoussant» («The painting of a dunghill may be justified, provided that there blooms on it a beautiful flower; without this, the dunghill is

merely repulsive)). At the beginning of his career Gissing stated that «Art, nowadays, must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life,» and many years later that it must be «an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life.» The reconciliation of these two dicta must, if reconciliation be at all possible, lie in some equation growing out of the quotation from Renan. His first eight or nine books, falling into a group, constitute an epic treatment of poverty, and more than that, of aspiration flowering out of poverty. In (Thyrza,) the most beautiful of Gissing's novels, aspiration and idealism are veritably personified in the ethereal Thyrza, the beautiful flower of a somewhat repellent milieu; in (A Life's Morning,) a book with a springtime bloom on it, the flower consists in the mutual devotion of Wilfrid Athel and Emily Hood; in (New Grub Street,) the most vigorous of his books, the aspiration of Reardon, the novelist who lacks nervous energy and creative power but has an ambition, a tenacity, and a love of his art that could hardly be matched in London, is a powerful theme; in (Born in Exile,) the aspiration is that of Godfrey Peak, who wants to travel, to visit Vienna and Italy, to move among social lights, to live the life of a luxurious and honored scholar, and who has to content himself with a cheap bare room and a pine table with a few Greek and English classics upon it. It would of course be fatuous to look in all of Gissing's novels of the first period for an overt use of this theme of aspiration contrasted with depressing poverty and ugliness; but there is always the hint of a potential flower from even the dung-heap.

Gissing's delineation of poverty is marked by two prominent characteristics — his lack of humor, and his insistence upon piercing beneath the surface aspect of the squalid and yet animated life of the poor. He was brought up, as he confesses, under the spell of Dickens, and one of his abiding memories was that of wandering on a hungry day of his early career into Bevis Marks, where had dwelt Mr. Brass and Sally and the Marchioness. For the rich humor, vitality, and flashing good spirits of Dickens he had the warmest admiration, and he confessed that his debt to him was «incalculable.» As a demographer he desired, in part, to «follow afar off his example,» and one of his later books, (The Town Traveler,) is obviously Dickensian. But in general his novels are at the antipodes from Dickens's, and for the simple reason that he had none of Dickens's sense of the highly flavored humors and contrasts of life, and none of his ability to present the existence of the lower classes in warm colors rendering chiefly the stimulating, amusing, and engaging qualities of it. The two men saw the same unlovely streets, the same frowsy and forbidding surroundings, the same dirty and morally distorted inhabitants; but Dickens saw them through the vivifying lens of his sympathetic imagination, and Gissing through a lens in which all appeared in a sombre monotone.

The dance at the Fezziwigs, with the forfeits and the square figures and the pieces of Cold Roast and Cold Boiled that followed, may be instructively compared with the description in (The Year of Jubilee) of the dancing of the festival crowd on the terrace, a depressing picture of the hectic gayeties of ignorance, poverty, and vice. In a scrap of butcher's paper flapping in the road Dickens saw some emblem of the cheerful domestic pot, or perhaps personified it as something eager to find a refuge from the wind; in it Gissing saw a bloody, dirty scrap of paper. The genial energizing temperament of Dickens was referred by Gissing in part to the fact that «his work is done with delight — done (in a sense) easily, done with the mechanism of mind and body in splendid order.» He envied Dickens this tremendous vitality and superabundant good spirits, but he knew that such power was out of his grasp. At the same time, he found some compensation in the thought that he could perhaps penetrate deeper than Dickens, and would not be put off with the grinning mask of poverty. He came to distrust Dickens's cheerful optimistic view of life; he was certain that the Micawber of (David Copperfield) did not become a comfortable figure in Australasia, but that he sank from stage to stage of wretchedness and died in the street or workhouse. He wished to show misery as it was, and he strove without compromising to exhibit it in untouched verisimilitude. Whether his or Dickens's was the correct view of the lower classes cannot be decided here.

In (Thyrza,) in (The Nether World,) in (New Grub Street,) this remorseless, photographic study of the drab ugliness and dullness of life is carried out with intense sincerity and high craftsmanship, as in other books before 1892 it is carried out with a sincerity as great but with a more uncertain hand. The distressing parts of London, as Islington, Clerkenwell, Lambeth, and the region of Tottenham Court Road, are nowhere so well drawn as in his volumes. The superior vitality of (New Grub Street) will probably always give it the favored place among his works, and in no other are his characters so real: Yule, the drudging hack, Yule's earnest daughter, and his timid, unintelligent wife; the struggling Reardon, laboring in spiritual and imaginative exhaustion to reproduce his initial success with a novel, and suffering from the complaints and disloyalty of his fretful wife; Jasper Milvain, determined to be a smart commercial success in literature and succeeding; Biffen, the inexpressibly pathetic figure of a lonely, scholarly, kindly, and yet unsocial author, living in a garret and cherishing his ambitions — these are unforgettable. (Thyrza) will always hold a place at least close beside (New Grub Street) for the wistful, fascinating beauty of the heroine, and the tragedy of her love affair, and for the stylistic beauty with which the soul of slum life is pointed out. The later novels, dealing with social strata a little higher, of which the best are (In the Year of Jubilee,) (The Whirlpool,) and (The

Crown of Life,) somehow have not the same singleness of purpose, close unity of construction, fervor of conviction, and ability in character-drawing as these two, though with few exceptions they are strong books. But besides the novels, the critical study of Dickens (the rarest and most understanding yet written), the bit of travel called (By the Ionian Sea,) in which all Gissing's love for the classics finds expression, and above all, the semi-autobiographic (Henry Ryecroft,) should not lack admirers. The meditations of Henry Ryecroft are not profound, their intellectual force is not great; but their gently pensive air of retrospection and cultured charm of style lend them great distinction.

Other defects Gissing has than his fundamental lack of humor. He is undoubtedly too «depressing,» and the reader of many of his books feels the fact that he has no really happy endings. He was unable to work outside his narrow field, and his few attempts to draw figures of the upper or upper middle class were comparative failures. His delineation of women was much inferior to that of the influence of women upon men. His style is often too nerveless. There were sound reasons, in all, why he should never have made the success that Hardy, Kipling, and Stevenson made at the same time. Yet he will long have his devoted following of those who feel that in his books, to quote from one,

«the life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labor and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigor, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the lot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen.»

THE PROFESSION OF AUTHORSHIP

From (New Grub Street.)

THE last volume was written in fourteen days. In this achievement Reardon rose almost to heroic pitch, for he had much to contend with beyond the mere labor of composition. Scarcely had he begun when a sharp attack of lumbago fell upon him; for two or three days it was torture to support himself at the desk, and he moved about like a cripple. Upon this ensued headaches, sore-throat, general enfeeblement. And before the end of the fortnight it was necessary to think of raising another small sum of money; he took his watch to the pawnbroker's (you can imagine that it would not stand as security for much), and sold a few more books. All this notwithstanding, here was the novel at length finished. When he had written «The End» he lay back, closed his eyes, and let time pass in blankness for a quarter of an hour.

It remained to determine the title. But his brain refused another effort; after a few minutes' feeble search he simply took the name of the chief female character, Margaret Home. That must do for the book. Already, with the penning of the last word, all its scenes, personages, dialogues had slipped away into oblivion; he knew and cared nothing more about them.

«Amy, you will have to correct the proofs for me. Never as long as I live will I look upon a page of this accursed novel. It has all but killed me.»

«The point is,» replied Amy, «that here we have it complete. Pack it up and take it to the publishers to-morrow morning.»

«I will.»

«And — you will ask them to advance you a few pounds?»

«I must.»

But that undertaking was almost as hard to face as a rewriting of the last volume would have been. Reardon had such superfluity of sensitiveness that, for his own part, he would far rather have gone hungry than ask for money not legally his due. To-day there was no choice. In the ordinary course of business it would be certainly a month before he heard the publishers' terms, and perhaps the Christmas season might cause yet more delay. Without borrowing, he could not provide for the expenses of more than another week or two.

His parcel under his arm, he entered the ground-floor office, and desired to see that member of the firm with whom he had previously had personal relations. This gentleman was not in town; he would be away for a few days. Reardon left the manuscript, and came out into the street again.

He crossed, and looked up at the publishers' windows from the opposite pavement. «Do they suspect in what wretched circumstances I am? Would it surprise them to know all that depends upon that budget of paltry scribbling? I suppose not; it must be a daily experience with them. Well, I must write a begging letter.»

It was raining and windy. He went slowly homewards, and was on the point of entering the public door of the flats when his uneasiness became so great that he turned and walked past. If he went in, he must at once write his appeal for money, and he felt that he *could* not. The degradation seemed too great.

Was there no way of getting over the next few weeks? Rent, of course, would be due at Christmas, but that payment might be postponed; it was only a question of buying food and fuel. Amy had offered to ask her mother for a few pounds; it would be cowardly

to put this task upon her now that he had promised to meet the difficulty himself. What man in all London could and would lend him money? He reviewed the list of his acquaintances, but there was only one to whom he could appeal with the slightest hope — that was Carter.

Half an hour later he entered that same hospital door through which, some years ago, he had passed as a half-starved applicant for work. The matron met him.

«Is Mr. Carter here?»

«No, sir. But we expect him any minute. Will you wait?»

He entered the familiar office, and sat down. At the table where he had been wont to work, a young clerk was writing. If only all the events of the last few years could be undone, and he, with no soul dependent upon him, be once more earning his pound a week in this room! What a happy man he was in those days!

Nearly half an hour passed. It is the common experience of beggars to have to wait. Then Carter came in with quick step; he wore a heavy ulster of the latest fashion, new gloves, a resplendent silk hat; his cheeks were rosy from the east wind.

«Ha, Reardon! How do? how do? Delighted to see you!»

«Are you very busy?»

«Well, no, not particularly. A few cheques to sign, and we're just getting out our Christmas appeals. You remember?»

He laughed gayly. There was a remarkable freedom from snobbishness in this young man; the fact of Reardon's intellectual superiority had long ago counteracted Carter's social prejudices.

«I should like to have a word with you.»

«Right you are!»

They went into a small inner room. Reardon's pulse beat at fever-rate; his tongue was cleaving to his palate.

«What is it, old man?» asked the secretary, seating himself and flinging one of his legs over the other. «You look rather seedy, do you know. Why the deuce don't you and your wife look us up now and then?»

«I've had a hard pull to finish my novel.»

«Finished, is it? I'm glad to hear that. When'll it be out? I'll send scores of people to Mudie's after it.»

«Thanks; but I don't think much of it, to tell you the truth.»

«Oh, we know what that means.»

Reardon was talking like an automaton. It seemed to him that he turned screws and pressed levers for the utterance of his next words.

«I may as well say at once what I have come for. Could you lend me ten pounds for a month — in fact, until I get the money for my book?»

The secretary's countenance fell, though not to that expression of utter coldness which would have come naturally under the circumstances to a great many vivacious men. He seemed genuinely embarrassed.

«By Jove! I — confound it! To tell you the truth, I haven't ten pounds to lend. Upon my word, I haven't, Reardon! These infernal housekeeping expenses! I don't mind telling you, old man, that Edith and I have been pushing the pace rather.» He laughed, and thrust his hands down into his trousers-pockets. «We pay such a darned rent, you know — hundred and twenty-five. We've only just been saying we should have to draw it mild for the rest of the winter. But I'm infernally sorry; upon my word I am.»

«And I am sorry to have annoyed you by the unseasonable request.»

«Devilish seasonable, Reardon, I assure you!» cried the secretary, and roared at his joke. It put him into a better temper than ever, and he said at length: «I suppose a five wouldn't be much use? — For a month, you say? — I might manage a fiver, I think.»

«It would be very useful. But on no account if ——»

«No, no, I *could* manage a fiver, for a month. Shall I give you a cheque?»

«I'm ashamed ——»

«Not a bit of it! I'll go and write the cheque.»

Reardon's face was burning. Of the conversation that followed when Carter again presented himself he never recalled a word. The bit of paper was crushed together in his hand. Out in the street again, he all but threw it away, dreaming for the moment that it was a 'bus ticket or a patent medicine bill.

He reached home much after the dinner-hour. Amy was surprised at his long absence.

«Got anything?» she asked.

«Yes.»

It was half his intention to deceive her, to say that the publishers had advanced him five pounds. But that would be his first word of untruth to Amy, and why should he be guilty of it? He told her all that had happened. The result of this frankness was something that he had not anticipated; Amy exhibited profound vexation.

«Oh, you *shouldn't* have done that!» she exclaimed. «Why didn't you come home and tell me? I would have gone to Mother at once.»

«But does it matter?»

«Of course it does,» she replied sharply. «Mr. Carter will tell his wife, and how pleasant that is?»

«I never thought of that. And perhaps it wouldn't have seemed to me so annoying as it does to you.»

«Very likely not.»

She turned abruptly away, and stood at a distance in gloomy muteness.

«Well,» she said at length, «there's no helping it now. Come and have your dinner.»

«You have taken away my appetite.»

«Nonsense! I suppose you are dying of hunger.»

They had a very uncomfortable meal, exchanging few words. On Amy's face was a look more resembling bad temper than anything Reardon had ever seen there. After dinner he went and sat alone in the study. Amy did not come near him. He grew stubbornly angry; remembering the pain he had gone through, he felt that Amy's behavior to him was cruel. She must come and speak when she would.

At six o'clock she showed her face in the doorway and asked if he would come to tea.

«Thank you,» he replied, «I had rather stay here.»

«As you please.»

And he sat alone until about nine. It was only then he recollected that he must send a note to the publishers, calling their attention to the parcel he had left. He wrote it, and closed with a request that they would let him hear as soon as they conveniently could. As he was putting on his hat and coat to go out and post the letter Amy opened the dining-room door.

«You're going out?»

«Yes.»

«Shall you be long?»

«I think not.»

He was away only a few minutes. On returning he went first of all into the study, but the thought of Amy alone in the other room would not let him rest. He looked in and saw that she was sitting without a fire.

«You can't stay here in the cold, Amy.»

«I'm afraid I must get used to it,» she replied, affecting to be closely engaged upon some sewing.

That strength of character which it had always delighted him to

read in her features was become an ominous hardness. He felt his heart sink as he looked at her.

«Is poverty going to have the usual result in our case?» he asked, drawing nearer.

«I never pretended that I could be indifferent to it.»

«Still, don't you care to try and resist it?»

She gave no answer. As usual in conversation with an aggrieved woman it was necessary to go back from the general to the particular.

«I'm afraid,» he said, «that the Carters already knew pretty well how things were going with us.»

«That's a very different thing. But when it comes to asking them for money —»

«I'm very sorry. I would rather have done anything if I had known how it would annoy you.»

«If we have to wait a month, five pounds will be very little use to us.»

She detailed all manner of expenses that had to be met — outlay there was no possibility of avoiding so long as their life was maintained on its present basis.

«However, you needn't trouble any more about it. I'll see to it. Now you are free from your book try to rest.»

«Come and sit by the fire. There's small chance of rest for me if we are thinking unkindly of each other.»

A doleful Christmas. Week after week went by and Reardon knew that Amy must have exhausted the money he had given her. But she made no more demands upon him, and necessities were paid for in the usual way. He suffered from a sense of humiliation; sometimes he found it difficult to look in his wife's face.

When the publishers' letter came it contained an offer of seventy-five pounds for the copyright of (Margaret Home,) twenty-five more to be paid if the sale in three-volume form should reach a certain number of copies.

Here was failure put into unmistakable figures. Reardon said to himself that it was all over with his profession of authorship. The book could not possibly succeed even to the point of completing his hundred pounds; it would meet with universal contempt, and indeed deserved nothing better.

«Shall you accept this?» asked Amy, after dreary silence.

«No one else would offer terms as good.»

«Will they pay you at once?»

«I must ask them to.»

Well, it was seventy-five pounds in hand. The cheque came as soon as it was requested, and Reardon's face brightened for the moment. Blessed money! root of all good, until the world invent some saner economy.

«How much do you owe your mother?» he inquired, without looking at Amy.

«Six pounds,» she answered coldly.

«And five to Carter; and rent, twelve pounds ten. We shall have a matter of fifty pounds to go on with.»

The prudent course was so obvious that he marveled at Amy's failing to suggest it. For people in their circumstances to be paying a rent of fifty pounds when a home could be found for half the money was recklessness; there would be no difficulty in letting the flat for this last year of their lease, and the cost of removal would be trifling. The mental relief of such a change might enable him to front with courage a problem in any case very difficult, and, as things were, desperate. Three months ago, in a moment of profoundest misery, he had proposed this step; courage failed him to speak of it again, Amy's look and voice were too vivid in his memory. Was she not capable of such a sacrifice for his sake? Did she prefer to let him bear all the responsibility of whatever might result from a futile struggle to keep up appearances?

Between him and her there was no longer perfect confidence. Her silence meant reproach, and — whatever might have been the case before — there was no doubt that she now discussed him with her mother, possibly with other people. It was not likely that she concealed his own opinion of the book he had just finished; all their acquaintances would be prepared to greet its publication with private scoffing or with mournful shaking of the head. His feeling towards Amy entered upon a new phase. The stability of his love was a source of pain; condemning himself, he felt at the same time that he was wronged. A coldness which was far from representing the truth began to affect his manner and speech, and Amy did not seem to notice it, at all events she made no kind of protest. They no longer talked of the old subjects, but of those mean concerns of material life which formerly they had agreed to dismiss as quickly as possible. Their relations to each other — not long ago an inexhaustible topic — would not bear spoken comment; both were too conscious of the danger-signal when they looked that way.

In the time of waiting for the publishers' offer, and now again when he was asking himself how he should use the respite granted him, Reardon spent his days at the British Museum. He could not read to much purpose, but it was better to sit here among strangers than seem to be idling under Amy's glance. Sick of imaginative writing, he turned to the studies which had always been most congenial, and tried to shape out a paper or two like those he had formerly disposed of to editors. Among his unused material lay a mass of notes he had made in a reading of Diogenes Laertius, and it seemed to him now that he might make something salable out of these anecdotes of the philosophers. In a happier mood he could have written delightfully on such a subject—not learnedly, but in the strain of a modern man whose humor and sensibility find free play among the classic ghosts; even now he was able to recover something of the light touch which had given value to his published essays.

Meanwhile the first number of *The Current* had appeared, and Jasper Milvain had made a palpable hit. Amy spoke very often of the article called (*Typical Readers*), and her interest in its author was freely manifested. Whenever a mention of Jasper came under her notice she read it out to her husband. Reardon smiled and appeared glad, but he did not care to discuss Milvain with the same frankness as formerly.

One evening at the end of January he told Amy what he had been writing at the Museum, and asked her if she would care to hear it read.

«I began to wonder what you were doing,» she replied.

«Then why didn't you ask me?»

«I was rather afraid to.»

«Why afraid?»

«It would have seemed like reminding you that—you know what I mean.»

«That a month or two more will see us at the same crisis again. Still, I had rather you had shown an interest in my doings.»

After a pause Amy asked:

«Do you think you can get a paper of this kind accepted?»

«It isn't impossible. I think it's rather well done. Let me read you a page——»

«Where will you send it?» she interrupted.

«To *The Wayside*.»

«Why not try *The Current*? Ask Milvain to introduce you to Mr. Fadge. They pay much better, you know.»

«But this isn't so well suited for Fadge. And I much prefer to be independent, as long as it's possible.»

«That's one of your faults, Edwin,» remarked his wife, mildly. «It's only the strongest men that can make their way independently. You ought to use every means that offers.»

«Seeing that I am so weak?»

«I didn't think it would offend you, I only meant ——»

«No, no; you are quite right. Certainly, I am one of the men who need all the help they can get. But I assure you, this thing won't do for *The Current*.»

«What a pity you will go back to those musty old times! Now think of that article of Milvain's. If only you could do something of that kind! What *do* people care about Diogenes and his tub and his lantern?»

«My dear girl, Diogenes Laertius had neither tub nor lantern, that I know of. You are making a mistake; but it doesn't matter.»

«No, I don't think it does.» The caustic note was not very pleasant on Amy's lips. «Whoever he was, the mass of readers will be frightened by his name.»

«Well, we have to recognize that the mass of readers will never care for anything I do.»

«You will never convince me that you couldn't write in a popular way if you tried. I'm sure you are quite as clever as Milvain ——»

Reardon made an impatient gesture.

«Do leave Milvain aside for a little! He and I are as unlike as two men could be. What's the use of constantly comparing us?»

Amy looked at him. He had never spoken to her so brusquely.

«How can you say that I am constantly comparing you?»

«If not in spoken words, then in your thoughts.»

«That's not a very nice thing to say, Edwin.»

«You make it so unmistakable, Amy. What I mean is, that you are always regretting the difference between him and me. You lament that I can't write in that attractive way. Well, I lament it myself — for your sake. I wish I had Milvain's peculiar talent, so that I could get reputation and money. But I haven't, and there's an end of it. It irritates a man to be perpetually told of his disadvantages.»

«I will never mention Milvain's name again,» said Amy coldly.

«Now that's ridiculous, and you know it.»

«I feel the same about your irritation. I can't see that I have given any cause for it.»

«Then we'll talk no more of the matter.»

Reardon threw his manuscript aside and opened a book. Amy never asked him to resume his intention of reading what he had written.

However, the paper was accepted. It came out in *The Wayside* for March, and Reardon received seven pounds ten for it. By that time he had written another thing of the same gossipy kind, suggested by Pliny's Letters. The pleasant occupation did him good, but there was no possibility of pursuing this course. (Margaret Home) would be published in April; he *might* get the five-and-twenty pounds contingent upon a certain sale, yet that could in no case be paid until the middle of the year, and long before then he would be penniless. His respite drew to an end.

But now he took counsel of no one; as far as it was possible he lived in solitude, never seeing those of his acquaintances who were outside the literary world, and seldom even his colleagues. Milvain was so busy that he had only been able to look in twice or thrice since Christmas, and Reardon nowadays never went to Jasper's lodgings.

He had the conviction that all was over with the happiness of his married life, though how the events which were to express this ruin would shape themselves he could not foresee. Amy was revealing that aspect of her character to which he had been blind, though a practical man would have perceived it from the first; so far from helping him to support poverty, she perhaps would even refuse to share it with him. He knew that she was slowly drawing apart; already there was a divorce between their minds, and he tortured himself in uncertainty as to how far he retained her affections. A word of tenderness, a caress, no longer met with response from her; her softest mood was that of mere comradeship. All the warmth of her nature was expended upon the child; Reardon learnt how easy it is for a mother to forget that both parents have a share in her offspring.

He was beginning to dislike the child. But for Willie's existence Amy would still love him with undivided heart; not, perhaps, so passionately as once, but still with lover's love. And Amy understood — or, at all events, remarked — this change in him. She was aware that he seldom asked a question about Willie, and that he listened with indifference when she spoke of the little fellow's progress. In part offended, she was also in part pleased.

But for the child, mere poverty, he said to himself, should never have sundered them. In the strength of his passion he could have overcome all her disappointments; and, indeed, but for that new care, he would most likely never have fallen to this extremity of helpless-

ness. It is natural in a weak and sensitive man to dream of possibilities disturbed by the force of circumstance. For one hour which he gave to conflict with his present difficulties, Reardon spent many in contemplation of the happiness that might have been.

Even yet, it needed but a little money to redeem all. Amy had no extravagant aspirations; a home of simple refinement and freedom from anxiety would restore her to her nobler self. How could he find fault with her? She knew nothing of such sordid life as *he* had gone through, and to lack money for necessities seemed to her degrading beyond endurance. Why, even the ordinary artisan's wife does not suffer such privations as hers at the end of the past year. For lack of that little money his life must be ruined. Of late he had often thought about the rich uncle, John Yule, who might perhaps leave something to Amy; but the hope was so uncertain. And supposing such a thing were to happen; would it be perfectly easy to live upon his wife's bounty — perhaps exhausting a small capital, so that, some years hence, their position would be no better than before? Not long ago, he could have taken anything from Amy's hand; would it be so simple since the change that had come between them?

Having written his second magazine-article (it was rejected by two editors, and he had no choice but to hold it over until sufficient time had elapsed to allow of his again trying *The Wayside*), he saw that he must perforce plan another novel. But this time he was resolute not to undertake three volumes. The advertisements informed him that numbers of authors were abandoning that procrustean system; hopeless as he was, he might as well try his chance with a book which could be written in a few weeks. And why not a glaringly artificial story with a sensational title? It could not be worse than what he had last written.

So, without a word to Amy, he put aside his purely intellectual work and began once more the search for a «plot.» This was towards the end of February. The proofs of (*Margaret Home*) were coming in day by day; Amy had offered to correct them, but after all he preferred to keep his shame to himself as long as possible, and with a hurried reading he dismissed sheet after sheet. His imagination did not work the more happily for this repugnant task; still, he hit at length upon a conception which seemed absurd enough for the purpose before him. Whether he could persevere with it even to the extent of one volume was very doubtful. But it should not be said of him that he abandoned his wife and child to penury without one effort of the kind that *Milvain* and Amy herself had recommended.

GIUSEPPE GIUSTI

(1809-1850)



GIUSEPPE GIUSTI, an Italian satirical poet, was born of an influential family, May 12th, 1809, in the little village of Monsummano, which lies between Pistoja and Pescia, and was in every fibre of his nature a Tuscan. As a child he imbibed the healthful, sunny atmosphere of that Campagna, and grew up loving the world and his comrades, but with a dislike of study which convinced himself and his friends that he was born to no purpose. He was early destined to the bar, and began his law studies in Pistoja and Lucca, completing them a number of years later at Pisa, where he obtained his degree of doctor.

In 1834 he went to Florence, under pretence of practicing with the advocate Capoquadri; but here as elsewhere he spent his time in the world of gayety, whose fascination and whose absurdity he seems to have felt with equal keenness. His dislike of study found its exception in his love of Dante, of whom he was a reverent student. He was himself continually versifying, and his early romantic lyrics are inspired by lofty thought. His penetrating humor, however, and his instinctive sarcasm, whose expression was never unkind, led him soon to abandon idealism and to distinguish himself in the field of satire, which has no purer representative than he. His compositions are short and terse, and are seldom blemished by personalities. He was wont to say that absurd persons did not merit even the fame of infamy. He leveled his wit against the lethargy and immoralities of the times, and revealed them clear-cut in the light of his own stern principles and patriotism.

The admiration and confidence which he now began to receive from the public was to him a matter almost of consternation, wont as he was to consider himself a good-for-nothing. He confesses somewhat bashfully however that there was always within him, half afraid of itself, an instinct of power which led him to say in his heart, Who knows what I may be with time? His frail constitution and almost incessant physical suffering account for a natural indolence against which he constantly inveighs, but above which he



GIUSEPPE GIUSTI

was powerless to rise except at vehement intervals. No carelessness, however, marks his work. He was a tireless reviser, and possessed the rare power of cutting, polishing, and finishing his work with exquisite nicety, without robbing it of vigor. His writings exerted a distinct political and moral influence. His is not alone the voice of pitiless and mocking irony, but it is that of the humanitarian, who in overthrow and destruction sees only the first step toward the creation of something better. When war broke out he laid aside his pen, saying that this was no time for a poet to pull down, and that his was not the power to build up. His health forbade his entering the army, which was a cause of poignant sorrow to him. His faith in Italy and her people and in the final triumph of unity remained unshaken and sublime in the midst of every reverse.

His mastery of the Tuscan dialect and his elegance of idiom won him membership in the Accademia della Crusca; but his love for Tuscany was always subservient to his love for Italy. To those who favored the division of the peninsula, he used to reply that he had but one fatherland, and that was a unit. He died in Florence, March 31, 1850, at the home of his devoted friend the Marquis Gino Capponi. In the teeth of Austrian prohibition, a throng of grateful and loving citizens followed his body to the church of San Miniato al Monte, remembering that at a time when freedom of thought was deemed treason, this man had fearlessly raised the battle-cry and prepared the way for the insurrection of 1848. Besides his satires, Giusti has left us a life of the poet Giuseppe Parini, a collection of Tuscan proverbs, and an unedited essay on the 'Divine Comedy.'

LULLABY

From 'Gingillino'

[The poem of 'Gingillino,' one of Giusti's finest satires, is full of personal hits, greatly enjoyed by the author's countrymen. The 'Lullaby' is sung by a number of personified Vices round the cradle of the infant Gingillino, who, having come into the world naked and possessed of nothing, is admonished how to behave if he would go out of it well dressed and rich. A few verses only are given out of the many. The whole poem was one of the most popular of all Giusti's satires.]

CRY not, dear baby,
Of nothing possessed;
But if thou wouldst, dear,
Expire well dressed . . .

Let nothing vex thee,—
Love's silly story,

Ghosts of grand festivals

Spectres of glory;

Let naught annoy thee:

The burdens of fame,

The manifold perils

That wait on a name.

Content thyself, baby,

With learning to read:

Don't be vainglorious;

That's all thou canst need.

All promptings of genius

Confine in thy breast,

If thou wouldst, baby,

Expire well dressed. . . .

Let not God nor Devil

Concern thy poor wits,

And tell no more truth

Than politeness permits.

With thy soul and thy body,

Still worship the Real;

Nor ever attempt

To pursue the Ideal.

As for thy scruples,

Let them be suppressed,

If thou wouldst, baby,

Expire well dressed.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'

THE STEAM-GUILLOTINE

[The monarch satirized in this poem was Francesco IV., Duke of Modena, petty Nero, who executed not a few of the Italian patriots of 1831.]

A MOST wonderful steam-machine,
 One time set up in China-land,
 Outdid the insatiate guillotine,
 For in three hours, you understand,
 It cut off a hundred thousand heads
 In a row, like hospital beds.

This innovation stirred a breeze,
And some of the bonzes even thought
Their barbarous country by degrees
To civilization might be brought,
Leaving Europeans, with their schools,
Looking like fools.

The Emperor was an honest man—
A little stiff, and dull of pate;
Like other asses, hard and slow.
He loved his subjects and the State,
And patronized all clever men
Within his ken.

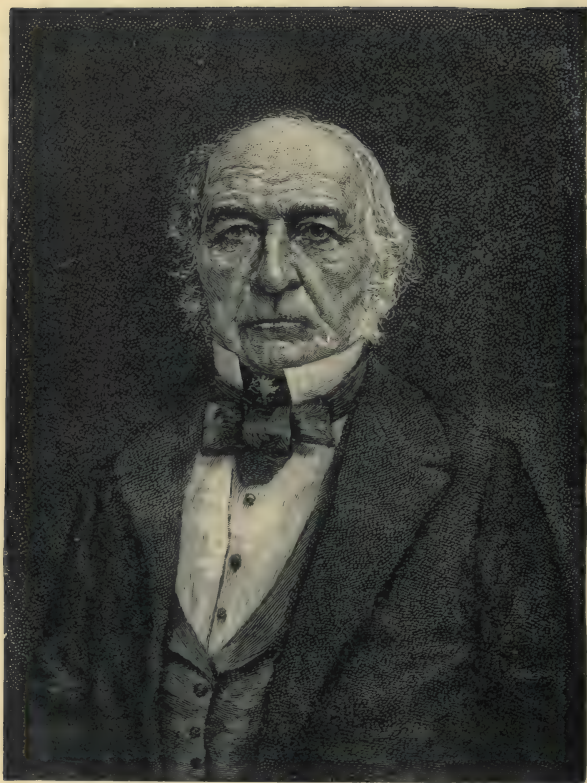
His people did not like to pay
Their taxes and their other dues,—
They cheated the revenue, sad to say:
So their good ruler thought he'd choose
As the best argument he'd seen,
This sweet machine.

The thing's achievements were so great,
They gained a pension for the man,—
The executioner of State,—
Who got a patent for his plan,
Besides becoming a Mandarin
Of great Peking.

A courtier cried: "Good guillotine!
Let's up and christen it, I say!"
"Ah, why," cries to his counselor keen
A Nero of our present day,
"Why was not born within *my* State
A man so great?"

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature.'


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WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

(1809-1898)

N VIEW of his distinguished career, it is interesting to know that it was a part of Mr. Gladstone's unresting ambition to take a place among the literary men of the time, and to guide the thoughts of his countrymen in literary as well as in political, social, and economic subjects. Mr. Gladstone's preparation to become a man of letters was extensive. Born in Liverpool December 29th, 1809, he was sent to Eton and afterwards to Oxford, where he took the highest honors, and was the most remarkable graduate of his generation. His fellow students carried away a vivid recollection of his *viva voce* examination for his degree: the tall figure, the flashing eye, the mobile countenance, in the midst of the crowd who pressed to hear him, while the examiners plied him with questions till, tested in some difficult point in theology, the candidate exclaimed, "Not yet, if you please!" and began to pour forth a fresh store of learning and argument.

From the university Mr. Gladstone carried away two passions—the one for Greek literature, especially Greek poetry, the other for Christian theology. The Oxford that formed these tastes was intensely conservative in politics, representing the aristocratic system of English society and the exclusiveness of the Established Church, whose creed was that of the fourth century. Ecclesiasticism is not friendly to literature; but how far Oxford's most loyal son was permeated by ecclesiasticism is a matter of opinion. Fortunately, personality is stronger than dogma, and ideas than literary form; and Mr. Gladstone, than whom few men outside the profession of letters have written more, was always sure of an intelligent hearing. His discussion of a subject seemed to invest it with some of his own marvelous vitality; and when he selected a book for review, he was said to make the fortune of both publisher and author, if only the title was used as a crotchet to hang his sermon on.

And this not merely because curiosity was excited concerning the opinion of the greatest living Englishman (for notwithstanding his political vacillations, his views on inward and higher subjects had little changed since his Oxford days, and could easily be prognosticated), but on account of the subtlety and fertility of his mind and the adroitness of his argument. Plunging into the heart of the

subject, he was at the same time working round it, holding it up for inspection in one light and then in another, reasoning from this premise and that; while the string of elucidations and explanations grew longer and longer, and the atmosphere of complexity thickened. It was out of such an atmosphere that a barrister advised his client, a bigamist, to get Mr. Gladstone to explain away one of his wives.

When Mr. Gladstone made his *début* as an author, he locked horns with Macaulay in the characteristic paper 'Church and State' (1837). He published his 'Studies in Homer and the Homeric Age' in 1858, 'Juventus Mundi' in 1869, 'Homeric Synchronism' in 1857. In 1879 most of his essays, political, social, economic, religious, and literary, written between 1843 and 1879, were collected in seven volumes, and appeared under the title of 'Gleanings of Past Years.' He also published a very great number of smaller writings.

From that time until his death neither his industry nor his energy abated; but he was probably at his best in the several remarkable essays on Blanco White, Bishop Patterson, Tennyson, Leopardi, and the position of the Church of England. The reader spoiled for the Scotch quality of weight by the "light touch" which is the graceful weapon of the age, wonders, when reading these essays, that Mr. Gladstone had not more assiduously cultivated the instinct of style,—sentence-making. Milton himself has not a higher conception of the business of literature; and when discussing these congenial themes, Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm did not degenerate into vehemence, nor did he descend from the high moral plane from which he viewed the world.

It is the province of the specialist to appraise Mr. Gladstone's Homeric writings; but even the specialist will not, perhaps, forbear to quote the axiom of the pugilist in the *Iliad* concerning the fate of him who would be skillful in all arts. No man is less a Greek in temperament, but no man cherishes deeper admiration for the Greek genius, and nowhere else is a more vivid picture of the life and politics of the heroic age held up to the unlearned. While the critic may question technical accuracy, or plausible structures built on insufficient data, the laity will remember how earnestly Mr. Gladstone insisted that Homer is his own best interpreter, and that the student of the *Iliad* must go to the Greek text and not elsewhere for accurate knowledge.

But Greek literature was only one of Mr. Gladstone's two passions, and not the paramount one. That he would have been a great theologian had he been other than Mr. Gladstone, is generally admitted. And it is interesting to note that while he gloried in the combats of the heroes of Hellas, his enthusiasm was as quickly kindled by the

humilities of the early Church. Mr. Gladstone's death occurred on May 19, 1898. In politics, in literature, in everything that concerned the world's forward movement, his intellectual sympathies were universal, and he obtained the world's recognition as the greatest statesman of his day.

MACAULAY

From 'Gleanings of Past Years'

LORD MACAULAY lived a life of no more than fifty-nine years and three months. But it was an extraordinarily full life, of sustained exertion; a high table-land, without depressions. If in its outer aspect there be anything wearisome, it is only the wearisomeness of reiterated splendors, and of success so uniform as to be almost monotonous. He speaks of himself as idle; but his idleness was more active, and carried with it hour by hour a greater expenditure of brain power, than what most men regard as their serious employments. He might well have been, in his mental career, the spoiled child of fortune; for all he tried succeeded, all he touched turned into gems and gold. In a happy childhood he evinced extreme precocity. His academical career gave sufficient, though not redundant, promise of after celebrity. The new Golden Age he imparted to the *Edinburgh Review*, and his first and most important, if not best, Parliamentary speeches in the grand crisis of the first Reform Bill, achieved for him, years before he had reached the middle point of life, what may justly be termed an immense distinction.

For a century and more, perhaps no man in this country, with the exceptions of Mr. Pitt and of Lord Byron, had attained at thirty-two the fame of Macaulay. His Parliamentary success and his literary eminence were each of them enough, as they stood at this date, to intoxicate any brain and heart of a meaner order. But to these was added, in his case, an amount and quality of social attentions such as invariably partake of adulation and idolatry, and as perhaps the high circles of London never before or since have lavished on a man whose claims lay only in himself, and not in his descent, his rank, or his possessions.

One of the very first things that must strike the observer of this man is, that he was very unlike to any other man. And yet this unlikeness, this monopoly of the model in which he was made, did not spring from violent or eccentric features of

originality, for eccentricity he had none whatever, but from the peculiar mode in which the ingredients were put together to make up the composition. In one sense, beyond doubt, such powers as his famous memory, his rare power of illustration, his command of language, separated him broadly from others: but gifts like these do not make the man; and we now for the first time know that he possessed, in a far larger sense, the stamp of a real and strong individuality. The most splendid and complete assemblage of intellectual endowments does not of itself suffice to create an interest of the kind that is, and will be, now felt in Macaulay. It is from ethical gifts alone that such an interest can spring.

These existed in him not only in abundance, but in forms distant from and even contrasted with the fashion of his intellectual faculties, and in conjunctions which come near to paradox. Behind the mask of splendor lay a singular simplicity; behind a literary severity which sometimes approached to vengeance, an extreme tenderness; behind a rigid repudiation of the sentimental, a sensibility at all times quick, and in the latest times almost threatening to sap, though never sapping, his manhood. He who as speaker and writer seemed above all others to represent the age and the world, had the real centre of his being in the simplest domestic tastes and joys. He for whom the mysteries of human life, thought, and destiny appear to have neither charm nor terror, and whose writings seem audibly to boast in every page of being bounded by the visible horizon of the practical and work-day sphere, yet in his virtues and in the combination of them; in his freshness, bounty, bravery; in his unshrinking devotion both to causes and to persons; and most of all, perhaps, in the thoroughly inborn and spontaneous character of all these gifts,—really recalls the age of chivalry and the lineaments of the ideal. The peculiarity, the *differentia* (so to speak) of Macaulay seems to us to lie in this: that while as we frankly think, there is much to question—nay, much here and there to regret or even censure—in his writings, the excess, or defect, or whatever it may be, is never really ethical, but is in all cases due to something in the structure and habits of his intellect. And again, it is pretty plain that the faults of that intellect were immediately associated with its excellences: it was in some sense, to use the language of his own Milton, “dark with excessive bright.” . . .

His moderation in luxuries and pleasures is the more notable and praiseworthy because he was a man who, with extreme healthiness of faculty, enjoyed keenly what he enjoyed at all. Take in proof the following hearty notice of a dinner *a quattr'occhi* to his friend: "Ellis came to dinner at seven. I gave him a lobster curry, woodcock, and macaroni. I think that I will note dinners, as honest Pepys did."

His love of books was intense, and was curiously developed. In a walk he would devour a play or a volume. Once, indeed, his performance embraced no less than fourteen Books of the Odyssey. "His way of life," says Mr. Trevelyan, "would have been deemed solitary by others; but it was not solitary to him." This development blossomed into a peculiar specialism. Henderson's 'Iceland' was "a favorite breakfast-book" with him. "Some books which I would never dream of opening at dinner please me at breakfast, and *vice versa*!" There is more subtlety in this distinction than could easily be found in any passage of his writings. But how quietly both meals are handed over to the dominion of the master propensity! This devotion, however, was not without its drawbacks. Thought, apart from books and from composition, perhaps he disliked; certainly he eschewed. Crossing that evil-minded sea the Irish Channel at night in rough weather, he is disabled from reading; he wraps himself in a pea-jacket and sits upon the deck. What is his employment? He cannot sleep, or does not. What an opportunity for moving onward in the processes of thought, which ought to weigh on the historian! The wild yet soothing music of the waves would have helped him to watch the verging this way or that of the judicial scales, or to dive into the problems of human life and action which history continually is called upon to sound. No, he cared for none of this. He set about the marvelous feat of going over 'Paradise Lost' from memory, when he found he could still repeat half of it. In a word, he was always conversing, or recollecting, or reading, or composing; but reflecting never.

The laboriousness of Macaulay as an author demands our gratitude; all the more because his natural speech was in sentences of set and ordered structure, well-nigh ready for the press. It is delightful to find that the most successful prose writer of the day was also the most painstaking. Here is indeed a literary conscience. The very same gratification may be expressed with reference to our most successful poet, Mr. Tennyson.

Great is the praise due to the poet; still greater, from the nature of the case, that share which falls to the lot of Macaulay. For a poet's diligence is, all along, a honeyed work. He is ever traveling in flowery meads. Macaulay, on the other hand, unshrinkingly went through an immense mass of inquiry, which even he sometimes felt to be irksome, and which to most men would have been intolerable. He was perpetually picking the grain of corn out of the bushel of chaff. He freely chose to undergo the dust and heat and strain of battle, before he would challenge from the public the crown of victory. And in every way it was remarkable that he should maintain his lofty standard of conception and performance. Mediocrity is now, as formerly, dangerous, commonly fatal, to the poet; but among even the successful writers of prose, those who rise sensibly above it are the very rarest exceptions. The tests of excellence in prose are as much less palpable as the public appetite is less fastidious. Moreover, we are moving downward in this respect. The proportion of middling to good writing constantly and rapidly increases. With the average of performance, the standard of judgment progressively declines. The inexorable conscientiousness of Macaulay, his determination to put out nothing from his hand which his hand was still capable of improving, was a perfect godsend to the best hopes of our slipshod generation.

It was naturally consequent upon this habit of treating composition in the spirit of art, that he should extend to the body of his books much of the regard and care which he so profusely bestowed upon their soul. We have accordingly had in him, at the time when the need was greatest, a most vigilant guardian of the language. We seem to detect rare and slight evidences of carelessness in his *Journal*: of which we can only say that in a production of the moment, written for himself alone, we are surprised that they are not more numerous and considerable. In general society, carelessness of usage is almost universal, and it is exceedingly difficult for an individual, however vigilant, to avoid catching some of the trashy or faulty usages which are continually in his ear. But in his published works his grammar, his orthography, nay, his punctuation (too often surrendered to the printer), are faultless. On these questions, and on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of a word, he may even be called an authority without appeal; and we cannot doubt that we owe it to his works, and to their boundless circulation, that we have not in

this age witnessed a more rapid corruption and degeneration of the language.

To the literary success of Macaulay it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of recent authorship. For this and probably for all future centuries, we are to regard the public as the patron of literary men; and as a patron abler than any that went before to heap both fame and fortune on its favorites. Setting aside works of which the primary purpose was entertainment, Tennyson alone among the writers of our age, in point of public favor and of emolument following upon it, comes near to Macaulay. But Tennyson was laboriously cultivating his gifts for many years before he acquired a position in the eye of the nation. Macaulay, fresh from college in 1825, astonished the world by his brilliant and most imposing essay on Milton. Full-orbed, he was seen above the horizon; and full-orbed after thirty-five years of constantly emitted splendor, he sank beneath it.

His gains from literature were extraordinary. The check for £20,000 is known to all. But his accumulation was reduced by his bounty; and his profits would, it is evident, have been far larger still had he dealt with the products of his mind on the principles of economic science (which however he heartily professed), and sold his wares in the dearest market, as he undoubtedly acquired them in the cheapest. No one can measure the elevation of Macaulay's character above the mercenary level, without bearing in mind that for ten years after 1825 he was a poor and a contented man, though ministering to the wants of a father and a family reduced in circumstances; though in the blaze of literary and political success; and though he must have been conscious from the first of the possession of a gift which by a less congenial and more compulsory use would have rapidly led him to opulence. Yet of the comforts and advantages, both social and physical, from which he thus forbore, it is so plain that he at all times formed no misanthropic or ascetic, but on the contrary a very liberal and genial estimate. It is truly touching to find that never, except as a minister, until 1851, when he had already lived fifty years of his fifty-nine, did this favorite of fortune, this idol of society, allow himself the luxury of a carriage.

It has been observed that neither in art nor letters did Macaulay display that faculty of the higher criticism which depends upon certain refined perceptions and the power of subtle analysis.

His analysis was always rough, hasty, and sweeping, and his perceptions robust. By these properties it was that he was so eminently *φορτικός*, not in the vulgar sense of an appeal to spurious sentiment, but as one bearing his reader along by violence, as the River Scamander tried to bear Achilles. Yet he was never pretentious; and he said frankly of himself that a criticism like that of Lessing in his 'Laocoön,' or of Goethe on 'Hamlet,' filled him with wonder and despair. His intense devotion to the great work of Dante is not perhaps in keeping with the general tenor of his tastes and attachments, but is in itself a circumstance of much interest.

We remember however at least one observation of Macaulay's in regard to art, which is worth preserving. He observed that the mixture of gold with ivory in great works of ancient art—for example, in the Jupiter of Phidias—was probably a condescension to the tastes of the people who were to be the worshippers of the statue; and he noticed that in Christian times it has most rarely happened that productions great in art have also been the objects of warm popular veneration. . . .

It has been felt and pointed out in many quarters that Macaulay as a writer was the child, and became the type, of his country and his age. As fifty years ago the inscription "Bath" used to be carried on our letter-paper, so the word "English" is, as it were, in the water-mark of every leaf of Macaulay's writing. His country was not the Empire, nor was it the United Kingdom. It was not even Great Britain. Though he was descended in the higher, that is the paternal, half from Scottish ancestry, and was linked specially with that country through the signal virtues, the victorious labors, and the considerable reputation of his father Zachary,—his country was England. On this little spot he concentrated a force of admiration and of worship which might have covered all the world. But as in space, so in time, it was limited. It was the England of his own age.

The higher energies of his life were as completely summed up in the present as those of Walter Scott were projected upon the past. He would not have filled an Abbotsford with armor and relics of the Middle Ages. He judges the men and institutions and events of other times by the instruments and measures of the present. The characters whom he admires are those who would have conformed to the type that was before his eyes: who would have moved with effect in the court, the camp,

the senate, the drawing-room of to-day. He contemplates the past with no *desiderium*, no regretful longing, no sense of things admirable which are also lost and irrecoverable. Upon this limitation of his retrospects it follows in natural sequence that of the future he has no glowing anticipations, and even the present he is not apt to contemplate on its mysterious and ideal side. As in respect to his personal capacity of loving, so in regard to the corresponding literary power. The faculty was singularly intense, and yet it was spent within a narrow circle. There is a marked sign of this narrowness, in his disinclination even to look at the works of contemporaries whose tone or manner he disliked.

It appears that this dislike, and the ignorance consequent upon it, applied to the works of Carlyle. Now, we may have much or little faith in Carlyle as a philosopher or as a historian. Half-lights and half-truths may be the utmost which, in these departments, his works will be found to yield. But the total want of sympathy is the more noteworthy, because the resemblances, though partial, are both numerous and substantial between these two remarkable men and powerful writers, as well in their strength as in their weakness. Both are honest; and both, notwithstanding honesty, are partisans. Each is vastly, though diversely, powerful in expression; and each is more powerful in expression than in thought. Both are, though variously, poets using the vehicle of prose. Both have the power of portraiture, extraordinary for vividness and strength. For comprehensive disquisition, for balanced and impartial judgments, the world will probably resort to neither; and if Carlyle gains on the comparison in his strong sense of the inward and the ideal, he loses in the absolute and violent character of his one-sidedness. Without doubt, Carlyle's licentious though striking peculiarities of style have been of a nature allowably to repel, so far as they go, one who was so rigid as Macaulay in his literary orthodoxy, and who so highly appreciated, and with such expenditure of labor, all that relates to the exterior or body of a book. Still, if there be resemblances so strong, the want of appreciation, which has possibly been reciprocal, seems to be partly of that nature which Aristotle would have explained by his favorite proverb, *κεραμεὺς κεραμεῖ*.*

* Potter [detests] potter.

of colors that are too near. Carlyle is at least a great fact in the literature of his time, and has contributed largely,—in some respects too largely,—toward forming its characteristic habits of thought. But on these very grounds he should not have been excluded from the horizon of a mind like Macaulay's, with all its large and varied and most active interests. . . .

There have been other men of our own generation, though very few, who if they have not equaled have approached Macaulay in power of memory, and who have certainly exceeded him in the unfailing accuracy of their recollections; and yet not in accuracy as to dates or names or quotations, or other matters of hard fact, when the question was one simply between ay and no. In these he may have been without a rival. In a list of kings, or popes, or senior wranglers, or prime ministers, or battles, or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence. But a large and important class of human recollections are not of this order: recollections for example of characters, of feelings, of opinions; of the intrinsic nature, details, and bearings of occurrences. And here it was that Macaulay's wealth "was unto him an occasion of falling." And that in two ways. First, the possessor of such a vehicle as his memory could not but have something of an overweening confidence in what it told him; and quite apart from any tendency to be vain or overbearing, he could hardly enjoy the benefits of that caution which arises from self-interest, and the sad experience of frequent falls. But what is more, the possessor of so powerful a fancy could not but illuminate with the colors it supplied, the matters which he gathered into his great magazine, wherever the definiteness of their outline was not so rigid as to defy or disarm the action of the intruding and falsifying faculty. Imagination could not alter the date of the battle of Marathon, of the Council of Nice, or the crowning of Pepin; but it might seriously or even fundamentally disturb the balance of light and dark in his account of the opinions of Milton or of Laud, or his estimate of the effects of the Protectorate or the Restoration, or of the character and even the adulteries of William III. He could detect justly this want of dry light in others; he probably suspected it in himself; but it was hardly possible for him to be enough upon his guard against the distracting action of a faculty at once so vigorous, so crafty, and so pleasurable in its intense activity.

Hence arose, it seems reasonable to believe, that charge of partisanship against Macaulay as a historian, on which much has been and probably much more will be said. He may not have possessed that scrupulously tender sense of obligation, that nice tact of exact justice, which is among the very rarest as well as the most precious of human virtues. But there never was a writer less capable of intentional unfairness. This during his lifetime was the belief of his friends, but was hardly admitted by opponents. His biographer has really lifted the question out of the range of controversy. He wrote for truth, but of course for truth such as he saw it; and his sight was colored from within. This color, once attached, was what in manufacture is called a mordant; it was a fast color: he could not distinguish between what his mind had received and what his mind had imparted. Hence, when he was wrong, he could not see that he was wrong; and of those calamities which are due to the intellect only, and not the heart, there can hardly be a greater. . . .

However true it may be that Macaulay was a far more consummate workman in the manner than in the matter of his works, we do not doubt that the works contain, in multitudes, passages of high emotion and ennobling sentiment, just awards of praise and blame, and solid expositions of principle, social, moral, and constitutional. They are pervaded by a generous love of liberty; and their atmosphere is pure and bracing, their general aim and basis morally sound. Of the qualifications of this eulogy we have spoken, and have yet to speak. But we can speak of the style of the works with little qualification. We do not indeed venture to assert that his style ought to be imitated. Yet this is not because it was vicious, but because it was individual and incommunicable. It was one of those gifts of which, when it had been conferred, Nature broke the mold. That it is the head of all literary styles we do not allege; but it is different from them all, and perhaps more different from them all than they are usually different from one another. We speak only of natural styles, of styles where the manner waits upon the matter, and not where an artificial structure has been reared either to hide or to make up for poverty of substance.

It is paramount in the union of ease in movement with perspicuity of matter, of both with real splendor, and of all with immense rapidity and striking force. From any other pen, such

masses of ornament would be tawdry; with him they are only rich. As a model of art concealing art, the finest cabinet pictures of Holland are almost his only rivals. Like Pascal, he makes the heaviest subject light; like Burke, he embellishes the barrenest. When he walks over arid plains, the springs of milk and honey, as in a march of Bacchus, seem to rise beneath his tread. The repast he serves is always sumptuous, but it seems to create an appetite proportioned to its abundance; for who has ever heard of the reader that was cloyed with Macaulay? In none, perhaps, of our prose writers are lessons such as he gives of truth and beauty, of virtue and of freedom, so vividly associated with delight. Could some magician but do for the career of life what he has done for the arm-chair and the study, what a change would pass on the face (at least) of the world we live in, what an accession of recruits would there be to the professing followers of virtue!

The truth is that Macaulay was not only accustomed, like many more of us, to go out hobby-riding, but from the portentous vigor of the animal he mounted was liable more than most of us to be run away with. His merit is that he could keep his seat in the wildest steeple-chase; but as the object in view is arbitrarily chosen, so it is reached by cutting up the fields, spoiling the crops, and spoiling or breaking down the fences needful to secure for labor its profit, and to man at large the full enjoyment of the fruits of the earth. Such is the overpowering glow of color, such the fascination of the grouping in the first sketches which he draws, that when he has grown hot upon his work he seems to lose all sense of the restraints of fact and the laws of moderation; he vents the strangest paradoxes, sets up the most violent caricatures, and handles the false weight and measure as effectively as if he did it knowingly. A man so able and so upright is never indeed wholly wrong. He never for a moment consciously pursues anything but truth. But truth depends, above all, on proportion and relation. The preterhuman vividness with which Macaulay sees his object, absolutely casts a shadow upon what lies around; he loses his perspective; and imagination, impelled headlong by the strong consciousness of honesty in purpose, achieves the work of fraud. All things for him stand in violent contrast to one another. For the shadows, the gradations, the middle and transition touches, which make up

the bulk of human life, character, and action, he has neither eye nor taste. They are not taken account of in his practice, and they at length die away from the ranges of his vision.

In Macaulay all history is scenic; and philosophy he scarcely seems to touch, except on the outer side, where it opens into action. Not only does he habitually present facts in forms of beauty, but the fashioning of the form predominates over, and is injurious to, the absolute and balanced presentation of the subject. Macaulay was a master in execution, rather than in what painting or music terms expression. He did not fetch from the depths, nor soar to the heights; but his power upon the surface was rare and marvelous, and it is upon the surface that an ordinary life is passed and that its imagery is found. He mingled, then, like Homer, the functions of the poet and the chronicler: but what Homer did was due to his time; what Macaulay did, to his temperament.

The 'History' of Macaulay, whatever else it may be, is the work not of a journeyman but of a great artist, and a great artist who lavishly bestowed upon it all his powers. Such a work, once committed to the press, can hardly die. It is not because it has been translated into a crowd of languages, nor because it has been sold in hundreds of thousands, that we believe it will live; but because, however open it may be to criticism, it has in it the character of a true and very high work of art. . . .

Whether he will subsist as a standard and supreme authority is another question. Wherever and whenever read, he will be read with fascination, with delight, with wonder. And with copious instruction too; but also with copious reserve, with questioning scrutiny, with liberty to reject and with much exercise of that liberty. The contemporary mind may in rare cases be taken by storm; but posterity, never. The tribunal of the present is accessible to influence; that of the future is incorrupt. The coming generations will not give Macaulay up; but they will probably attach much less value than we have done to his *ipse dixit*. They will hardly accept from him his net solutions of literary, and still less of historic problems. Yet they will obtain, from his marked and telling points of view, great aid in solving them. We sometimes fancy that ere long there will be editions of his works in which his readers may be saved from pitfalls by brief, respectful, and judicious commentary; and that his great achievements may be at once commemorated and corrected by men of

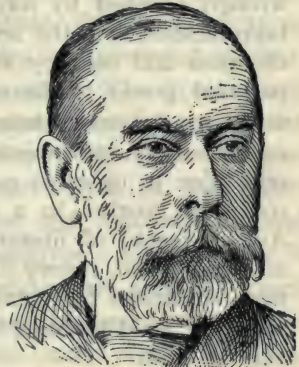
slower pace, of drier light, and of more tranquil, broad-set, and comprehensive judgment. For his works are in many respects among the prodigies of literature; in some, they have never been surpassed. As lights that have shone through the whole universe of letters, they have made their title to a place in the solid firmament of fame. But the tree is greater and better than its fruit; and greater and better yet than the works themselves are the lofty aims and conceptions, the large heart, the independent, manful mind, the pure and noble career, which in this Biography have disclosed to us the true figure of the man who wrote them.

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN

(1831-1902)

AMONG the men in the United States who through the agency of the press have molded intelligent public opinion, Edwin Lawrence Godkin deserves an honorable place. In the columns of the *New York Nation* and the *New York Evening Post*, for a generation he gave daily editorial utterance to his views upon economic, civic, political, and international questions, this work being supplemented by occasional incisive and scholarly articles in the best periodicals. His clientèle was drawn mainly from that powerful minority which is made up of the educated, thoughtful men and women of the country. To this high function Mr. Godkin contributed exceptional gifts and qualifications; and that in its exercise he was a force for good, is beyond dispute.

Born in Moyne, Ireland, in 1831, he was educated at Queen's College, Belfast. Then came the more practical education derived from a familiarity with men and things, for in early manhood he began newspaper work as war correspondent, in Turkey and the Crimea, of the *London Daily News*. As correspondent of this paper he came to the United States and settled here, being admitted to the New York bar in 1858. But journalism was to be his life work; and in 1865 he became the editor of *The Nation*, a weekly,—succeeding the *Round Table*, but at once taking a much more important place as a journal of political and literary discussion,—and the next year its proprietor. In 1881 he also became one of the owners and the controlling editor of the *New York Evening Post*, a daily, and his contributions henceforth appeared in both papers, which bore to each other the relation of a daily and a weekly edition. Thus he was in active journalistic service for nearly forty years.



EDWIN L. GODKIN

From this slight biographical outline it may be seen that Mr. Godkin brought to the pursuit of his profession and to the study of American institutions some valuable qualifications. A college-bred man of wide experience, an adoptive American able to judge by the

method, a careful student of the philosophy of government, from Aristotle to Sir Henry Maine, his views combined in an unusual degree the practical and the theoretical. No doubt he had in his writings what to some might have seemed the defect of his quality. There was in him a certain haughtiness of temper, and what seemed like impatient contempt for the opponent in argument, which conjoined with a notable power of invective and satire in dealing with what he deemed to be fallacious, was likely to arouse opposition. Hence the feeling in some quarters that Mr. Godkin was not at heart an American, but a captious critic, with sympathies ill suited to a democratic government.

This opinion is not justified by a fair examination of his writings. He had on the contrary and in the true sense proved himself a true American. He spoke wise words upon many of the social and political problems of our day. He defended democracy from the charge of failure, pointing out that here in the United States social defects, wrongly ascribed by foreign critics to the form of government, have been incidental to the settling of a vast new country. He stated with clearness and cogency the inadvisability of allowing the government paternal power in finance and tariff legislation. He preached the difference between cheap jingoism or political partisanship, and the enlightened Americanism which puts its finger upon weak points, criticizing in order to correct and purify. Mr. Godkin, in this, was a consistent worker in a cause of which Lowell was a noble prophet. And in regard of literary excellence, his editorial writing was often a model of lucid, sinewy English style; while his more deliberated essays were admirable for calm dignity, polish, and organic exposition, with an air of good breeding over it all. His death occurred in England on May 20, 1902.

THE DUTY OF CRITICISM IN A DEMOCRACY

From 'Problems of Modern Democracy.' Copyright 1896, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

NO INTELLIGENT man can or ought to ignore the part which hope of better things plays in our present social system. It has largely, among the working classes, taken the place of religious belief. They have brought their heaven down to earth, and are literally looking forward to a sort of New Jerusalem, in which all comforts and many of the luxuries of life will be within easy reach of all. The great success of Utopian works

like Bellamy's shows the hold which these ideas have taken of the popular mind. The world has to have a religion of some kind, and the hope of better food and clothing, more leisure, and a greater variety of amusements, has become the religion of the working classes. Hope makes them peaceful, industrious, and resigned under present suffering. A Frenchman saw a ragged pauper spend his last few cents on a lottery ticket, and asked him how he could commit such a folly. "In order to have something to hope for," he said. And from this point of view the outlay was undoubtedly excusable. It is literally hope which makes the world go round, and one of the hardest things an educated man who opens his mouth about public affairs has to do, is to say one word or anything to dampen or destroy it. Yet his highest duty is to speak the truth.

Luckily, there is one truth which can always be spoken without offense, and that is that on the whole the race advances through the increase of intelligence and the improvement of character, and has not advanced in any other way. The great amelioration in the condition of the working classes in Europe within this century, including the increasing power of the trades-unions, is the result not of any increase of benevolence in the upper classes, but of the growth of knowledge and self-reliance and foresight among the working classes themselves. The changes in legislation which have improved their condition are changes which they have demanded. When a workingman becomes a capitalist, and raises himself in any way above his early condition, it is rarely the result of miracle or accident. It is due to his superior intelligence and thrift. Nothing, on the whole, can be more delusive than official and other inquiries into the labor problem through commissions and legislative committees. They all assume that there is some secret in the relations of labor and capital which can be found out by taking testimony. But they never find anything out. Their reports during the last fifty years would make a small library, but they never tell us anything new. They are meant to pacify and amuse the laborer, and they do so; but to their constant failure to do anything more we owe some of the Socialist movement. The Socialists believe this failure due to want of will, and that Karl Marx has discovered the great truth of the situation, which is, that labor is entitled to the whole product. The great law which Nature seems to have prescribed for the government of the world, and the only law of human

society which we are able to extract from history, is that the more intelligent and thoughtful of the race shall inherit the earth and have the best time, and that all others shall find life on the whole dull and unprofitable. Socialism is an attempt to contravene this law and insure a good time to everybody, independently of character and talents; but Nature will see that she is not frustrated or brought to naught, and I do not think educated men should ever cease to call attention to this fact; that is, ever cease to preach hopefulness, not to everybody, but to good people. This is no bar to benevolence to bad people or any people; but our first duty is loyalty to the great qualities of our kind, to the great human virtues which raise the civilized man above the savage.

There is probably no government in the world to-day as stable as that of the United States. The chief advantage of democratic government is, in a country like this, the enormous force it can command on an emergency. By "emergency" I mean the suppression of an insurrection or the conduct of a foreign war. But it is not equally strong in the ordinary work of administration. A good many governments, by far inferior to it in strength, fill the offices, collect the taxes, administer justice, and do the work of legislation with much greater efficiency. One cause of this inefficiency is that the popular standard in such matters is low, and that it resents dissatisfaction as an assumption of superiority. When a man says these and those things ought not to be, his neighbors, who find no fault with them, naturally accuse him of giving himself airs. It seems as if he thought he knew more than they did, and was trying to impose his plans on them. The consequence is that in a land of pure equality, as this is, critics are always an unpopular class, and criticism is in some sense an odious work. The only condemnation passed on the governmental acts or systems is apt to come from the opposite party in the form of what is called "arraignment," which generally consists in wholesale abuse of the party in power, treating all their acts, small or great, as due to folly or depravity, and all their public men as either fools or knaves. Of course this makes but small impression on the public mind. It is taken to indicate not so much a desire to improve the public service as to get hold of the offices, and has as a general rule but little effect. Parties lose their hold on power through some conspicuously obnoxious acts or failures; never, or very rarely, through the judgments passed on

them by hostile writers or orators. And yet nothing is more necessary to successful government than abundant criticism from sources not open to the suspicion of particular interest. There is nothing which bad governments so much dislike and resent as criticism, and have in past ages taken so much pains to put down. In fact, a history of the civil liberty would consist largely of an account of the resistance to criticism on the part of rulers. One of the first acts of a successful tyranny or despotism is always the silencing of the press or the establishment of a censorship.

Popular objection to criticism is however senseless, because it is through criticism—that is, through discrimination between two things, customs, or courses—that the race has managed to come out of the woods and lead a civilized life. The first man who objected to the general nakedness, and advised his fellows to put on clothes, was the first critic. Criticism of a high tariff recommends a low tariff; criticism of monarchy recommends a republic; criticism of vice recommends virtue. In fact, almost every act of life, in the practice of a profession or the conduct of a business, condemns one course and suggests another. The word means *judging*, and judgment is the highest of the human faculties, the one which most distinguishes us from the animals.

There is probably nothing from which the public service of the country suffers more to-day than the silence of its educated class; that is, the small amount of criticism which comes from the disinterested and competent sources. It is a very rare thing for an educated man to say anything publicly about the questions of the day. He is absorbed in science, or art, or literature, in the practice of his profession, or in the conduct of his business; and if he has any interest at all in public affairs, it is a languid one. He is silent because he does not much care, or because he does not wish to embarrass the administration or "hurt the party," or because he does not feel that anything he could say would make much difference. So that on the whole, it is very rarely that the instructed opinion of the country is ever heard on any subject. The report of the Bar Association on the nomination of Maynard in New York was a remarkable exception to this rule. Some improvement in this direction has been made by the appearance of the set of people known as the "Mugwumps," who are, in the main, men of cultivation. They have been defined in various ways. They are known to the masses

mainly as "kickers"; that is, dissatisfied, querulous people, who complain of everybody and cannot submit to party discipline. But they are the only critics who do not criticize in the interest of party, but simply in that of good government. They are a kind of personage whom the bulk of the voters know nothing about and find it difficult to understand, and consequently load with ridicule and abuse. But their movement, though its visible recognizable effects on elections may be small, has done inestimable service in slackening the bonds of party discipline, in making the expression of open dissent from party programmes respectable and common, and in increasing the unreliable vote in large States like New York. It is of the last importance that this unreliable vote—that is, the vote which party leaders cannot count on with certainty—should be large in such States. The mere fear of it prevents a great many excesses.

But in criticism one always has hard work in steering a straight course between optimism and pessimism. These are the Scylla and Charybdis of the critic's career. Almost every man who thinks or speaks about public affairs is either an optimist or a pessimist; which he is, depends a good deal on temperament, but often on character. The political jobber or corruptionist is almost always an optimist. So is the prosperous business man. So is nearly every politician, because the optimist is nearly always the more popular of the two. As a general rule, people like cheerful men and the promise of good times. The kill-joy and bearer of bad news has always been an odious character. But for the cultivated man there is no virtue in either optimism or pessimism. Some people think it a duty to be optimistic, and for some people it may be a duty; but one of the great uses of education is to teach us to be neither one nor the other. In the management of our personal affairs, we try to be neither one nor the other. In business, a persistent and uproarious optimist would certainly have poor credit. And why? Because in business the trustworthy man, as everybody knows, is the man who sees things as they are: and to see things as they are, without glamor or illusion, is the first condition of worldly success. It is absolutely essential in war, in finance, in law, in every field of human activity in which the future has to be thought of and provided for. It is just as essential in politics. The only reason why it is not thought as essential in politics is, the punishment for failure or neglect comes in politics more slowly.

The pessimist has generally a bad name, but there is a good deal to be said for him. To take a recent illustration, the man who took pessimistic views of the silver movement was for nearly twenty years under a cloud. This gloomy anticipation of 1873 was not realized until 1893. For a thousand years after Marcus Aurelius, the pessimist, if I may use the expression, was "cock of the walk." He certainly has no reason to be ashamed of his rôle in the Eastern world for a thousand years after the Moham-medan Hegira. In Italy and Spain he has not needed to hang his head since the Renaissance. In fact, if we take various nations and long reaches of time, we shall find that the gloomy man has been nearly as often justified by the course of events as the cheerful one. Neither of them has any special claim to a hearing on public affairs. A persistent optimist, although he may be a most agreeable man in family life, is likely, in business or politics, to be just as foolish and unbearable as a persistent pessimist. He is as much out of harmony with the order of nature. The universe is not governed on optimistic any more than on pessimistic principles. The best and wisest of men make their mistakes and have their share of sorrow and sickness and losses. So also the most happily situated nations must suffer from internal discord, the blunders of statesmen, and the madness of the people. What Cato said in the Senate of the conditions of success, "*vigilando, agendo, bene consulendo, prosperê omnia cedunt,*" is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. We must remember that though the optimist may be the pleasantest man to have about us, he is the least likely to take precautions; that is, the least likely to watch and work for success. We owe a great deal of our slovenly legislation to his presence in large numbers in Congress and the legislatures. The great suffering through which we are now passing, in consequence of the persistence in our silver purchases, is the direct result of unreasoning optimism. Its promoters disregarded the warnings of economists and financiers because they believed that somehow, they did not know how, the thing would come out right in the end. The silver collapse, together with the Civil War over slavery, are striking illustrations to occur in one century, of the fact that if things come out right in the end, it is often after periods of great suffering and disaster. Could people have foreseen how the slavery controversy would end, what frantic efforts would have been made for peaceful abolition! Could people have foreseen

the panic of last year, with its wide-spread disaster, what haste would have been made to stop the silver purchases! And yet the experience of mankind afforded abundant reason for anticipating both results.

This leads me to say that the reason why educated men should try and keep a fair mental balance between both pessimism and optimism, is that there has come over the world in the last twenty-five or thirty years a very great change of opinion touching the relations of the government to the community. When Europe settled down to peaceful work after the great wars of the French Revolution, it was possessed with the idea that the freedom of the individual was all that was needed for public prosperity and private happiness. The old government interference with people's movements and doings was supposed to be the reason why nations had not been happy in the past. This became the creed, in this country, of the Democratic party, which came into existence after the foundation of the federal government. At the same time there grew up here the popular idea of the American character, in which individualism was the most marked trait. If you are not familiar with it in your own time, you may remember it in the literature of the earlier half of the century. The typical American was always the architect of his own fortunes. He sailed the seas and penetrated the forest, and built cities and lynched the horse thieves, and fought the Indians and dug the mines, without anybody's help or support. He had even an ill-concealed contempt for regular troops, as men under control and discipline. He scorned government for any other purposes than security and the administration of justice. This was the kind of American that Tocqueville found here in 1833. He says:—

“The European often sees in the public functionaries simply force; the American sees nothing but law. One may then say that in America a man never obeys a man, or anything but justice and law. Consequently he has formed of himself an opinion which is often exaggerated, but is always salutary. He trusts without fear to his own strength, which appears to him equal to anything. A private individual conceives some sort of enterprise. Even if this enterprise have some sort of connection with the public welfare, it never occurs to him to address himself to the government in order to obtain its aid. He makes his plan known, offers to carry it out calls other individuals to his aid, and struggles with all his might against any

obstacles there may be in his way. Often, without doubt, he succeeds less well than the State would in his place; but in the long run the general result of individual enterprises far surpasses anything the government could do."

Now there is no doubt that if this type of character has not passed away, it has been greatly modified; and it has been modified by two agencies—the "labor problem," as it is called, and legislative protection to native industry. I am not going to make an argument about the value of this protection in promoting native industry, or about its value from the industrial point of view. We may or we may not owe to it the individual progress and prosperity of the United States. About that I do not propose to say anything. What I want to say is that the doctrine that it is a function of government, not simply to foster industry in general, but to consider the case of every particular industry and give it the protection that it needs, could not be preached and practiced for thirty years in a community like this, without modifying the old American conception of the relation of the government to the individual. It makes the government, in a certain sense, a partner in every industrial enterprise, and makes every Presidential election an affair of the pocket to every miner and manufacturer and to his men; for the men have for fully thirty years been told that the amount of their wages would depend, to a certain extent at least, on the way the election went. The notion that the government owes assistance to individuals in carrying on business and making a livelihood has in fact, largely through the tariff discussions, permeated a very large class of the community, and has materially changed what I may call the American outlook. It has greatly reinforced among the foreign-born population the socialistic ideas which many bring here with them, of the powers and duties of the State toward labor; for it is preached vehemently by the employing class.

What makes this look the more serious is, that our political and social manners are not adapted to it. In Europe, the State is possessed of an administrative machine which has a finish, efficacy, and permanence unknown here. Tocqueville comments on its absence among us; and it is, as all the advocates of civil-service reform know, very difficult to supply. All the agencies of the government suffer from the imposition on them of what I may call non-American duties. For instance, a custom-house

organized as a political machine was never intended to collect the enormous sum of duties which must pass through its hands under our tariff. A post-office whose master has to be changed every four years to "placate" Tammany, or the anti-Snappers, or any other body of politicians, was never intended to handle the huge mass which American mails have now become. One of the greatest objections to the income tax is the prying into people's affairs which it involves. No man likes to tell what his income is to every stranger, much less to a politician, which our collectors are sure to be. Secrecy on the part of the collector is in fact essential to reconcile people to it in England or Germany, where it is firmly established; but our collectors sell their lists to the newspapers in order to make the contributors pay up.

In all these things, we are trying to meet the burdens and responsibilities of much older societies with the machinery of a much earlier and simpler state of things. It is high time to halt in this progress until our administrative system has been brought up to the level even of our present requirements. It is quite true that, with our system of State and federal constitutions laying prohibitions on the Legislature and Congress, any great extension of the sphere of government in our time seems very unlikely. Yet the assumption by Congress, with the support of the Supreme Court, of the power to issue paper money in time of peace, the power to make prolonged purchases of a commodity like silver, the power to impose an income tax, to execute great public works, and to protect native industry, are powers large enough to effect a great change in the constitution of society and in the distribution of wealth, such as, it is safe to say, in the present state of human culture, no government ought to have and exercise.

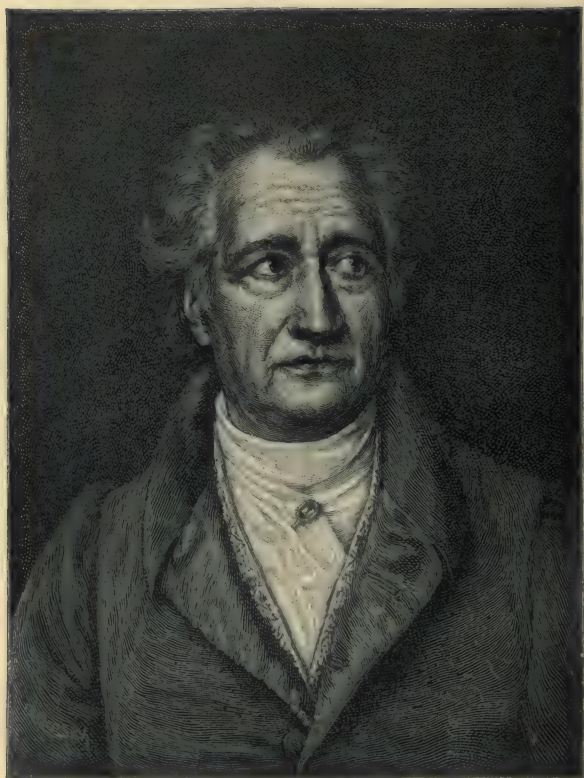
One hears every day from educated people some addition to the number of things which "governments" ought to do, but for which any government we have at present is totally unfit. One listens to them with amazement, when looking at the material of which our government is composed,—for the matter of that, of which all governments are composed; for I suppose there is no question that all legislative bodies in the world have in twenty years run down in quality. The parliamentary system is apparently failing to meet the demands of modern democratic society, and is falling into some disrepute; but it would seem as if there was at present just as little chance of a substitute of any kind as

of the dethronement of universal suffrage. It will probably last indefinitely, and be as good or as bad as its constituents make it. But this probable extension of the powers and functions of government makes more necessary than ever a free expression of opinion, and especially of educated opinion. We may rail at "mere talk" as much as we please, but the probability is that the affairs of nations and of men will be more and more regulated by talk. The amount of talk which is now expended on all subjects of human interest—and in "talk" I include contributions to periodical literature—is something of which no previous age has had the smallest conception. Of course it varies infinitely in quality. A very large proportion of it does no good beyond relieving the feelings of the talker. Political philosophers maintain, and with good reason, that one of its greatest uses is keeping down discontent under popular government. It is undoubtedly true that it is an immense relief to a man with a grievance to express his feelings about it in words, even if he knows that his words will have no immediate effect. Self-love is apt to prevent most men from thinking that anything they say with passion or earnestness will utterly and finally fail. But still it is safe to suppose that one half of the talk of the world on subjects of general interest is waste. But the other half certainly tells. We know this from the change in ideas from generation to generation. We see that opinions which at one time everybody held became absurd in the course of half a century—opinions about religion and morals and manners and government. Nearly every man of my age can recall old opinions of his own on subjects of general interest, which he once thought highly respectable, and which he is now almost ashamed of having ever held. He does not remember when he changed them, or why, but somehow they have passed away from him.

In communities these changes are often very striking. The transformation, for instance, of the England of Cromwell into the England of Queen Anne, or of the New England of Cotton Mather into the New England of Theodore Parker and Emerson, was very extraordinary, but it would be very difficult to say in detail what brought it about or when it began. Lecky has some curious observations in his "History of Rationalism" on these silent changes in new beliefs, apropos of the disappearance of the belief in witchcraft. Nobody could say what had swept it away; but it appeared that in a certain year people were ready to burn

old women as witches, and a few years later were ready to laugh at or pity any one who thought old women could be witches. "At one period," says he, "we find every one disposed to believe in witches; at a later period we find this predisposition has silently passed away." The belief in witchcraft may perhaps be considered a somewhat violent illustration, like the change in public opinion about slavery in this country. But there can be no doubt that it is talk—somebody's, anybody's, everybody's talk—by which these changes are wrought, by which each generation comes to feel and think differently from its predecessor.

No one ever talks freely about anything without contributing something, let it be ever so little, to the unseen forces which carry the race on to its final destiny. Even if he does not make a positive impression, he counteracts or modifies some other impression, or sets in motion some train of ideas in some one else, which helps to change the face of the world. So I shall, in disregard of the great laudation of silence which filled the earth in the days of Carlyle, say that one of the functions of an educated man is to talk; and of course he should try to talk wisely.



GOETHE

GOETHE

(1749-1832)

BY EDWARD DOWDEN



JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main on August 28th, 1749, and died at Weimar on March 22d, 1832. His great life, extending over upwards of fourscore years, makes him a man of the eighteenth century and also of the nineteenth. He belongs not only to German but to European literature. And in the history of European literature his position is that of successor to Voltaire and Rousseau. Humanity, as Voltaire said, had lost its title-deeds, and the task of the eighteenth century was to recover them. Under all Voltaire's zeal for destruction in matters of religious belief lay a positive faith and a creative sentiment,—a faith in human intellect and the sentiment of social justice. What indefatigable toil! what indefatigable play! Surely it was not all to establish a negation. Voltaire poured a gay yet bitter *élan* into the intellectual movement of his time. Yet amid his various efforts for humanity he wanted love; he wanted reverence. And although a positive tendency underlies his achievements, we are warranted in repeating the common sentence, that upon the whole he destroyed more than he built up.

Voltaire fought to enfranchise the understanding. Rousseau dreamed, brooded, suffered, to emancipate the heart. A wave of passion, or at least of sentiment, swept over Europe with the 'Nouvelle Héloïse,' the 'Émile,' the 'Confessions.' It was Rousseau, exclaims Byron, who "threw enchantment over passion," who "knew how to make madness beautiful." Such an emancipation of the heart was felt, in the eighteenth century, to be a blessed deliverance from the material interests and the eager yet too arid speculation of the age. But Byron in that same passage of 'Childe Harold' names Rousseau "the self-torturing sophist." And a sophist Rousseau was. His intellect fed upon fictions, and dangerous fictions,—fictions respecting nature, respecting the individual man, respecting human society. Therefore his intellect failed to illuminate, clarify, tranquilize his heart. His emotions were turbid, restless, and lacking in sanity.

Here then were Goethe's two great predecessors: one a most vivacious intelligence, the other a brooding sensibility; one aiming at an emancipation of the understanding, but deficient in reverence and in

love; the other aiming at an emancipation of the affections, but deficient in sanity of thought. In what relation stood Goethe to these great forces of the eighteenth century?

In his old age Goethe, speaking of Voltaire, uses the words "a universal source of light." But as a young man he was repelled by "the factious dishonesty of Voltaire, and his perversion of so many worthy subjects." "He would never have done," says Goethe, "with degrading religion and the sacred books, for the sake of injuring priestcraft, as they called it." Goethe, indeed, did not deny a use to the spirit of negation. Mephistopheles lives and works. Yet he lives and works as the unwilling servant of the Lord, and the service he renders is to provoke men from indolence to activity.

Into the influence of Rousseau, on the contrary, and into the general movement of feeling to which Rousseau belonged, Goethe in his youth was caught, almost inevitably; and he abandoned himself to it for a time, it might seem without restraint.

Yet Goethe differed from Rousseau as profoundly as he differed from Voltaire. Rousseau's undisciplined sensibility, morbidly excited by the harshness or imagined harshness of his fellows, by bodily torment, by broodings in solitude, became at last one quivering mass of disease. "No tragedy had ever a fifth act so squalid." What a contrast to the closing scenes of Goethe's life in that house of his, like a modest temple of the Muses, listening to Plutarch read aloud by his daughter-in-law, or serenely active, "ohne Hast aber ohne Rast" (without haste, but without rest), in widening his sympathies with men or enlarging his knowledge of nature.

How was this? Why did the ways part so widely for Rousseau and for Goethe?

The young creator of 'Werther' may seem to have started on his career as a German Rousseau. In reality, 'Werther' expressed only a fragment of Goethe's total self. A reserve force of will and an intellect growing daily in clearness and in energy would not permit him to end as Rousseau ended. In 'Götz von Berlichingen' there goes up a cry for freedom; it presents the more masculine side of that spirit of revolt from the bonds of the eighteenth century, that "return to nature," which is presented in its more feminine aspects by 'Werther.' But by degrees it became evident to Goethe that the only true ideal of freedom is a liberation not of the passions, not of the intellect, but of the whole man; that this involves a conciliation of all the powers and faculties within us; and that such a conciliation can be effected only by degrees, and by steadfast toil.

And so we find him willing during ten years at Weimar to undertake work which might appear to be fatal to the development of his genius. To reform army administration, make good roads, work the

mines with energetic intelligence, restore the finances to order,—was this fit employment for one born to be a poet? Except a few lyrics and the prose 'Iphigenie,' these years produced no literary work of importance; yet Goethe himself speaks of them as his "zweite Schriftstellerepoche,"—his second epoch as a writer. They were needful to make him a master in the art of life, needful to put him into possession of all his powers. Men of genius are quick growers; but men of the highest genius, which includes the wisdom of human life, are not speedily ripe. Goethe had entered literature early; he had stormed the avenues. Now at six-and-twenty he was a chief figure in German, even in European, literature; and from twenty-six to thirty-seven he published, we may say nothing. But though he ceased to astonish the world, he was well employed in widening the basis of his existence; in organizing his faculties; in conciliating passions, intellect, and will; in applying his mind to the real world; in endeavoring to comprehend it aright; in testing and training his powers by practical activity.

A time came when he felt that his will and skill were mature; that he was no longer an apprentice in the art of living, but a master craftsman. Tasks that had grown irksome and were felt to be a distraction from higher duties, he now abandoned. Goethe fled for a time to Italy, there to receive his degree in the high school of life, and to start upon a course of more advanced studies. Thenceforward until his closing days the record is one of almost uninterrupted labor in his proper fields of literature, art, and science. "In Rome," he wrote, "I have for the first time found myself, for the first time come into harmony with myself, and grown happy and rational." He had found himself, because his passions and his intellect now co-operated; his pursuit of truth had all the ardor of a first love; his pursuit of beauty was not a fantastic chase, but was subject to rational law; and his effort after truth and his effort after beauty were alike supported by an adult will.

His task, regarded as a whole, was to do over again the work of the Renaissance. But whereas the Renaissance had been a large national or European movement, advancing towards its ends partly through popular passions and a new enthusiasm, the work which Goethe accomplished was more an affair of intelligence, criticism, conscious self-direction. It was less of a flood sweeping away old dikes and dams, and more of a dawn quietly and gradually drawing back the borders of darkness and widening the skirts of light. A completely developed human being, for the uses of the world,—this was the ideal in which Goethe's thoughts centred, and towards which his most important writings constantly tend. A completely developed State or commonwealth should follow, as an ideal arising out of the

needs and demands of a complete individual. Goethe knew that growth comes not by self-observation and self-analysis, but by exercise. Therefore he turned himself and would turn his disciples to action, to the objective world; and in order that this action may be profitable, it must be definite and within a limited sphere. He preaches self-renunciation; but the self-renunciation he commends is not self-mortification; it is the active self-abandonment of devotion to our appropriate work. Such is the teaching of 'Wilhelm Meister': it traces the progress of a youth far from extraordinary, yet having within him the capacity for growth, progress through a thousand errors and illusions, from splendid dreams to modest reality. Life is discovered by Wilhelm to be a difficult piece of scholarship. The cry for freedom in 'Götz,' the limitless sigh of passion heard in 'Werther,' are heard no more. If freedom is to be attained, it can only be through obedience; if we are to "return to nature," it cannot be in Rousseau's way but through a wise art of living, an art not at odds with nature, but its complement:—

"This is an art which does mend nature—but
The art itself is nature."

If we ask,—for this, after all, is the capital question of criticism,—What has Goethe done to make us better? the answer is: He has made each of us aspire and endeavor to be no fragment of manhood, but a man; he has taught us that to squander ourselves in vain desires is the road to spiritual poverty; that to discover our appropriate work, and to embody our passion in such work, is the way to true wealth; that such passion and such toil must be not servile, but glad and free; that the use of our intelligence is not chiefly to destroy, but to guide our activity in construction; and that in doing our best work we incorporate ourselves in the best possible way in the life of our fellows. Such lessons may seem obvious; but they had not been taught by Goethe's great predecessors, Voltaire and Rousseau. Goethe, unlike Voltaire, inculcates reverence and love; unlike Rousseau, he teaches us to see objects clearly as they are, he trains us to sanity. And Europe needed sanity in the days of Revolution and in the days which followed of Reaction.

Sanity for the imagination Goethe found in classical art. The young leader of the Romantic revival in Germany resigned his leadership; he seemed to his contemporaries to have lost the fire and impulse of his youth; his work was found cold and formal. A great change had indeed taken place within him; but his ardor had only grown steadier and stronger, extending now to every part of his complex nature. The change was a transition from what is merely inward and personal to what is outward and general. Goethe cared

less than formerly to fling out his private passions, and cared more to comprehend the world and human life and to interpret these through art. He did not go into bondage under the authority of the ancients; but he found their methods right, and he endeavored to work as they had worked. For a time the reaction carried him too far: in seeking for what is general, he sometimes passed on to what is abstract, and so was forced into the error of offering symbols to represent these abstractions, instead of bodying forth his ideas in imaginative creations. But in the noble drama of 'Iphigenie,' in the epic-idyll of 'Hermann und Dorothea,' and in many of the ballads written during his period of close companionship with Schiller, we have examples of art at once modern in sentiment and classical in method.

Goethe's faith in the methods of classical art never passed away, but his narrow exclusiveness yielded. He became, with certain guiding principles which served as a control, a great eclectic, appropriating to his own uses whatever he perceived to be excellent. As in 'Hermann und Dorothea' he unites the influences of Greek art with true German feeling, so in his collection of short lyrics, the 'West-östlicher Divan' (West-Eastern Divan), he brings together the genius of the Orient and that of the Western world, and sheds over both the spiritual illumination of the wisdom of his elder years. Gradually his creative powers waned, but he was still interested in all—except perhaps politics—that can concern the mind; he was still the greatest of critics, entering with his intelligence into everything and understanding everything, as nearly universal in his sympathies as a human mind can be. The Goethe of these elder years is seen to most advantage in the 'Conversations with Eckermann.'

The most invulnerable of Goethe's writings are his lyrical poems; against the best of these, criticism can allege nothing. They need no interpreter. But the reader who studies them in chronological order will observe that as time went on, the lyric which is a spontaneous jet of feeling is replaced by the lyric in which there is constructive art and considerate evolution. In the poems of the 'West-östlicher Divan' Goethe returns to the lyric of spontaneity, but their inspiration is rather that of a gracious wisdom, at once serious and playful, than of passion.

His period of romance and sentiment is best represented by 'The Sorrows of Werther.' His adult wisdom of life is found most abundantly in 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.' The world has long since agreed that if Goethe is to be represented by a single work, it shall be by 'Faust.' And even those who perceive that 'Faust' is best understood by being taken along with Goethe's other writings—his early 'Prometheus,' his autobiography, his travels in Italy, his

classical dramas, his scientific studies, his work as a critic, his vast correspondence, his conversations in old age — cannot quarrel with the judgment of the world.

'Faust,' if we include under that name the First and the Second Parts, is the work of Goethe's whole life. Begun and even far advanced in early manhood, it was taken up again in his midmost years, and was completed with a faltering hand in the closing season of his old age. What it loses in unity, or at least in harmonious development as a piece of art, it gains in autobiographical interest. All his works, Goethe said, constituted a great confession. More than any other of his writings, 'Faust' is the confession of his life.

There are two ways in which a reader may deal with 'Faust.' He may choose for his own delight a fragment, detach it and disregard the rest; he may view this fragment, if he pleases, as a whole, as a rounded work of art. Such a reader will refuse to pass beyond the First Part of the vast encyclopædic poem. To do this is legitimate. The earliest form in which we possess the drama, that of the transcript made by Fräulein von Göchhausen, is a tragedy which might be named 'The Tragedy of Margaret.' Possibilities of further development lay in the subject, were indeed required by the subject, and Goethe had probably already conceived certain of them; yet the stadium in the progress of Faust's history included in 'The Tragedy of Margaret' had a unity in itself. But a reader may approach 'Faust' otherwise; he may view it as expressing the complete mind of Goethe on some of the deepest problems of human life. Viewing it thus, he must accept the whole work as Goethe has given it; he must hold in abeyance, at least for a time, his own particular likings and dislikes. While keeping his mind open to all the poetry of Faust, he will soon discover that here is something more than a poem. It may be unfortunate for the work of art that it belongs, certainly in its execution, possibly even in the growth of its conception, to far sundered periods of its author's career, when his feelings respecting art were different, when his capacity for rendering his ideas was now more and now less adequate. Such a reader, however, would part with nothing: in what is admirable he finds the master's hand; in what is feeble he discovers the same hand, but faltering, and pathetic in its infirmity. He is interested in 'Faust' not solely or chiefly as 'The Tragedy of Margaret': he finds in it the intellect, the character, the life of Goethe; it is a repository of the deepest thoughts and feelings concerning human existence of a wise seer, a repository in which he laid by those thoughts and feelings during sixty years of his mortal wayfaring.

From early manhood to extreme old age 'Faust' was with Goethe, receiving now and again, in Frankfort, in Weimar, in Rome, some

new accession. We can distinguish the strata or formations of youth, of manhood, and of the closing years. We recognize by their diversities of style those parts which were written when creation was swift and almost involuntary, a passion and a joy, and those parts through which Goethe labored at an old man's pace, accomplishing to-day a hand's-breadth, to-morrow perhaps less, and binding blank pages into his manuscript, that the sight of the gaps might irritate him to produce. What unity can such a work possess, except that which comes from the fact that it all proceeded from a single mind, and that some main threads of thought—for it would be rash to speak of a ground idea—run through the several parts and bind them together? 'Faust' has not the unity of a lake whose circuit the eye can contemplate, a crystal set among the hills. Its unity is that of a river, rising far away in mountain solitudes, winding below many a mirrored cliff, passing the habitations of men, temple and mart, fields of rural toil and fields of war, reaching it may be dull levels, and forgetting the bright speed it had, until at last the dash of waves is heard, and its course is accomplished; but from first to last one stream, proceeding from a single source. Tourists may pick out a picturesque fragment of its wanderings, and this is well; but perhaps it is better to find the poetry of its entire career, from its cloudy cradle to the flats where it loses itself in the ocean.

The first part of 'Faust' is itself the work of more periods than one. The original conception may belong to Goethe's student days at Strassburg. He had grown weary of the four Faculties,—alas, even of theology; he had known a maiden as fair and sweet and simple as Gretchen, and he had left her widowed of her first love; and there in Strassburg was the presence of that old Cathedral, which inspired so terrible a scene in the 'Faust.' From Strassburg he returned to Frankfort, and no moments of his career of authorship were more fruitful than these which preceded the first Weimar years. It was in the heart of the Storm and Stress; it was the time of 'Götz' and 'Mahomet' and the 'Wandering Jew' and 'Werther' and 'Prometheus.' Here in Faust was another and a nobler Werther seeking the infinite; here was another Prometheus, a Titan shackled yet unsubduable. By Goethe's twenty-sixth year the chief portions of the 'Faust, a Fragment,' published when he was forty-one, had been written. But two scenes were added in Rome,—one of these strange in its fantasy, the Witches' Kitchen,—as if to show that the poet of the North was not quite enslaved by the beauty of classic art. It was in the last decade of the eighteenth century that Schiller succeeded in persuading Goethe to open his Faust papers, and try to recover the threads of his design. Not until 1808, Goethe's fifty-ninth year, was the First Part published as we now possess it.

It is therefore incorrect to speak of this Part as the work of the author's youth; even here a series of strata belonging to different periods can be distinguished, and critics have contended that even in this Part may be discovered two schemes or plans not wholly in harmony each with the other.

The first Fragment was written, as has been said, in the spirit of the Storm and Stress. Goethe was weary of the four Faculties. The magic work of the time which was to restore vigor and joy to men was *Nature*. This is the theme of the opening scene of 'Faust.' Among old instruments and dusty folios and ancestral lumber and brute skeletons, away from Nature and her living founts of inspiration, the old scholar has found neither joy nor true knowledge. He opens the book of Nostradamus and gazes upon the sign of the Macrocosm; here in a symbol he beholds the life and energy of nature:—

"Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature, where?
 Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life whereon
 Hang heaven and earth."

He cannot grasp them; and then turning from the great Cosmos, he thinks he may at least dare to invoke the spirit of our own mother planet Earth. But to Faust, with eyes bleared with the dust of the study, to Faust, living in his own speculations or in dogmatic systems, the aspect of the Earth Spirit—a living fire—is terrible. He falls back upon himself almost despairing, when the famulus Wagner enters. What Werner was to the idealist Wilhelm Meister, Wagner is to the idealist Faust: the mere scraping together of a little hoard of barren facts contents Wagner; such grief, such despair as Faust's, are for this Philistine of learning impossible. And then the fragment of 1790 passes on to Mephistopheles. Whether or not Goethe found the features of his critical demon in Herder (as Grimm supposes), and afterwards united these to the more pronounced likeness in his friend Mephistopheles Merck, matters little. Whether Herder and Merck had been present or not, Goethe would have found Mephistopheles in his own heart. For the contrast between the idealist Faust and the realist Mephistopheles exists in some form or other in almost every great creation of Goethe. It is the contrast between Werther and Albert, between Tasso and Antonio, between Edward and the Captain. Sometimes the nobler spirit of worldliness is dwelt on, as in the case of Antonio; sometimes the cold, hard, cynical side, as in the case of Mephistopheles. The theme of Faust as originally conceived was the turning of an idealist from his own private thoughts and dreams to the real world; from all that is unnatural,—systems, speculations, barren knowledge,—to nature and the founts of life; from the solitary cell to the company of men; to action, beauty, life, and love. If he

can really succeed in achieving this wisely and well, Faust is saved. He is delivered from solitude, the inane of speculation, the vagueness of idealism, and made one with the band of his toiling fellows. But to accompany him there is the spirit of base worldliness, the realist, the cynic, who sees the meaner side of all that is actual, who if possible will seduce Faust into accepting the world apart from that elevating spirit which ennobles actual life, who will try to baffle and degrade Faust by degrading all that he now seeks,—action and beauty and life and love.

It is Goethe himself who is at odds with himself,—the realist Goethe set over against the idealist Goethe; and Mephistopheles is the base realist, the cynic whose endeavor is to mar the union of high poetry and high prose in human life, which union of high poetry with high prose Goethe always looked upon as the **true condition** of man's activity. In the Prologue in Heaven, written when Schiller had persuaded Goethe to take up the threads of his play, the Lord speaks of Faust as his servant. Mephistopheles wagers that he will seduce Faust from his allegiance to the Highest. The Lord does not wager; he *knows*:—

“Though now he serve me in a maze of doubt,
Yet I will lead him soon where all is clear;
The gardener knows, when first the bushes sprout.
That bloom and fruit will deck the riper year.”

These vague passionate longings of Faust after truth and reality and life and love are not evil; they are good: they are as yet indeed but the sprouting of the immature leaf and bud, but the Lord sees in these the fruit that is to be. Therefore let Mephistopheles, the spirit of negation, try his worst, and at the last discover how an earnest striver's ways are justified by God. Faust may wander, err, fall, grievously offend,—“as long as man lives, man errs;” but for him who ever strives upward, through all his errors, there is redemption in the end.

The poem belongs to its epoch. Faust is the idealist, Mephistopheles is the realist, of the eighteenth century. Faust aspires to nature and freedom like one who had drunk deeply of Rousseau. Mephistopheles speaks like a degraded disciple of Voltaire, who has lost his master's positive faith in the human reason. Goethe can accept as his own neither the position of Voltaire nor that of Rousseau; but actually he started in life as an antagonist of Voltaire and a disciple of Rousseau, and in like manner his Faust starts on his career as one who longs for a “return to nature.” While from merely negative criticism nothing virtuous can be born, the vague longings of one who loves and hopes promise measureless good.

Faust's vast aspirations, then, are not sinful; they only need to be limited and directed to suitable ends. It is as God's servant that he goes forth with the Demon from his study to the world. And Mephistopheles's first attempt to degrade Faust is a failure. In the orgy of Auerbach's cellar, while the boisterous young bloods clash their glasses, the old scholar sits silent, isolated, ashamed. It is only by infecting his blood with the witch's poison that Mephistopheles can lay hold of the spirit of Faust even for a time; and had he not seen in the mirror that vision of Helena, whom he rightly loves, and whom indeed he needs, he could not have put to his lips the filthy brewage of the witch. But now indeed he is snared; the poison rages in his veins; for one hour he is transformed into what the world basely calls a man of pleasure. Yet Faust is not wholly lost: his better self, the untrained, untamed idealist, begins to reassert its power; the fumes of the poison dissipate themselves. Guilty though he be, his love of Margaret is not what Mephistopheles requires that it should be: it is not calculating, egoistic, cynical, nor dull, easeful, and lethargic. It is not the crime of an experienced worldling nor of a dull, low liver: it is the crime of one whose unwise heart and untaught imagination delude him; and therefore though his fall be deep, it is not fatal. The wrong he has wrought may be blind and terrible as that of Othello to Desdemona; but it is not the serpentine stinging of an Iago or a Mephistopheles.

So through anguish and remorse Faust is doing off the swathebands of delusion, learning to master his will, learning his own heart, learning the meaning of existence: he does not part from his ideal self, his high aspirations, his ardent hopes; he is rather transforming these into realities; he is advancing from dreams to facts, so that in the end, when his life becomes a lofty prose, it may be interpenetrated by a noble poetry.

It were long to trace the history of Faust through the ever purifying and ascending scale of energies exhibited in the Second Part of the drama. Affairs of State, science, art, war—all that Goethe had known by experience—appear in this encyclopædic poem. One word, however, must be said respecting the 'Helena.' It is a mistake to view this central portion of the Second Part as solely or chiefly an allegory of the wedlock of classic and romantic art. As science is shown to form a needful part of Faust's turning from the inane of metaphysics to the positive world, so from the Greek spirit he learns sanity and strength; the deliverance of the ideal man in Faust is aided by the beauty and the healthfulness of classic art. Through beauty, as Schiller tried to show in his letters on 'Æsthetic Culture,' we attain to freedom. Faust is not an artist, but a *man*; Helena is but one of the spirits whose influence is needed to make him real

and elevated. It is she who qualifies him for achieving practical work in a high, ideal spirit.

The Fourth Act of the Second Part is wholly concerned with practical work. What is this which engages the student of the metaphysic cell, who had gone through the four Faculties, and is now once again grown old? What is this? Only well-defined and useful activity. He has rescued some acres of arable land from the rage of the barren sea.

But Faust is not yet wholly delivered from evil; his activity is useful, indeed, but it lacks the finer grace of charity. He commissions Mephistopheles to destroy the cottage of old Philemon and Baucis, which stands in the way of his territorial improvements. It is the last crime of the unregenerate will. The four gray women—Care and Blame and Want and Crime—now assail him; but there is virtue in him to the last. However it may be with himself, grant only that ages hence the children of men, free and happy, may dwell upon the soil which he has saved for their place of labor and of love,—grant but this, and even in the anticipation of it he is made possessor of the highest bliss. Nor indeed is higher permitted to man on earth. And now that Faust has at last found satisfaction, and said to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair," the time has come for Mephistopheles to claim his soul. But in this very aspiration after the perfect joy of others—not his own—Faust is forever delivered from the Evil One. The gray old man lies stretched upon the sand. Higher powers than those of his own will take him, guard him, lead him forward. The messengers of God bear away his immortal part. All Holy Hermits, all Holy Innocents, all Holy Virgins, the less and the greater Angels, and redeemed women who have sinned and sorrowed and have been purified, aid in his ultimate purification. It is the same thought which was interpreted in a lower key when Wilhelm Meister's fate was intrusted to Natalia. Usefulness is good; activity is good: but over all these should soar and brood the Divine graces of life, and love the chief of these. That which leads us farther than all the rest is what Goethe names "the imperishable womanly grace," that of love. And so the great mystery-play reaches its close.

Edward Dowden.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, August 28th, 1749; he attended the University of Leipzig 1765–1768, and went to Strassburg in 1770, where he met Herder, made the acquaintance of Shakespeare, and in 1771 took his degree. ‘Götz von Berlichingen’ in 1773 announced the dawn of a new era in German letters, and in 1774 ‘The Sorrows of Werther’ made the poet world-famous. In 1775 Goethe accepted the invitation of Duke Carl August and went to Weimar, which remained thenceforth his home. The Italian journey, marking an epoch in the poet’s life, took place in 1786–1787. The ‘Faust Fragment’ appeared in 1790. The friendship with Schiller, also of far-reaching importance in Goethe’s life, began in 1794 and was terminated only by Schiller’s death in 1805. ‘Hermann and Dorothea’ was published in 1797. In 1806 Goethe married Christiane Vulpius. The First Part of ‘Faust’ appeared in 1808;—in 1816 the poet is at work upon his ‘Autobiography’ and the ‘Italian Journey’; the first part of ‘Wilhelm Meister’s Apprenticeship’ appeared in 1821, and was completed in 1829. ‘Faust’ was finished on July 20th, 1831. Goethe died at Weimar on March 22d, 1832.

FROM ‘FAUST’

CHORUS OF THE ARCHANGELS; FROM THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

Shelley’s Translation

RAPHAEL—The sun makes music as of old
 Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
 On its predestined circle rolled
 With thunder speed; the angels even
 Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
 Though none its meaning fathom may.
 The world’s unwithered countenance
 Is bright as at creation’s day.

Gabriel—And swift and swift with rapid lightness
 The adorned earth spins silently,
 Alternating Elysian brightness
 With deep and dreadful night; the sea
 Foams in broad billows from the deep
 Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
 Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
 Are hurried in eternal motion.

Michael—And tempests in contention roar
 From land to sea, from sea to land;
 And raging, weave a chain of power,
 Which girds the earth as with a band.

A flashing desolation there
 Flames before the thunder's way;
 But thy servants, Lord, revere
 The gentle changes of thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE

The angels draw strength from thy glance,
 Though no one comprehend thee may;
 Thy world's unwithered countenance
 Is bright as on creation's day.

SCENES FROM 'FAUST'

Translated by Bayard Taylor

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FAUST AND WAGNER

FAUST

OH, HAPPY he, who still renews
 The hope from Error's deeps to rise forever!
 That which one does not know, one needs to use,
 And what one knows, one uses never.
 But let us not, by such despondence, so
 The fortune of this hour embitter!
 Mark how, beneath the evening sunlight's glow,
 The green-embosomed houses glitter!
 The glow retreats; done is the day of toil;
 It yonder hastes, new fields of life exploring;
 Ah, that no wing can lift me from the soil,
 Upon its track to follow, follow soaring!
 Then would I see eternal Evening gild
 The silent world beneath me glowing,
On fire each mountain-peak, with peace each valley filled,
 The silver brook to golden rivers flowing.
 The mountain chain, with all its gorges deep,
 Would then no more impede my godlike motion;
 And now before mine eyes expands the ocean
 With all its bays, in shining sleep!
 Yet finally the weary god is sinking;
 The new-born impulse fires my mind,—

I hasten on, his beams eternal drinking,
 The Day before me and the Night behind,
 Above me heaven unfurled, the floor of waves beneath me,—
 A glorious dream! though now the glories fade.
 Alas! the wings that lift the mind no aid
 Of wings to lift the body can bequeath me.
 Yet in each soul is born the pleasure
 Of yearning onward, upward and away,
 When o'er our heads, lost in the vaulted azure,
 The lark sends down his flickering lay,
 When over crags and piny highlands
 The poising eagle slowly soars,
 And over plains and lakes and islands
 The crane sails by to other shores.

WAGNER

I've had, myself, at times, some odd caprices,
 But never yet such impulse felt, as this is.
 One soon fatigues on woods and fields to look,
 Nor would I beg the bird his wing to spare us:
 How otherwise the mental raptures bear us
 From page to page, from book to book!
 Then winter nights take loveliness untold,
 As warmer life in every limb had crowned you;
 And when your hands unroll some parchment rare and old,
 All heaven descends, and opens bright around you!

FAUST

One impulse art thou conscious of, at best;
 Oh, never seek to know the other!
 Two souls, alas! reside within my breast,
 And each withdraws from, and repels, its brother.
 One with tenacious organs holds in love
 And clinging lust the world in its embraces;
 The other strongly sweeps, this dust above,
 Into the high ancestral spaces.
 If there be airy spirits near,
 'Twixt heaven and earth on potent errands fleeing,
 Let them drop down the golden atmosphere,
 And bear me forth to new and varied being!
 Yea, if a magic mantle once were mine,
 To waft me o'er the world at pleasure,
 I would not for the costliest stores of treasure—
 Not for a monarch's robe—the gift resign.

FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

CANST thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?
 When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavor,
 E'er understood by such as thou?

Yet hast thou food which never satiates now:

The restless, ruddy gold hast thou,
 That runs quicksilver-like one's fingers through;
 A game whose winnings no man ever knew;

A maid that even from my breast
 Beckons my neighbor with her wanton glances,
 And Honor's godlike zest,

The meteor that a moment dances,—

Show me the fruits that, ere they're gathered, rot,
 And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Such a demand alarms me not:

Such treasures have I, and can show them.

But still the time may reach us, good my friend,
 When peace we crave, and more luxurious diet.

FAUST

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
 There let at once my record end!

Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
 Until self-pleased myself I see,—

Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
 Let that day be the last for me!

The bet I offer.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Done!

FAUST

And heartily!

When thus I hail the Moment flying:

"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"—

Then bind me in thy bonds undying,

My final ruin then declare!

Then let the death-bell chime the token,

Then art thou from thy service free!

The clock may stop, the hand be broken,

Then Time be finished unto me!



FOREST AND CAVERN

FAUST [*alone*]

SPIRIT sublime, thou gav'st me, gav'st me all
 For which I prayed. Not unto me in vain
 Hast thou thy countenance revealed in fire.
 Thou gav'st me nature as a kingdom grand,
 With power to feel and to enjoy it. Thou
 Not only cold, amazed acquaintance yield'st,
 But grantest that in her profoundest breast
 I gaze, as in the bosom of a friend.
 The ranks of living creatures thou dost lead
 Before me, teaching me to know my brothers
 In air and water and the silent wood.
 And when the storm in forests roars and grinds,
 The giant firs, in falling, neighbor boughs
 And neighbor trunks with crushing weight bear down,
 And falling, fill the hills with hollow thunders,—
 Then to the cave secure thou leadest me,
 Then show'st me mine own self, and in my breast
 The deep mysterious miracles unfold.
 And when the perfect moon before my gaze
 Comes up with soothing light, around me float
 From every precipice and thicket damp
 The silvery phantoms of the ages past,
 And temper the austere delight of thought.
 That nothing can be perfect unto Man
 I now am conscious. With this ecstasy,
 Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
 Thou gav'st the comrade, whom I now no more
 Can do without, though, cold and scornful, he
 Demeans me to myself, and with a breath,
 A word, transforms thy gifts to nothingness.
 Within my breast he fans a lawless fire,
 Unwearied, for that fair and lovely form:
 Thus in desire I hasten to enjoyment,
 And in enjoyment pine to feel desire.

MARGARET

[At the spinning-wheel, alone]

MY PEACE is gone,
 My heart is sore:
 I never shall find it,
 Ah, nevermore!

Save I have him near,
 The grave is here;
 The world is gall
 And bitterness all.

My poor weak head
 Is racked and crazed;
 My thought is lost,
 My senses mazed.

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore:
 I never shall find it,
 Ah, nevermore!

To see him, him only,
 At the pane I sit;
 To meet him, him only,
 The house I quit.

His lofty gait,
 His noble size,
 The smile of his mouth,
 The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
 Of his talk, the bliss
 In the clasp of his hand,
 And ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
 My heart is sore:
 I never shall find it,
 Ah, nevermore!

My bosom yearns
 For him alone;
 Ah, dared I clasp him,
 And hold, and own!

And kiss his mouth
 To heart's desire,
 And on his kisses
 At last expire!

MARTHA'S GARDEN

MARGARET

PROMISE me, Henry!—

FAUST

What I can!

MARGARET

How is 't with thy religion, pray?
 Thou art a dear, good-hearted man,
 And yet, I think, dost not incline that way.

FAUST

Leave that, my child! Thou know'st my love is tender;
 For love, my blood and life would I surrender,
 And as for faith and church, I grant to each his own.

MARGARET

That's not enough: we must believe thereon.

FAUST

Must we?

MARGARET

Would that I had some influence!
 Then, too, thou honorest not the Holy Sacraments.

FAUST

I honor them.

MARGARET

Desiring no possession.
 'Tis long since thou hast been to mass or to confession.
 Believest thou in God?

FAUST

My darling, who shall dare
 "I believe in God!" to say?

Ask priest or sage the answer to declare,
 And it will seem a mocking play,
 A sarcasm on the asker.

MARGARET

Then thou believest not!

FAUST

Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance!

Who dare express Him?

And who profess Him,

Saying: I believe in Him!

Who, feeling, seeing,

Deny His being,

Saying: I believe Him not!

The All-enfolding,

The All-upholding,

Folds and upholds he not

Thee, me, Himself?

Arches not there the sky above us?

Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?

And rise not, on us shining

Friendly, the everlasting stars?

Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,

And feel'st not, thronging

To head and heart, the force,

Still weaving its eternal secret,

Invisible, visible, round thy life?

Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,

And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,

Call it, then, what thou wilt,—

Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!—

I have no name to give it!

Feeling is all in all:

The Name is sound and smoke,

Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.

MARGARET

All that is fine and good, to hear it so:

Much the same way the preacher spoke,

Only with slightly different phrases.

FAUST

The same thing, in all places,

All hearts that beat beneath the heavenly day—

Each in its language — say;
Then why not I in mine as well?

MARGARET

To hear it thus, it may seem passable;
And yet some hitch in't there must be,
For thou hast no Christianity.

FAUST

Dear love!

MARGARET

I've long been grieved to see
That thou art in such company.

FAUST

How so?

MARGARET

The man who with thee goes, thy mate,
Within my deepest, inmost soul I hate.
In all my life there's nothing
Has given my heart so keen a pang of loathing
As his repulsive face has done.

FAUST

Nay, fear him not, my sweetest one!

MARGARET

I feel his presence like something ill.
I've else, for all, a kindly will,
But, much as my heart to see thee yearneth,
The secret horror of him returneth;
And I think the man a knave, as I live!
If I do him wrong, may God forgive!

FAUST

There must be such queer birds, however.

MARGARET

Live with the like of him may I never!
When once inside the door comes he,
He looks around so sneeringly,
And half in wrath:

One sees that in nothing no interest he hath:

'Tis written on his very forehead
 That love, to him, is a thing abhorred.
 I am so happy on thine arm,
 So free, so yielding, and so warm,
 And in his presence stifled seems my heart.

FAUST

Foreboding angel that thou art!

IN THE DUNGEON

*In a niche of the wall a shrine, with an image of the Mater Dolorosa.
 Pots of flowers before it*

MARGARET

[Putting fresh flowers in the pots]

INCLINE, O Maiden,
 Thou sorrow-laden,
 Thy gracious countenance upon my pain!

The sword thy heart in,
 With anguish smarting,
 Thou lookest up to where thy Son is slain!

Thou seest the Father;
 The sad sighs gather,
 And bear aloft thy sorrow and his pain!

Ah, past guessing,
 Beyond expressing,
 The pangs that wring my flesh and bone!
 Why this anxious heart so burneth,
 Why it trembleth, why it yearneth,
 Knowest thou, and thou alone!

Where'er I go, what sorrow,
 What woe, what woe and sorrow
 Within my bosom aches!
 Alone, and ah! unsleeping,
 I'm weeping, weeping, weeping,—
 The heart within me breaks.

The pots before my window,
 Alas! my tears did wet,
 As in the early morning
 For thee these flowers I set.

Within my lonely chamber
 The morning sun shone red:
 I sat in utter sorrow,
 Already on my bed.

Help! rescue me from death and stain!
 O Maiden!
 Thou sorrow-laden,
 Incline thy countenance upon my pain!

IN THE DUNGEON

FAUST

With a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron door

A SHUDDER, long unfelt, comes o'er me;
 Mankind's collected woe o'erwhelms me here.
 She dwells within the dark, damp walls before me,
 And all her crime was a delusion dear!

What! I delay to free her?

I dread, once again to see her?

On! my shrinking but lingers Death more near.

[He grasps the lock: the sound of singing is heard inside.]

My mother the harlot,

Who put me to death;

My father the varlet,

Who eaten me hath!

Little sister, so good,

Laid my bones in the wood,

In the damp moss and clay:

Then was I a beautiful bird o' the wood:

Fly away! Fly away!

FAUST *[unlocking]*

She does not dream her lover listens near;
 That he the rattling chain, the rustling straw, can hear.

MARGARET *[hiding herself on the pallet]*

Woe! woe! They come. O death of bitterness!

FAUST *[whispering]*

Hush! hush! The hour is come that frees thee.

MARGARET [*throwing herself before him*]

Art thou a man? then pity my distress!

FAUST

Thy cries will wake the guards, and they will seize thee!

[*He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.*]

MARGARET [*on her knees*]

Who, headsman! unto thee such power
Over me could give?

Thou'rt come for me at midnight hour:

Have mercy on me; let me live!

Is't not soon enough when morning chime has rung?

[*She rises.*]

And I am yet so young, so young!

And now death comes, and ruin!

I, too, was fair, and that was my undoing.

My love was near, but now he's far;

Torn lies the wreath, scattered the blossoms are.

Seize me not thus so violently!

Spare me! What have I done to thee?

Let me not vainly entreat thee!

I never chanced, in all my days, to meet thee!

FAUST

Shall I outlive this misery?

MARGARET

Now am I wholly in thy might.

But let me suckle, first, my baby!

I blissed it all this livelong night;

They took 't away, to vex me, maybe,

And now they say I killed the child outright.

And never shall I be glad again.

They sing songs about me! 'tis bad of the folk to do it!

There's an old story has the same refrain;

Who bade them so construe it?

FAUST [*falling upon his knees*]

Here lieth one who loves thee ever,

The thralldom of thy woe to sever.

MARGARET [*flinging herself beside him*]

Oh let us kneel, and call the saints to hide us!
Under the steps beside us,
The threshold under,
Hell heaves in thunder!
The Evil One
With terrible wrath
Seeketh a path
His prey to discover!

FAUST [*aloud*]

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET [*attentively listening*]

That was the voice of my lover!

[*She springs to her feet: the fetters fall off.*]

Where is he? I heard him call me.
I am free! No one shall enthrall me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom lie!

On the threshold he stood, and *Margaret!* calling,
'Midst of hell's howling and noises appalling,
'Midst of the wrathful, infernal derision,
I knew the sweet sound of the voice of the vision!

FAUST

'Tis I!

MARGARET

'Tis thou! O, say it once again!

[*Clasping him.*]

'Tis he! 'tis he! Where now is all my pain?
The anguish of the dungeon, and the chain?

'Tis thou! Thou comest to save me,
And I am saved!

Again the street I see
Where first I looked on thee;
And the garden, brightly blooming,
Where I and Martha wait thy coming.

FAUST [*struggling to leave*]

Come! Come with me!

MARGARET

Delay, now!
So fain I stay, when thou delayest!

[*Caressing him.*]

FAUST

Away, now!
If longer here thou stayest,
We shall be made to dearly rue it.

MARGARET

Kiss me!—canst no longer do it?
My friend, so short a time thou 'rt missing,
And hast unlearned thy kissing?
Why is my heart so anxious, on thy breast?
Where once a heaven thy glances did create me,
A heaven thy loving words expressed,
And thou didst kiss as thou wouldst suffocate me—
Kiss me!
Or I'll kiss thee!

[*She embraces him.*]

Ah, woe! thy lips are chill,
And still.
How changed in fashion
Thy passion!
Who has done me this ill?

[*She turns away from him.*]

FAUST

Come, follow me! My darling, be more bold:
I'll clasp thee, soon, with warmth a thousandfold;
But follow now! 'Tis all I beg of thee.

MARGARET [*turning to him*]

And is it thou? Thou, surely, certainly?

FAUST

'Tis I! Come on!

MARGARET

Thou wilt unloose my chain,
And in thy lap wilt take me once again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—
Say, dost thou know, my friend, whom thou mak'st free?

FAUST

Come! come! The night already vanisheth.

MARGARET

My mother have I put to death;
 I've drowned the baby born to thee.
 Was it not given to thee and me?
 Thee, too!—'Tis thou! It scarcely true doth seem—
 Give me thy hand! 'Tis not a dream!
 Thy dear, dear hand!—But, ah, 'tis wet!
 Why, wipe it off! Methinks that yet
 There's blood thereon.
 Ah, God! what hast thou done?
 Nay, sheathe thy sword at last!
 Do not affray me!

FAUST

Oh, let the past be past!
 Thy words will slay me!

MARGARET

No, no! Thou must outlive us.
 Now I'll tell thee the graves to give us:
 Thou must begin to-morrow
 The work of sorrow!
 The best place give to my mother,
 Then close at her side my brother,
 And me a little away,
 But not too very far, I pray!
 And here, on my right breast, my baby lay!
 Nobody else will lie beside me!—
 Ah, within thine arms to hide me,
 That was a sweet and a gracious bliss,
 But no more, no more can I attain it!
 I would force myself on thee and constrain it,
 And it seems thou repellst my kiss:
 And yet 'tis thou, so good, so kind to see!

FAUST

If thou feelest it is I, then come with me!

MARGARET

Out yonder?

FAUST

To freedom.

MARGARET

If the grave is there,
 Death lying in wait, then come!
 From here to eternal rest:
 No further step—no, no!
 Thou goest away! O Henry, if I could go!

FAUST

Thou canst! Just will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET

I dare not go: there's no hope any more.
 Why should I fly? They'll still my steps waylay!
 It is so wretched, forced to beg my living,
 And a bad conscience sharper misery giving!
 It is so wretched, to be strange, forsaken,
 And I'd still be followed and taken!

FAUST

I'll stay with thee.

MARGARET

Be quick! Be quick!
 Save thy perishing child!
 Away! Follow the ridge
 Up by the brook,
 Over the bridge,
 Into the wood,

To the left, where the plank is placed
 In the pool!
 Seize it in haste!
 'Tis trying to rise,
 'Tis struggling still!
 Save it! Save it!

FAUST

Recall thy wandering will!
 One step, and thou art free at last!

MARGARET

If the mountain we had only passed!
 There sits my mother upon a stone,—

I feel an icy shiver!
 There sits my mother upon a stone,
 And her head is wagging ever.
 She beckons, she nods not, her heavy head falls o'er;
 She slept so long that she wakes no more.
 She slept, while we were caressing:
 Ah, those were the days of blessing!

FAUST

Here words and prayers are nothing worth;
 I'll venture, then, to bear thee forth.

MARGARET

No—let me go! I'll suffer no force!
 Grasp me not so murderously!
 I've done, else, all things for the love of thee.

FAUST

The day dawns: Dearest! Dearest!

MARGARET

Day? Yes, the day comes,—the last day breaks for me!
 My wedding day it was to be!
 Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!
 Woe for my garland! The chances
 Are over—'tis all in vain!
 We shall meet once again,
 But not at the dances!
 The crowd is thronging, no word is spoken:
 The square below
 And the streets overflow:
 The death-bell tolls, the wand is broken.
 I am seized, and bound, and delivered—
 Shoved to the block—they give the sign!
 Now over each neck has quivered
 The blade that is quivering over mine.
 Dumb lies the world like the grave!

FAUST

Oh, had I ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*appears outside*]

Off! or you're lost ere morn.
 Useless talking, delaying, and praying!

My horses are neighing:
The morning twilight is near.

MARGARET

What rises up from the threshold here?

He! he! suffer him not!

What does he want in this holy spot?

He seeks me!

FAUST

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET

Judgment of God! myself to thee I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*]

Come! or I'll leave her in the lurch, and thee!

MARGARET

Thine am I, Father! rescue me!

Ye angels, holy cohorts, guard me,

Camp around, and from evil ward me!

Henry! I shudder to think of thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES

She is judged!

VOICE [*from above*]

She is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*to Faust*]

Hither to me!

[*He disappears with Faust.*]

VOICE [*from within, dying away*]

Henry! Henry!

THE DEATH OF FAUST

LEMURES

[Digging with mocking gestures]

IN YOUTH when I did love, did love,
 Methought it was very sweet;
 When 'twas jolly and merry every way,
 And I blithely moved my feet.

But now old Age, with his stealing steps,
 Hath clawed me with his crutch:
 I stumbled over the door of a grave;
 Why leave they open such?

FAUST

[Comes forth from the palace, groping his way along the door-posts]

How I rejoice to hear the clattering spade!
 It is the crowd, for me in service moiling,
 Till Earth be reconciled to toiling,
 Till the proud waves be stayed,
 And the sea girded with a rigid zone.

MEPHISTOPHELES *[aside]*

And yet thou'rt laboring for us alone,
 With all thy dikes and bulwarks daring;
 Since thou for Neptune art preparing—
 The Ocean Devil—carousal great.
 In every way shall ye be stranded;
 The elements with us are banded,
 And ruin is the certain fate.

FAUST

Overseer!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here!

FAUST

However possible,
 Collect a crowd of men with vigor,
 Spur by indulgence, praise, or rigor,—
 Reward, allure, conscript, compel!
 Each day report me, and correctly note
 How grows in length the undertaken moat.

MEPHISTOPHELES [*half aloud*]

When they to me the information gave,
They spake not of a moat, but of—a grave.

FAUST

Below the hills a marshy plain
Infects what I so long have been retrieving;
This stagnant pool likewise to drain
Were now my latest and my best achieving.
To many millions let me furnish soil,
Though not secure, yet free to active toil;
Green, fertile fields, where men and herds go forth
At once, with comfort, on the newest earth,
And swiftly settled on the hill's firm base,
Created by the bold, industrious race.
A land like Paradise here, round about;
Up to the brink the tide may roar without,
And though it gnaw, to burst with force the limit,
By common impulse all unite to hem it.
Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.
Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day:
And such a throng I fain would see,—
Stand on free soil among a people free!
Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:
 "Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"
The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
In æons perish,—they are there!
In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
I now enjoy the highest Moment,—this!

[*Faust sinks back: the Lemures take him and lay him upon the ground.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES

No joy could sate him, and suffice no bliss!
To catch but shifting shapes was his endeavor:
The latest, poorest, emptiest Moment—this,—
He wished to hold it fast forever.
Me he resisted in such vigorous wise,
But Time is lord, on earth the old man lies.
The clock stands still—

CHORUS

Stands still! silent as midnight, now!
The index falls.

MEPHISTOPHELES

It falls; and it is finished, here!

CHORUS

'Tis past!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Past! a stupid word.

If past, then why?

Past and pure Naught, complete monotony!

What good for us, this endlessly creating?—

What is created then annihilating?

"And now it's past!" Why read a page so twisted?

'Tis just the same as if it ne'er existed,

Yet goes in circles round as if it had, however:

I'd rather choose, instead, the Void forever.

THE SALVATION OF FAUST

ANGELS

[Soaring in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of Faust]

THE noble spirit now is free,
And saved from evil scheming:
Whoe'er aspires unweariedly
Is not beyond redeeming.
And if he feels the grace of love
That from on high is given,
The blessed hosts, that wait above,
Shall welcome him to heaven!

THE YOUNGER ANGELS

They, the roses, freely spend
By the penitent, the glorious,
Helped to make the fight victorious,
And the lofty work is ended.
We this precious soul have won us;
Evil ones we forced to shun us;

Devils fled us when we hit them:
 'Stead of pangs of hell, that bit them,
 Love pangs felt they, sharper, vaster:
 Even he, old Satan Master,
 Pierced with keenest pain retreated.
 Now rejoice! The work's completed!

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS

Earth's residue to bear
 Hath sorely pressed us;
 It were not pure and fair,
 Though 'twere asbestus.
 When every element
 The mind's high forces
 Have seized, subdued, and blent,
 No angel divorces
 Twin natures single grown,
 That inly mate them:
 Eternal love alone
 Can separate them.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS

Mist-like on heights above,
 We now are seeing
 Nearer and nearer move
 Spiritual Being.
 The clouds are growing clear;
 And moving throngs appear
 Of blessed boys,
 Free from the earthly gloom,
 In circling poise,
 Who taste the cheer
 Of the new springtime bloom
 Of the upper sphere.
 Let them inaugurate
 Him to the perfect state,
 Now, as their peer!

THE BLESSED BOYS

Gladly receive we now
 Him, as a chrysalis:
 Therefore achieve we now
 Pledge of our bliss.

The earth-flakes dissipate
 That cling around him!
 See, he is fair and great!
 Divine Life hath crowned him.

DOCTOR MARIANUS

[In the highest, purest cell]

Free is the view at last,
 The spirit lifted:
 There women, floating past,
 Are upward drifted:
 The Glorious One therein,
 With star-crown tender,—
 The pure, the Heavenly Queen,
 I know her splendor.

[Enraptured]

Highest Mistress of the World!
 Let me in the azure
 Tent of Heaven, in light unfurled,
 Here thy Mystery measure!
 Justify sweet thoughts that move
 Breast of man to meet thee,
 And with holy bliss of love
 Bear him up to greet thee!
 With unconquered courage we
 Do thy bidding highest;
 But at once shall gentle be,
 When thou pacifiest.
 Virgin, pure in brightest sheen,
 Mother sweet, supernal,—
 Unto us Elected Queen,
 Peer of Gods Eternal!
 Light clouds are circling
 Around her splendor,—
 Penitent women
 Of natures tender,
 Her knees embracing,
 Ether respiring,
 Mercy requiring!
 Thou, in immaculate ray,
 Mercy not leavest,
 And the lightly led astray,
 Who trust thee, receivest!

In their weakness fallen at length,
 Hard it is to save them:
 Who can crush, by native strength,
 Vices that enslave them?
 Whose the foot that may not slip
 On the surface slanting?
 Whom befooled not eye and lip,
 Breath and voice enchanting?

The Mater Gloriosa soars into the space

CHORUS OF WOMEN PENITENTS

To heights thou'rt speeding
 Of endless Eden:
 Receive our pleading,
 Transcendent Maiden,
 With mercy laden!

MAGNA PECCATRIX [*St. Luke*, vii. 36]

By the love before him kneeling,—
 Him, thy Son, a Godlike vision;
 By the tears like balsam stealing,
 Spite of Pharisees' derision;
 By the box, whose ointment precious
 Shed its spice and odors cheery;
 By the locks, whose softest meshes
 Dried the holy feet and weary!—

MULIER SAMARITANA [*St. John*, iv.]

By that well, the ancient station
 Whither Abram's flocks were driven;
 By the jar, whose restoration
 To the Savior's lips was given;
 By the fountain pure and vernal,
 Thence its present bounty spending,—
 Overflowing, bright, eternal,
 Watering the worlds unending!—

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA [*Acta Sanctorum*]

By the place where the immortal
 Body of the Lord hath lain;
 By the arm which, from the portal,
 Warning, thrust me back again;
 By the forty years' repentance
 In the lonely desert land;

By the blissful farewell sentence
Which I wrote upon the sand!—

THE THREE

Thou thy presence not deniest
Unto sinful women ever,—
Liftest them to win the highest
Gain of penitent endeavor,—
So, from this good soul withdraw not—
Who but once forgot, transgressing,
Who her loving error saw not—
Pardon adequate, and blessing!

UNA PŒNITENTIUM

[Formerly named Margaret, stealing closer]

Incline, O Maiden,
With mercy laden,
In light unfading,
Thy gracious countenance upon my bliss!
My loved, my lover,
His trials over
In yonder world, returns to me in this!

BLESSED BOYS

[Approaching in hovering circles]

With mighty limbs he towers
Already above us;
He, for this love of ours,
Will richlier love us.
Early were we removed,
Ere Life could reach us;
Yet he hath learned and proved,
And he will teach us.

THE PENITENT

[Formerly named Margaret]

The spirit choir around him seeing,
New to himself, he scarce divines
His heritage of new-born Being,
When like the Holy Host he shines.
Behold, how he each band hath cloven
The earthly life had round him thrown.

And through his garb, of ether woven,
 The early force of youth is shown!
 Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him!
 Still dazzles him the Day's new glare.

MATER GLORIOSA

Rise thou to higher spheres! Conduct him,
 Who, feeling thee, shall follow there!

DOCTOR MARIANUS

[*Prostrate, adoring*]

Penitents, look up, elate,
 Where she beams salvation;
 Gratefully to blessed fate
 Grow, in re-creation!
 Be our souls, as they have been,
 Dedicate to thee!
 Virgin Holy, Mother, Queen,
 Goddess, gracious be!

CHORUS MYSTICUS

All things transitory
 But as symbols are sent:
 Earth's insufficiency
 Here grows to Event:
 The Indescribable,
 Here it is done:
 The Woman Soul leadeth us
 Upward and on!

MIGNON'S LOVE AND LONGING

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.' Carlyle's Translation

NOTHING is more touching than the first disclosure of a love which has been nursed in silence; of a faith grown strong in secret, and which at last comes forth in the hour of need and reveals itself to him who formerly has reckoned it of small account. The bud which had been closed so long and firmly was now ripe to burst its swathings, and Wilhelm's heart could never have been readier to welcome the impressions of affection.

She stood before him, and noticed his disquietude. "Master!" she cried, "if thou art unhappy, what will become of Mignon?" "Dear little creature," said he, taking her hands, "thou too art part of my anxieties. I must go hence." She looked at his eyes, glistening with restrained tears, and knelt down with vehemence before him. He kept her hands; she laid her head upon his knees, and remained quite still. He played with her hair, patted her, and spoke kindly to her. She continued motionless for a considerable time. At last he felt a sort of palpitating movement in her, which began very softly, and then by degrees, with increasing violence, diffused itself over all her frame. "What ails thee, Mignon?" cried he; "what ails thee?" She raised her little head, looked at him, and all at once laid her hand upon her heart, with the countenance of one repressing the utterance of pain. He raised her up, and she fell upon his breast; he pressed her towards him, and kissed her. She replied not by any pressure of the hand, by any motion whatever. She held firmly against her heart; and all at once gave a cry, which was accompanied by spasmodic movements of the body. She started up, and immediately fell down before him, as if broken in every joint. It was an excruciating moment! "My child!" cried he, raising her up and clasping her fast,—*"my child, what ails thee?"* The palpitations continued, spreading from the heart over all the lax and powerless limbs; she was merely hanging in his arms. All at once she again became quite stiff, like one enduring the sharpest corporeal agony; and soon with a new vehemence all her frame once more became alive, and she threw herself about his neck, like a bent spring that is closing; while in her soul, as it were, a strong rent took place, and at the same moment a stream of tears flowed from her shut eyes into his bosom. He held her fast. She wept, and no tongue can express the force of these tears. Her long hair had loosened, and was hanging down before her; it seemed as if her whole being was melting incessantly into a brook of tears. Her rigid limbs were again become relaxed; her inmost soul was pouring itself forth; in the wild confusion of the moment, Wilhelm was afraid she would dissolve in his arms, and leave nothing there for him to grasp. He held her faster and faster. "My child!" cried he, "my child! thou art indeed mine, if that word can comfort thee. Thou art mine! I will keep thee, I will never forsake thee!" Her tears continued flowing. At last she raised herself; a faint gladness

shone upon her face. "My father!" cried she, "thou wilt not forsake me? Wilt be my father? I am thy child!"

Softly, at this moment, the harp began to sound before the door; the old man brought his most affecting songs as an evening offering to our friend, who, holding his child ever faster in his arms, enjoyed the most pure and undescribable felicity.

"KNOW'ST thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep-blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there! 'Tis there,
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

"Know'st thou the house, it's porch with pillars tall?
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look each one:
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done?
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there! 'Tis there,
O my protector, thou with me must go!

"Know'st thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on cloud?
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,
In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood,
The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there! 'Tis there
Our way runs: O my father, wilt thou go?"

Next morning, on looking for Mignon about the house, Wilhelm did not find her, but was informed that she had gone out early with Melina, who had risen betimes to receive the wardrobe and other apparatus of his theatre.

After the space of some hours, Wilhelm heard the sound of music before his door. At first he thought it was the harper come again to visit him; but he soon distinguished the tones of a cithern, and the voice which began to sing was Mignon's. Wilhelm opened the door; the child came in, and sang him the song we have just given above.

The music and general expression of it pleased our friend extremely, though he could not understand all the words. He

made her once more repeat the stanzas, and explain them; he wrote them down, and translated them into his native language. But the originality of its turns he could imitate only from afar: its childlike innocence of expression vanished from it in the process of reducing its broken phraseology to uniformity, and combining its disjointed parts. The charm of the tune, moreover, was entirely incomparable.

She began every verse in a stately and solemn manner, as if she wished to draw attention towards something wonderful, as if she had something weighty to communicate. In the third line, her tones became deeper and gloomier; the "Know'st thou it then?" was uttered with a show of mystery and eager circumspectness; in the "'Tis there! 'Tis there!" lay a boundless longing; and her "With me must go!" she modified at each repetition, so that now it appeared to entreat and implore, now to impel and persuade.

On finishing her song for the second time, she stood silent for a moment, looked keenly at Wilhelm, and asked him, "*Know'st thou the land?*" "It must mean Italy," said Wilhelm: "where didst thou get the little song?" "Italy!" said Mignon, with an earnest air. "If thou go to Italy, take me along with thee; for I am too cold here." "Hast thou been there already, little dear?" said Wilhelm. But the child was silent, and nothing more could be got out of her.

WILHELM MEISTER'S INTRODUCTION TO SHAKESPEARE

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.' Carlyle's Translation

"**H**AVE you never," said Jarno, taking him aside, "read one of Shakespeare's plays?"

"No," replied Wilhelm: "since the time when they became more known in Germany, I have myself grown unacquainted with the theatre; and I know not whether I should now rejoice that an old taste and occupation of my youth, has been by chance renewed. In the mean time, all that I have heard of these plays has excited little wish to become acquainted with such extraordinary monsters, which appear to set probability and dignity alike at defiance."

"I would advise you," said the other, "to make a trial, notwithstanding: it can do one no harm to look at what is extraordinary with one's own eyes. I will lend you a volume or two; and

you cannot better spend your time than by casting everything aside, and retiring to the solitude of your old habitation, to look into the magic lantern of that unknown world. It is sinful of you to waste your hours in dressing out these apes to look more human, and teaching dogs to dance. One thing only I require,—you must not cavil at the form; the rest I can leave to your own good sense and feeling.”

The horses were standing at the door; and Jarno mounted with some other cavaliers, to go and hunt. Wilhelm looked after him with sadness. He would fain have spoken much with this man who though in a harsh, unfriendly way, gave him new ideas,—ideas that he had need of.

Oftentimes a man, when approaching some development of his powers, capacities, and conceptions, gets into a perplexity from which a prudent friend might easily deliver him. He resembles a traveler, who, at but a short distance from the inn he is to rest at, falls into the water: were any one to catch him then and pull him to the bank, with one good wetting it were over; whereas, though he struggles out himself, it is often at the side where he tumbled in, and he has to make a wide and weary circuit before reaching his appointed object.

Wilhelm now began to have an inkling that things went forward in the world differently from what he had supposed. He now viewed close at hand the solemn and imposing life of the great and distinguished, and wondered at the easy dignity which they contrived to give it. An army on its march, a princely hero at the head of it, such a multitude of co-operating warriors, such a multitude of crowding worshipers, exalted his imagination. In this mood he received the promised books; and ere long, as may be easily supposed, the stream of that mighty genius laid hold of him and led him down to a shoreless ocean, where he soon completely forgot and lost himself. . . .

Wilhelm had scarcely read one or two of Shakespeare's plays, till their effect on him became so strong that he could go no further. His whole soul was in commotion. He sought an opportunity to speak with Jarno; to whom, on meeting with him, he expressed his boundless gratitude for such delicious entertainment.

“I clearly enough foresaw,” said Jarno, “that you would not remain insensible to the charms of the most extraordinary and most admirable of all writers.”

"Yes!" exclaimed our friend: "I cannot recollect that any book, any man, any incident of my life, has produced such important effects on me, as the precious works to which by your kindness I have been directed. They seem as if they were performances of some celestial genius descending among men, to make them by the mildest instructions acquainted with themselves. They are no fictions! You would think, while reading them, you stood before the inclosed awful Books of Fate, while the whirlwind of most impassioned life was howling through the leaves, and tossing them fiercely to and fro. The strength and tenderness, the power and peacefulness of this man, have so astonished and transported me, that I long vehemently for the time when I shall have it in my power to read further."

"Bravo!" said Jarro, holding out his hand, and squeezing our friend's. "This is as it should be! And the consequences which I hope for will likewise surely follow."

"I wish," said Wilhelm, "I could but disclose to you all that is going on within me even now. All the anticipations I have ever had regarding man and his destiny, which have accompanied me from youth upwards often unobserved by myself, I find developed and fulfilled in Shakespeare's writings. It seems as if he cleared up every one of our enigmas to us, though we cannot say, Here or there is the word of solution. His men appear like natural men, and yet they are not. These, the most mysterious and complex productions of creation, here act before us as if they were watches, whose dial-plates and cases were of crystal, which pointed out according to their use the course of the hours and minutes; while at the same time you could discern the combination of wheels and springs that turn them. The few glances I have cast over Shakespeare's world incite me, more than anything beside, to quicken my footsteps forward into the actual world, to mingle in the flood of destinies that is suspended over it; and at length, if I shall prosper, to draw a few cups from the great ocean of true nature, and to distribute them from off the stage among the thirsting people of my native land."

WILHELM MEISTER'S ANALYSIS OF HAMLET

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

SEEING the company so favorably disposed, Wilhelm now hoped he might further have it in his power to converse with them on the poetic merit of the pieces which might come before them. "It is not enough," said he next day, when they were all again assembled, "for the actor merely to glance over a dramatic work, to judge of it by his first impression, and thus without investigation to declare his satisfaction or dissatisfaction with it. Such things may be allowed in a spectator, whose purpose it is rather to be entertained and moved than formally to criticize. But the actor, on the other hand, should be prepared to give a reason for his praise or censure: and how shall he do this if he have not taught himself to penetrate the sense, the views, and feelings of his author? A common error is, to form a judgment of a drama from a single part in it; and to look upon this part itself in an isolated point of view, not in its connection with the whole. I have noticed this within a few days so clearly in my own conduct, that I will give you the account as an example, if you please to hear me patiently.

"You all know Shakespeare's incomparable 'Hamlet': our public reading of it at the Castle yielded every one of us the greatest satisfaction. On that occasion we proposed to act the piece; and I, not knowing what I undertook, engaged to play the Prince's part. This I conceived that I was studying, while I began to get by heart the strongest passages, the soliloquies, and those scenes in which force of soul, vehemence, and elevation of feeling have the freest scope; where the agitated heart is allowed to display itself with touching expressiveness.

"I further conceived that I was penetrating quite into the spirit of the character, while I endeavored as it were to take upon myself the load of deep melancholy under which my prototype was laboring, and in this humor to pursue him through the strange labyrinths of his caprices and his singularities. Thus learning, thus practicing, I doubted not but I should by-and-by become one person with my hero.

"But the farther I advanced, the more difficult did it become for me to form any image of the whole, in its general bearings; till at last it seemed as if impossible. I next went through the entire piece, without interruption; but here too I found much

that I could not away with. At one time the characters, at another time the manner of displaying them, seemed inconsistent; and I almost despaired of finding any general tint, in which I might present my whole part with all its shadings and variations. In such devious paths I toiled, and wandered long in vain; till at length a hope arose that I might reach my aim in quite a new way.

"I set about investigating every trace of Hamlet's character, as it had shown itself before his father's death: I endeavored to distinguish what in it was independent of this mournful event; independent of the terrible events that followed; and what most probably the young man would have been, had no such thing occurred.

"Soft, and from a noble stem, this royal flower had sprung up under the immediate influences of majesty; the idea of moral rectitude with that of princely elevation, the feeling of the good and dignified with the consciousness of high birth, had in him been unfolded simultaneously. He was a prince, by birth a prince; and he wished to reign, only that good men might be good without obstruction. Pleasing in form, polished by nature, courteous from the heart, he was meant to be the pattern of youth and the joy of the world.

"Without any prominent passion, his love for Ophelia was a still presentiment of sweet wants. His zeal in knightly accomplishments was not entirely his own; it needed to be quickened and inflamed by praise bestowed on others for excelling in them. Pure in sentiment, he knew the honorable-minded, and could prize the rest which an upright spirit tastes on the bosom of a friend. To a certain degree, he had learned to discern and value the good and the beautiful in arts and sciences; the mean, the vulgar was offensive to him: and if hatred could take root in his tender soul, it was only so far as to make him properly despise the false and changeful insects of a court, and play with them in easy scorn. He was calm in his temper, artless in his conduct, neither pleased with idleness nor too violently eager for employment. The routine of a university he seemed to continue when at court. He possessed more mirth of humor than of heart; he was a good companion, pliant, courteous, discreet, and able to forget and forgive an injury, yet never able to unite himself with those who overstept the limits of the right, the good, and the becoming.

"When we read the piece again, you shall judge whether I am yet on the proper track. I hope at least to bring forward passages that shall support my opinion in its main points."

This delineation was received with warm approval; the company imagined they foresaw that Hamlet's manner of proceeding might now be very satisfactorily explained; they applauded this method of penetrating into the spirit of a writer. Each of them proposed to himself to take up some piece, and study it on these principles, and so unfold the author's meaning. . . .

Loving Shakespeare as our friend did, he failed not to lead round the conversation to the merits of that dramatist. Expressing, as he entertained, the liveliest hopes of the new epoch which these exquisite productions must form in Germany, he ere long introduced his 'Hamlet,' who had busied him so much of late.

Serlo declared that he would long ago have played the piece, had this been possible, and that he himself would willingly engage to act Polonius. He added with a smile, "An Ophelia too will certainly turn up, if we had but a Prince."

Wilhelm did not notice that Aurelia seemed a little hurt at her brother's sarcasm. Our friend was in his proper vein, becoming copious and didactic, expounding how he would have 'Hamlet' played. He circumstantially delivered to his hearers the opinions we before saw him busied with; taking all the trouble possible to make his notion of the matter acceptable, skeptical as Serlo showed himself regarding it. "Well then," said the latter finally, "suppose we grant you all this, what will you explain by it?"

"Much, everything," said Wilhelm. "Conceive a prince such as I have painted him, and that his father suddenly dies. Ambition and the love of rule are not the passions that inspire him. As a king's son, he would have been contented; but now he is first constrained to consider the difference which separates a sovereign from a subject. The crown was not hereditary; yet a longer possession of it by his father would have strengthened the pretensions of an only son, and secured his hopes of the succession. In place of this, he now beholds himself excluded by his uncle, in spite of specious promises, most probably forever. He is now poor in goods and favor, and a stranger in the scene which from youth he had looked upon as his inheritance. His temper here assumes its first mournful tinge. He feels that now

he is not more, that he is less, than a private nobleman; he offers himself as the servant of every one; he is not courteous and condescending, he is needy and degraded.

"His past condition he remembers as a vanished dream. It is in vain that his uncle strives to cheer him, to present his situation in another point of view. The feeling of his nothingness will not leave him.

"The second stroke that came upon him wounded deeper, bowed still more. It was the marriage of his mother. The faithful tender son had yet a mother, when his father passed away. He hoped in the company of his surviving, noble-minded parent, to reverence the heroic form of the departed; but his mother too he loses, and it is something worse than death that robs him of her. The trustful image which a good child loves to form of its parents is gone. With the dead there is no help; on the living no hold. She also is a woman, and her name is Frailty, like that of all her sex.

"Now first does he feel himself completely bent and orphaned; and no happiness of life can repay what he has lost. Not reflective or sorrowful by nature, reflection and sorrow have become for him a heavy obligation. It is thus that we see him first enter on the scene. I do not think that I have mixed aught foreign with the piece, or overcharged a single feature of it."

Serlo looked at his sister and said, "Did I give thee a false picture of our friend? He begins well; he has still many things to tell us, many to persuade us of." Wilhelm asseverated loudly that he meant not to persuade but to convince; he begged for another moment's patience.

"Figure to yourselves this youth," cried he, "this son of princes; conceive him vividly, bring his state before your eyes, and then observe him when he learns that his father's spirit walks; stand by him in the terrors of the night, when the venerable ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him; he speaks to the mysterious form; he sees it beckon him; he follows it, and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears; the summons to revenge, and the piercing oft-repeated prayer, Remember me!

"And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance? A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown? No! trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young

man; he grows bitter against smiling villains, swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the significant ejaculation:—

“The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!”

“In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet’s whole procedure. To me it is clear that Shakespeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered.

“A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him, not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds, and turns, and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind.”

Aurelia seemed to give but little heed to what was passing; at last she conducted Wilhelm to another room, and going to the window, and looking out at the starry sky she said to him, “You have still much to tell us about Hamlet; I will not hurry you; my brother must hear it as well as I; but let me beg to know your thoughts about Ophelia.”

“Of her there cannot much be said,” he answered; “for a few master strokes complete her character. The whole being of Ophelia floats in sweet and ripe sensation. Kindness for the Prince, to whose hand she may aspire, flows so spontaneously, her tender heart obeys its impulses so unresistingly, that both father and brother are afraid; both give her warning harshly and directly. Decorum, like the thin lawn upon her bosom, cannot hide the soft, still movements of her heart; it on the contrary betrays them. Her fancy is smit; her silent modesty breathes amiable desire; and if the friendly goddess Opportunity should shake the tree, its fruit would fall.”

“And then,” said Aurelia, “when she beholds herself forsaken, cast away, despised; when all is inverted in the soul of her crazed

lover and the highest changes to the lowest, and instead of the sweet cup of love he offers her the bitter cup of woe—”

“Her heart breaks,” cried Wilhelm; “the whole structure of her being is loosened from its joinings; her father’s death strikes fiercely against it; and the fair edifice altogether crumbles into fragments.” . . .

Serlo, at this moment entering, inquired about his sister; and looking in the book which our friend had hold of, cried, “So you are again at ‘Hamlet’? Very good! Many doubts have arisen in me, which seem not a little to impair the canonical aspect of the piece as you would have it viewed. The English themselves have admitted that its chief interest concludes with the third act; the last two lagging sordidly on, and scarcely uniting with the rest: and certainly about the end it seems to stand stock still.”

“It is very possible,” said Wilhelm, “that some individuals of a nation which has so many masterpieces to feel proud of, may be led by prejudice and narrowness of mind to form false judgments; but this cannot hinder us from looking with our own eyes, and doing justice where we see it due. I am very far from censuring the plan of ‘Hamlet’: on the other hand, I believe there never was a grander one invented; nay, it is not invented, it is real.”

“How do you demonstrate that?” inquired Serlo.

“I will not demonstrate anything,” said Wilhelm; “I will merely show you what my own conceptions of it are.”

Aurelia rose up from her cushion, leaned upon her hand, and looked at Wilhelm; who, with the firmest assurance that he was in the right, went on as follows:—

“It pleases us, it flatters us to see a hero acting on his own strength; loving and hating as his heart directs him; undertaking and completing; casting every obstacle aside; and at length attaining some great object which he aimed at. Poets and historians would willingly persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In ‘Hamlet’ we are taught another lesson: the hero is without a plan, but the piece is full of plan. Here we have no villain punished on some self-conceived and rigidly accomplished scheme of vengeance: a horrid deed occurs; it rolls itself along with all its consequences, dragging guiltless persons also in its course; the perpetrator seems as if he would evade the abyss which is made ready for him, yet he plunges in, at the very

point by which he thinks he shall escape and happily complete his course.

"For it is the property of crime to extend its mischief over innocence, as it is of virtue to extend its blessings over many that deserve them not; while frequently the author of the one or of the other is not punished or rewarded at all. Here in this play of ours, how strange! The Pit of Darkness sends its spirit and demands revenge; in vain! All circumstances tend one way, and hurry to revenge; in vain! Neither earthly nor infernal thing may bring about what is reserved for Fate alone. The hour of judgment comes: the wicked falls with the good; one race is mowed away, that another may spring up."

After a pause, in which they looked at one another, Serlo said: "You pay no great compliment to Providence, in thus exalting Shakespeare; and besides, it appears to me that for the honor of your poet, as others for the honor of Providence, you ascribe to him an object and a plan which he himself had never thought of."

"Let me also put a question," said Aurelia. "I have looked at Ophelia's part again; I am contented with it, and conceive that under certain circumstances I could play it. But tell me, should not the poet have furnished the insane maiden with another sort of songs? Could not one select some fragments out of melancholy ballads for this purpose? What have double meanings and lascivious insipidities to do in the mouth of such a noble-minded person?"

"Dear friend," said Wilhelm, "even here I cannot yield you one iota. In these singularities, in this apparent impropriety, a deep sense is hid. Do we not understand from the very first what the mind of the good soft-hearted girl was busied with? Silently she lived within herself, yet she scarce concealed her wishes, her longing; the tones of desire were in secret ringing through her soul; and how often may she have attempted, like an unskillful nurse, to lull her senses to repose with songs which only kept them more awake? But at last, when her self-command is altogether gone, when the secrets of her heart are hovering on her tongue, that tongue betrays her; and in the innocence of insanity she solaces herself, unmindful of king or queen, with the echo of her loose and well-beloved songs, 'Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's Day,' and 'By Gis and by Saint Charity.'

"I am much mistaken," cried he, "if I have not now discovered how the whole is to be managed; nay, I am convinced that Shakespeare himself would have arranged it so, had not his mind been too exclusively directed to the ruling interest, and perhaps misled by the novels which furnished him with his materials."

"Let us hear," said Serlo, placing himself with an air of solemnity upon the sofa; "I will listen calmly, but judge with rigor."

"I am not afraid of you," said Wilhelm; "only hear me. In the composition of this play, after the most accurate investigation and the most mature reflection, I distinguish two classes of objects. The first are the grand internal relations of the persons and events, the powerful effects which arise from the characters and proceedings of the main figures: these, I hold, are individually excellent, and the order in which they are presented cannot be improved. No kind of interference must be suffered to destroy them, or even essentially to change their form. These are the things which stamp themselves deep into the soul; which all men long to see, which no one dares to meddle with. Accordingly, I understand, they have almost wholly been retained in all our German theatres.

"But our countrymen have erred, in my opinion, with regard to the second class of objects which may be observed in this tragedy: I allude to the external relations of the persons, whereby they are brought from place to place, or combined in various ways by certain accidental incidents. These they have looked upon as very unimportant; have spoken of them only in passing, or left them out altogether. Now indeed it must be owned that these threads are slack and slender; yet they run through the entire piece, and bind together much that would otherwise fall asunder, and does actually fall asunder when you cut them off, and imagine you have done enough and more if you have left the ends hanging.

"Among these external relations I include the disturbances in Norway, the war with young Fortinbras, the embassy to his uncle, the settling of that feud, the march of young Fortinbras to Poland, and his coming back at the end; of the same sort are Horatio's return from Wittenberg, Hamlet's wish to go thither, the journey of Laertes to France, his return, the dispatch of Hamlet into England, his capture by pirates, the death of the

two courtiers by the letter which they carried. All these circumstances and events would be very fit for expanding and lengthening a novel; but here they injure exceedingly the unity of the piece,—particularly as the hero had no plan,—and are in consequence entirely out of place.”

“For once in the right!” cried Serlo.

“Do not interrupt me,” answered Wilhelm; “perhaps you will not always think me right. These errors are like temporary props of an edifice; they must not be removed till we have built a firm wall in their stead. My project therefore is, not at all to change those first-mentioned grand situations, or at least as much as possible to spare them, both collectively and individually; but with respect to these external, single, dissipated, and dissipating motives, to cast them all at once away, and substitute a solitary one instead of them.”

“And this?” inquired Serlo, springing up from his recumbent posture.

“It lies in the piece itself,” answered Wilhelm, “only I employ it rightly. There are disturbances in Norway. You shall hear my plan and try it.

“After the death of Hamlet the father, the Norwegians, lately conquered, grow unruly. The viceroy of that country sends his son Horatio, an old school friend of Hamlet’s, and distinguished above every other for his bravery and prudence, to Denmark, to press forward the equipment of the fleet, which under the new luxurious King proceeds but slowly. Horatio has known the former King, having fought in his battles, having even stood in favor with him; a circumstance by which the first ghost scene will be nothing injured. The new sovereign gives Horatio audience, and sends Laertes into Norway with intelligence that the fleet will soon arrive, whilst Horatio is commissioned to accelerate the preparation of it; and the Queen, on the other hand, will not consent that Hamlet, as he wishes, should go to sea along with him.”

“Heaven be praised!” cried Serlo; “we shall now get rid of Wittenberg and the university, which was always a sorry piece of business. I think your idea extremely good: for except these two distant objects, Norway and the fleet, the spectator will not be required to *fancy* anything: the rest he will *see*; the rest takes place before him; whereas his imagination, on the other plan, was hunted over all the world.”

"You easily perceive," said Wilhelm, "how I shall contrive to keep the other parts together. When Hamlet tells Horatio of his uncle's crime, Horatio counsels him to go to Norway in his company, to secure the affections of the army, and return in warlike force. Hamlet also is becoming dangerous to the King and Queen; they find no readier method of deliverance than to send him in the fleet, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to be spies upon him: and as Laertes in the mean time comes from France, they determine that this youth, exasperated even to murder, shall go after him. Unfavorable winds detain the fleet; Hamlet returns: for his wandering through the church-yard perhaps some lucky motive may be thought of; his meeting with Laertes in Ophelia's grave is a grand moment, which we must not part with. After this, the King resolves that it is better to get quit of Hamlet on the spot: the festival of his departure, the pretended reconciliation with Laertes, are now solemnized; on which occasion knightly sports are held, and Laertes fights with Hamlet. Without the four corpses I cannot end the piece; not one of them can possibly be left. The right of popular election now again comes in force, and Hamlet gives his dying voice for Horatio."

"Quick! quick!" said Serlo; "sit down and work the piece; your plan has my entire approbation; only do not let your zeal for it evaporate."

Wilhelm had already been for some time busied with translating Hamlet; making use, as he labored, of Wieland's spirited performance, by means of which he had first become acquainted with Shakespeare. What in Wieland's work had been omitted he replaced; and he had at length procured himself a complete version, at the very time when Serlo and he finally agreed about the way of treating it. He now began, according to his plan, to cut out and insert, to separate and unite, to alter and often to restore; for satisfied as he was with his own conception, it still appeared to him as if in executing it he were but spoiling the original.

So soon as all was finished, he read his work to Serlo and the rest. They declared themselves exceedingly contented with it; Serlo in particular made many flattering observations.

"You have felt very justly," said he, among other things, "that some external circumstances must accompany this piece; but that they must be simpler than those which the great poet

has employed. What takes place without the theatre—what the spectator does not see, but must imagine for himself—is like a background, in front of which the acting figures move. Your large and simple prospect of the fleet and Norway will very much improve the piece; if this were altogether taken from it, we should have but a family scene remaining; and the great idea, that here a kingly house by internal crimes and incongruities goes down to ruin, would not be presented with its proper dignity. But if the former background were left standing, so manifold, so fluctuating and confused, it would hurt the impression of the figures.”

Wilhelm again took Shakespeare's part: alleging that he wrote for islanders, for Englishmen, who generally, in the distance, were accustomed to see little else than ships and voyages, the coast of France and privateers; and thus what perplexed and distracted others was to them quite natural.

Serlo assented; and both of them were of opinion that as the piece was now to be produced upon the German stage, this more serious and simple background was the best adapted for the German mind.

The parts had been distributed before: Serlo undertook Polonius; Aurelia undertook Ophelia; Laertes was already designated by his name; a young, thick-set, jolly new-comer was to be Horatio; the King and the Ghost alone occasioned some perplexity. For both of these was no one but Old Boisterous remaining. Serlo proposed to make the Pedant King; but against this our friend protested in the strongest terms. They could resolve on nothing.

Wilhelm also had allowed both Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to continue in his piece. “Why not compress them into one?” said Serlo. “This abbreviation will not cost you much.”

“Heaven keep me from such curtailments!” answered Wilhelm; “they destroy at once the sense and the effect. What these two persons are and do it is impossible to represent by one. In such small matters we discover Shakespeare's greatness. These soft approaches, this smirking and bowing, this assenting, wheedling, flattering, this whisking agility, this wagging of the tail, this allness and emptiness, this legal knavery, this ineptitude and insipidity,—how can they be expressed by a single man? There ought to be at least a dozen of these people if they could be had, for it is only in society that they are anything; they are

society itself; and Shakespeare showed no little wisdom and discernment in bringing in a pair of them. Besides, I need them as a couple that may be contrasted with the single, noble, excellent Horatio."

THE INDENTURE

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

ART is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy, to think is hard; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished, his impressions guide him; he learns sportfully, seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not; with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much and is always wrong; who knows it wholly, inclines to act and speaks seldom or late. The former have no secrets and no force; the instruction they can give is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day; but flour cannot be sown, and seed corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing while he acts aright; but of what is wrong we are always conscious. Whoever works with symbols only is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best. The instruction which the true artist gives us opens the mind; for where words fail him, deeds speak. The true scholar learns from the known to unfold the unknown, and approaches more and more to being a master.

THE HARPER'S SONGS

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

"WHAT notes are those without the wall,
 Across the portal sounding?
 Let's have the music in our hall,
 Back from its roof rebounding."

So spoke the king: the henchman flies;
 His answer heard, the monarch cries,
 "Bring in that ancient minstrel."

"Hail, gracious king, each noble knight!
 Each lovely dame, I greet you!
 What glittering stars salute my sight!
 What heart unmoved may meet you!
 Such lordly pomp is not for me,
 Far other scenes my eyes must see:
 Yet deign to list my harping."

The singer turns him to his art,
 A thrilling strain he raises;
 Each warrior hears with glowing heart
 And on his loved one gazes.
 The king, who liked his playing well,
 Commands, for such a kindly spell,
 A golden chain be given him.

"The golden chain give not to me:
 Thy boldest knight may wear it,
 Who 'cross the battle's purple sea
 On lion breast may bear it;
 Or let it be thy chancellor's prize,
 Amid his heaps to feast his eyes,—
 Its yellow glance will please him.

"I sing but as the linnet sings,
 That on the green bough dwelleth;
 A rich reward his music brings,
 As from his throat it swelleth:
 Yet might I ask, I'd ask of thine
 One sparkling draught of purest wine
 To drink it here before you."

He viewed the wine, he quaffed it up:
 "O draught of sweetest savor!

O happy house, where such a cup
 Is thought a little favor!
 If well you fare, remember me,
 And thank kind Heaven, from envy free,
 As now for this I thank you."

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
 Who never spent the darksome hours
 Weeping and watching for the morrow,—
 He knows ye not, ye gloomy Powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
 To guilt ye let us heedless go,
 Then leave repentance fierce to wring us;
 A moment's guilt, an age of woe!

MIGNON'S SONG

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

SUCH let me seem, till such I be;
 Take not my snow-white dress away!
 Soon from this dusk of earth I flee,
 Up to the glittering lands of day.

There first a little space I rest,
 Then wake so glad, to scenes so kind;
 In earthly robes no longer drest,
 This band, this girdle left behind.

And those calm shining sons of morn,
 They ask not who is maid or boy;
 No robes, no garments there are worn,
 Our body pure from sin's alloy.

Through little life not much I toiled,
 Yet anguish long this heart has wrung,
 Untimely woe my blossoms spoiled:
 Make me again forever young!

PHILINA'S SONG

From 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship'

SING me not with such emotion
How the night so lonesome is;
Pretty maids, I've got a notion
It is the reverse of this.

For as wife and man are plighted,
And the better half the wife, —
So is night to day united, —
Night's the better half of life.

Can you joy in bustling daytime, —
Day, when none can get his will?
It is good for work, for haytime;
For much other it is ill.

But when in the nightly glooming,
Social lamp on table glows,
Face for faces dear illuming,
And such jest and joyance goes;

When the fiery pert young fellow,
Wont by day to run or ride,
Whispering now some tale would tell O, —
All so gentle by your side;

When the nightingale to lovers
Lovingly her songlet sings,
Which for exiles and sad rovers
Like mere woe and wailing rings;

With a heart how lightsome-feeling
Do ye count the kindly clock,
Which, twelve times deliberate pealing,
Tells you none to-night shall knock!

Therefore, on all fit occasions,
Mark it, maidens, what I sing:
Every day its own vexations,
And the night its joys will bring.

PROMETHEUS

BLACKEN thy heavens, Jove,
 With thunder-clouds,
 And exercise thee, like a boy
 Who thistles crops,
 With smiting oaks and mountain-tops:
 Yet must leave me standing
 My own firm earth;
 Must leave my cottage, which thou didst not build,
 And my warm hearth,
 Whose cheerful glow
 Thou enviest me.

I know naught more pitiful
 Under the sun, than you, gods!
 Ye nourish scantily
 With altar taxes
 And with cold lip-service,
 This your majesty;—
 Would perish, were not
 Children and beggars
 Credulous fools.

When I was a child,
 And knew not whence or whither,
 I would turn my 'wildered eye
 To the sun, as if up yonder were
 An ear to hear to my complaining—
 A heart, like mine,
 On the oppressed to feel compassion.

Who helped me
 When I braved the Titans' insolence?
 Who rescued me from death,
 From slavery?
 Hast thou not all thyself accomplished,
 Holy-glowing heart?
 And, glowing, young, and good,
 Most ignorantly thanked
 The slumberer above there?

I honor thee! For what?
 Hast thou the miseries lightened
 Of the down-trodden?

Hast thou the tears ever banished
 From the afflicted?
 Have I not to manhood been molded
 By omnipotent Time,
 And by Fate everlasting,
 My lords and thine?

Dreamedst thou ever
 I should grow weary of living,
 And fly to the desert,
 Since not all our
 Pretty dream buds ripen?

Here sit I, fashion men
 In mine own image,—
 A race to be like me,
 To weep and to suffer,
 To be happy and enjoy themselves,
 To be careless of *thee* too,
 As I!

Translation of John S. Dwight.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS

THOU that from the heavens art,
 Every pain and sorrow stillest,
 And the doubly wretched heart
 Doubly with refreshment fillest,
 I am weary with contending!
 Why this rapture and unrest?
 Peace descending,
 Come, ah come into my breast!

O'ER all the hill-tops
 Is quiet now,
 In all the tree-tops
 Hearest thou
 Hardly a breath;
 The birds are asleep in the trees:
 Wait; soon like these
 Thou too shalt rest.

THE ELFIN-KING

WHO rides so late through the midnight blast?
 'Tis a father spurs on with his child full fast;
 He gathers the boy well into his arm,
 He clasps him close and he keeps him warm.

"My son, why thus to my arm dost cling?"—
 "Father, dost thou not see the elfin-king?
 The elfin-king with his crown and train!"—
 "My son, 'tis a streak of the misty rain!"

*"Come hither, thou darling, come, go with me!
 Fine games I know that I'll play with thee;
 Flowers many and bright do my kingdoms hold,
 My mother has many a robe of gold."*

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
 What the elfin-king whispers so low in mine ear?"—
 "Calm, calm thee, my boy, it is only the breeze,
 As it rustles the withered leaves under the trees."

*"Wilt thou go, bonny boy, wilt thou go with me?
 My daughters shall wait on thee daintily;
 My daughters around thee in dance shall sweep,
 And rock thee and kiss thee and sing thee to sleep."*

"O father, dear father, and dost thou not mark
 The elf-king's daughters move by in the dark?"—
 "I see it, my child; but it is not they,
 'Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray."

*"I love thee! thy beauty it charms me so;
 And I'll take thee by force, if thou wilt not go!"*

"O father, dear father, he's grasping me,—
 My heart is as cold as cold can be!"

The father rides swiftly,—with terror he gasps,—
 The sobbing child in his arms he clasps;
 He reaches the castle with spurring and dread;
 But alack! in his arms the child lay dead!

Translation of Martin and Aytoun.

FROM 'THE WANDERER'S STORM SONG'

WHOM thou desertest not, O Genius,
 Neither blinding rain nor storm
 Breathes upon his heart a chill.

Whom thou desertest not, O Genius,
 To the lowering clouds,
 To the beating hail,
 He will sing cheerly,
 As the lark there,
 Thou that soarest.

Whom thou desertest not, O Genius,
 Him thou'lt lift o'er miry places
 On thy flaming pinions:
 He will traverse
 As on feet of flowers
 Slime of Deucalion's deluge;
 Slaying Python, strong, great,
 Pythius Apollo!

Whom thou desertest not, O Genius,
 Thou wilt spread thy downy wings beneath him,
 When he sleeps upon the crags;
 Thou wilt cover him with guardian pinions
 In the midnight forest depths.

Whom thou desertest not, O Genius,
 Thou wilt in whirling snow-storm
 Warmly wrap him round;
 To the warmth fly the Muses,
 To the warmth fly the Graces.

Around me float, ye Muses,
 And float, ye Graces!
 This is water, this is earth
 And the son of water and of earth,
 Over whom I wander
 Like the gods.

You are pure like the heart of water,
 You are pure like the core of earth;
 You float around me, and I float
 Over water, over earth,
 Like the gods.

THE GODLIKE

N^OBLE be Man,
Helpful and good!
For that alone

Doth distinguish him
From all the beings
Which we know.

Hail to the Unknown, the
Higher Beings
Felt within us!
His pattern teach us
Faith in them!

For unfeeling
Is Nature:
Still shineth the sun
Over good and evil;
And to the sinner
Smile, as to the best,
The moon and the stars.

Wind and waters,
Thunder and hailstones,
Rustle on their way,
Smiting down as
They dash along,
One for another.

Just so does Fate
Grove round in the crowd,
Seize now the innocent,
Curly-haired boy,
Now on the old, bald
Crown of the villain.

By great adamant
Laws everlasting,
Here we must all our
Round of existence
Faithfully finish.

There can none but Man
Perform the Impossible.
He understandeth,

Chooseth, and judgeth;
 He can impart to the
 Moment duration.

He alone may
 The Good reward,
 The Guilty punish,
 Mend and deliver;
 All the wayward, anomalous
 Bind in the Useful.

And the Immortals —
 Them we reverence,
 As if they were men, and
 Did, on a grand scale,
 What the best man in little
 Does, or fain would do.

Let noble Man
 Be helpful and good!
 Ever creating
 The Right and the Useful —
 Type of those loftier
 Beings of whom the heart whispers!

Translation of John S. Dwight.

SOLITUDE

O YE kindly nymphs, who dwell 'mongst the rocks and the
 thickets,

Grant unto each whatsoever he may in silence desire!
 Comfort impart to the mourner, and give to the doubter instruction,
 And let the lover rejoice, finding the bliss that he craves.
 For from the gods ye received what they ever denied unto mortals,
 Power to comfort and aid all who in you may confide.

Translation of E. A. Bowring.

ERGO BIBAMUS!

FOR a praiseworthy object we're now gathered here,
 So, brethren, sing Ergo bibamus!
 Though talk may be hushed, yet the glasses ring clear:
 Remember then, Ergo bibamus!
 In truth 'tis an old, 'tis an excellent word;
 With its sound so befitting each bosom is stirred,
 And an echo the festal hall filling is heard,
 A glorious Ergo bibamus!

I saw mine own love in her beauty so rare,
 And bethought me of Ergo bibamus;
 So I gently approached, and she let me stand there,
 While I helped myself, thinking, Bibamus!
 And when she's appeared, and will clasp you and kiss,
 Or when those embraces and kisses ye miss,
 Take refuge, till found is some worthier bliss,
 In the comforting Ergo bibamus!

I am called by my fate far away from each friend;
 Ye loved ones, then, Ergo bibamus!
 With wallet light-laden from hence I must wend,
 So double our Ergo bibamus!
 Whate'er to his treasure the niggard may add,
 Yet regard for the joyous will ever be had,
 For gladness lends ever its charms to the glad,
 So, brethren, sing: Ergo bibamus!

And what shall we say of to-day as it flies?

I thought but of Ergo bibamus!

'Tis one of those truly that seldom arise,

So again and again sing Bibamus!

For joy through a wide-open portal it guides,
 Bright glitter the clouds as the curtain divides,
 And a form, a divine one, to greet us in glides,
 While we thunder our Ergo bibamus.

Translation of E. A. Bowring.

ALEXIS AND DORA

FARTHER and farther away, alas! at each moment the vessel
 Hastens, as onward it glides, cleaving the foam-covered flood:
 Long is the track plowed up by the keel where dolphins are
 sporting.

Following fast in its rear, while it seems flying pursuit.
 All forebodes a prosperous voyage; the sailor with calmness
 Leans 'gainst the sail, which alone all that is needed performs.
 Forward presses the heart of each seaman, like colors and streamers;
 Backward one only is seen, mournfully fixed near the mast,
 While on the blue-tinged mountains, which fast are receding, he
 gazeth,

And as they sink in the sea, joy from his bosom departs.
 Vanished from thee, too, O Dora, is now the vessel that robs thee
 Of thine Alexis, thy friend,—ah, thy betrothèd as well!
 Thou, too, art after me gazing in vain. Our hearts are still throbbing,

Though for each other, yet ah! 'gainst one another no more.
 O thou single moment, wherein I found life! thou outweighest
 Every day which had else coldly from memory fled.

'Twas in that moment alone, the last, that upon me descended
 Life such as deities grant, though thou perceivèdst it not.

Phœbus, in vain with thy rays dost thou clothe the ether in glory.
 Thine all-brightening day hateful alone is to me.

Into myself I retreat for shelter, and there in the silence
 Strive to recover the time when she appeared with each day.

Was it possible beauty like this to see, and not feel it?

Worked not those heavenly charms e'en on a mind dull as thine?
 Blame not thyself, unhappy one! Oft doth the bard an enigma

Thus propose to the throng, skillfully hidden in words;
 Each one enjoys the strange commingling of images graceful,

Yet still is wanting the word which will discover the sense.
 When at length it is found, the heart of each hearer is gladdened,

And in the poem he sees meaning of twofold delight.
 Wherefore so late didst thou remove the bandage, O Amor,

Which thou hadst placed o'er mine eyes,—wherefore remove it so
 late?

Long did the vessel, when laden, lie waiting for favoring breezes,
 Till in kindness the wind blew from the land o'er the sea.

Vacant times of youth! and vacant dreams of the future!
 Ye all vanish, and naught, saving the moment, remains.

Yes! it remains,—my joy still remains! I hold thee, my Dora,
 And thine image alone, Dora, by hope is disclosed.

Oft have I seen thee go, with modesty clad, to the temple,

While thy mother so dear solemnly went by thy side.

Eager and nimble thou wert, in bearing thy fruit to the market,

Boldly the pail from the well didst thou sustain on thy head.

Then was revealed thy neck, then seen thy shoulders so beauteous,

Then, before all things, the grace filling thy motions was seen.

Oft have I feared that the pitcher perchance was in danger of
falling,

Yet it ever remained firm on the circular cloth.

Thus, fair neighbor, yes, thus I oft was wont to observe thee,

As on the stars I might gaze, as I might gaze on the moon;

Glad indeed at the sight, yet feeling within my calm bosom

Not the remotest desire ever to call them mine own.

Years thus fled away! Although our houses were only

Twenty paces apart, yet I thy threshold ne'er crossed.

Now by the fearful flood are we parted! Thou liest to Heaven,

Billow! thy beautiful blue seems to me dark as the night.

All were now in movement: a boy to the house of my father

Ran at full speed and exclaimed, "Hasten thee quick to the strand!

Hoisted the sail is already, e'en now in the wind it is fluttering,

While the anchor they weigh, heaving it up from the sand;

Come, Alexis, oh come!"—My worthy stout-hearted father

Pressed, with a blessing, his hand down on my curly-locked head,

While my mother carefully reached me a newly made bundle;

"Happy mayst thou return!" cried they—"both happy and rich!"

Then I sprang away, and under my arm held the bundle,

Running along by the wall. Standing I found thee hard by,

At the door of thy garden. Thou smilingly saidst then, "Alexis!

Say, are yon boisterous crew going thy comrades to be?

Foreign coasts wilt thou visit, and precious merchandise purchase,

Ornaments meet for the rich matrons who dwell in the town;

Bring me also, I pray thee, a light chain; gladly I'll pay thee,

Oft have I wished to possess some such a trinket as that."

There I remained, and asked, as merchants are wont, with precision

After the form and the weight which thy commission should have.

Modest indeed was the price thou didst name! I meanwhile was
gazing

On thy neck, which deserved ornaments worn but by queens.

Loudly now rose the cry from the ship; then kindly thou spakest:—

"Take, I entreat thee, some fruit out of the garden, my friend!

Take the ripest oranges, figs of the whitest; the ocean

Beareth no fruit, and in truth, 'tis not produced by each land."

So I entered in. Thou pluckedst the fruit from the branches,

And the burden of gold was in thine apron upheld.

Oft did I cry, Enough! But fairer fruits were still falling
Into thy hand as I spake, ever obeying thy touch.
Presently didst thou reach the arbor; there lay there a basket,
Sweet blooming myrtle-trees waved, as we drew nigh, o'er our
heads.

Then thou began'st to arrange the fruit with skill and in silence:
First the orange, which heavy as though 'twere of gold,
Then the yielding fig, by the slightest pressure disfigured,
And with myrtle, the gift soon was both covered and graced.
But I raised it not up. I stood. Our eyes met together,
And my eyesight grew dim, seeming obscured by a film.

Soon I felt thy bosom on mine! Mine arm was soon twining
Round thy beautiful form; thousand times kissed I thy neck.
On my shoulder sank thy head; thy fair arms, encircling,
Soon rendered perfect the ring knitting a rapturous pair.
Amor's hands I felt; he pressed us together with ardor,

And from the firmament clear, thrice did it thunder; then tears
Streamed from mine eyes in torrents, thou weptest, I wept, both
were weeping,

And 'mid our sorrow and bliss, even the world seemed to die.
Louder and louder they called from the strand; my feet would no
longer

Bear my weight, and I cried:—"Dora! and art thou not mine?"
"Thine forever!" thou gently didst say. Then the tears we were
shedding

Seemed to be wiped from our eyes, as by the breath of a god.
Nearer was heard the cry "Alexis!" The stripling who sought me
Suddenly peeped through the door. How he the basket snatched
up!

How he urged me away! how pressed I thy hand! Dost thou ask
me

How the vessel I reached? Drunken I seemed, well I know,
Drunken my shipmates believed me, and so had pity upon me;

And as the breeze drove us on, distance the town soon obscured.
"Thine forever!" thou, Dora, didst murmur; it fell on my senses

With the thunder of Zeus! while by the thunderer's throne
Stood his daughter, the goddess of Love; the Graces were standing
Close by her side! so the bond beareth an impress divine!

Oh then hasten, thou ship, with every favoring zephyr!

Onward, thou powerful keel, cleaving the waves as they foam!
Bring me unto the foreign harbor, so that the goldsmith

May in his workshop prepare straightway the heavenly pledge!
Ay, of a truth, the chain shall indeed be a chain, O my Dora!

Nine times encircling thy neck, loosely around it entwined.

Other and manifold trinkets I'll buy thee; gold-mounted bracelets,

Richly and skillfully wrought, also shall grace thy fair hand.

There shall the ruby and emerald vie, the sapphire so lovely

Be to the jacinth opposed, seeming its foil; while the gold
Holds all the jewels together, in beauteous union commingled.

Oh, how the bridegroom exults, when he adorns his betrothed!
Pearls if I see, of thee they remind me; each ring that is shown me

Brings to my mind thy fair hand's graceful and tapering form.

I will barter and buy; the fairest of all shalt thou choose thee;

Joyously would I devote all of the cargo to thee.

Yet not trinkets and jewels alone is thy loved one procuring;

With them he brings thee whate'er gives to a housewife delight:

Fine and woolen coverlets, wrought with an edging of purple,

Fit for a couch where we both, lovingly, gently may rest;

Costly pieces of linen. Thou sittest and sewest, and clothest

Me, and thyself, and perchance even a third with it too.

Visions of hope, deceive ye my heart! Ye kindly immortals,

Soften this fierce-raging flame, wildly pervading my breast!

Yet how I long to feel them again, those rapturous torments,

When in their stead, Care draws nigh, coldly and fearfully calm.

Neither the Furies' torch, nor the hounds of hell with their barking,

Awe the delinquent so much, down in the plains of despair,

As by the motionless spectre I'm awed, that shows me the fair one

Far away: of a truth, open the garden door stands!

And another one cometh! For him the fruit, too, is falling,

And for him also the fig strengthening honey doth yield!

Doth she entice him as well to the arbor? He follows? Oh, make
me

Blind, ye Immortals! efface visions like this from my mind!

Yes, she is but a maiden! And she who to one doth so quickly

Yield, to another ere long, doubtless, will turn herself round.

Smile not, Zeus, for this once, at an oath so cruelly broken!

Thunder more fearfully! Strike!— Stay—thy fierce lightnings
withhold!

Hurl at me thy quivering bolt! In the darkness of midnight

Strike with thy lightning this mast, make it a pitiful wreck!

Scatter the planks all around, and give to the boisterous billows

All these wares, and let *me* be to the dolphins a prey!—

Now, ye Muses, enough! In vain would ye strive to depicture

How, in a love-laden breast, anguish alternates with bliss.

Ye cannot heal the wounds, it is true, that love hath inflicted;

Yet from you only proceeds, kindly ones, comfort and balm.

Translation of E. A. Bowring.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS

From 'Maxims and Reflections of Goethe.' Translation of Bailey Saunders.
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IT is not always needful for truth to take a definite shape: it is enough if it hovers about us like a spirit and produces harmony; if it is wafted through the air like the sound of a bell, grave and kindly.

I must hold it for the greatest calamity of our time, which lets nothing come to maturity, that one moment is consumed by the next, and the day spent in the day; so that a man is always living from hand to mouth, without having anything to show for it. Have we not already newspapers for every hour of the day? A good head could assuredly intercalate one or other of them. They publish abroad everything that every one does, or is busy with or meditating; nay, his very designs are thereby dragged into publicity. No one can rejoice or be sorry, but as a pastime for others; and so it goes on from house to house, from city to city, from kingdom to kingdom, and at last from one hemisphere to the other,—all in post-haste.

During a prolonged study of the lives of various men both great and small, I came upon this thought: In the web of the world the one may well be regarded as the warp, the other as the woof. It is the little men, after all, who give breadth to the web, and the great men firmness and solidity; perhaps also the addition of some sort of pattern. But the scissors of the Fates determine its length, and to that all the rest must join in submitting itself.

There is nothing more odious than the majority: it consists of a few powerful men to lead the way; of accommodating rascals and submissive weaklings; and of a mass of men who trot after them without in the least knowing their own mind.

Translators are like busy match-makers: they sing the praises of some half-veiled beauty, and extol her charms, and arouse an irresistible longing for the original.

NATURE

NATURE! We are surrounded by her and locked in her clasp: powerless to leave her, and powerless to come closer to her. Unasked and unwarned she takes us up into the whirl of her dance, and hurries on with us till we are weary and fall from her arms.

There is constant life in her, motion and development; and yet she remains where she was. She is eternally changing, nor for a moment does she stand still. Of rest she knows nothing, and to all stagnation she has affixed her curse. She is steadfast; her step is measured, her exceptions rare, her laws immutable.

She loves herself, and clings eternally to herself with eyes and hearts innumerable. She has divided herself that she may be her own delight. She is ever making new creatures spring up to delight in her, and imparts herself insatiably.

She rejoices in illusion. If a man destroys this in himself and others, she punishes him like the hardest tyrant. If he follows her in confidence, she presses him to her heart as it were her child.

She spurts forth her creatures out of nothing, and tells them not whence they come and whither they go. They have only to go their way: she knows the path.

Her crown is Love. Only through Love can we come near her. She puts gulfs between all things, and all things strive to be interfused. She isolates everything, that she may draw everything together. With a few draughts from the cup of Love she repays for a life full of trouble.

She is all things. She rewards herself and punishes herself, and in herself rejoices and is distressed. She is rough and gentle, loving and terrible, powerless and almighty. In her everything is always present. Past or Future she knows not. The Present is her Eternity. She is kind. I praise her with all her works. She is wise and still. No one can force her to explain herself, or frighten her into a gift that she does not give willingly. She is crafty, but for a good end; and it is best not to notice her cunning.

NIKOLAI VASILIEVITCH GOGOL

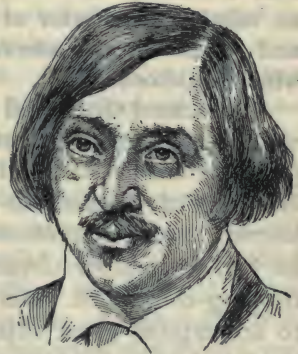
(1809-1852)

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD



GOGOL has been called the "father of modern Russian realism," and he has been credited with the creation of all the types which we meet in the great novelists who followed him. This is in great measure true, especially so far as the male characters are concerned. The germs at least, if not the condensed characterization in full, are recognizable in Gogol's famous novel 'Dead Souls,' his Little-Russian stories 'Tales from a Farm-House near Dikanka' and 'Mirgorod,' and his comedy 'The Inspector,' which still holds the stage.

It was precisely because of his genius in seizing the national types that the poet Pushkin, one of Gogol's earliest and warmest admirers, gave to him the plans of 'Dead Souls' and 'The Inspector,' which he had intended to make use of himself. That he became the "father of Russian realism" was due not only to his own genius, but to the epoch in which he lived, though he solved the problem for himself quite independently of the Continental literatures which were undergoing the same process of transformation from romanticism to realism. For, nearly a hundred years



NIKOLAI GOGOL

before Gogol and his foreign contemporaries of the forties—the pioneers, in their respective countries, of the new literature—won the public, Europe had been living a sort of modern epic. In imitation of the ancient epics, writers portrayed heroes of gigantic powers in every direction, and set them in a framework of exceptional crises which aroused their powerful emotions in the cause of right, or their superhuman conflict with masterful persons or overwhelming woes. But the daily experience of those who suffered from the manifold miseries of battle and invasion in this modern epic epoch, made it impossible for them to disregard longer the claim on their sympathies of the common things and people of their world, though these can very easily be ignored when one reads the ancient epics. Thus did realism have its dawn in many lands when the era of peace gave

men time to define their position, and when pseudo-classicism had at last palled on their taste, which had begun to recognize its coldness and inherent falsity.

Naturally, in this new quest of Truth, romanticism and realism were mingled at first. This was the case with Gogol-Yanovsky, to give him his full name. But he soon struck out in the right path. He was born and reared in Little Russia, at Sorotchinsky, government of Poltava. He was separated by only two generations from the epoch of the Zaporozhian Kazak army, whose life he has recorded in his famous historical novel 'Taras Bulba,' his grandfather having been regimental scribe of the Kazaks, an office of honor. The spirit of the Zaporozhian Kazaks still lingered over the land, which was overflowing with legends, and with fervent, childlike piety of the superstitious order. At least one half of the Little-Russian stories which made Gogol's fame he owes to his grandfather, who appears as Rudi Panko the Bee-Farmer, in the 'Tales from a Farm-House near Dikanka.' His father, who represented the modern spirit, was an inimitable narrator of comic stories, and the talents of this father and grandfather rendered their house the social centre of a very wide neighborhood.

At school Gogol did not distinguish himself in his studies, but wrote a great deal, all of an imitative character, and got up school plays in emulation of those which he had seen at his own home. His lack of scholarship made it impossible for him to pursue the learned career of professor of history, on which he embarked after he had with labor obtained, and shortly renounced, the career of copying-clerk in St. Petersburg. His vast but dimly defined ambition to accomplish great things for his fatherland in some mysterious way, and fame for himself, equally suffered shipwreck to his mind, though if we consider the part which the realistic literature he founded has played on the world's stage, we may count his apparent defeat a solid victory. His brief career as professor of history at the university was brought about by his ambition, and through the influence of the literary men whose friendship he had won by his first 'Little-Russian Tales.' They recognized his genius, and at last he himself recognized that the new style of writing which he had created was his vocation, and devoted himself wholly to literature. At the close of 1831 the first volume of 'Tales from a Farm-House' appeared, and had an immense success. The second volume, 'Mirgorod,' followed, with equal success. It contained a new element: the merriment of the first volume had been pure, unmixed; in the second volume he had developed not only the realism but that special trait of his genius, "laughter piercing through a mist of tears," of which 'Old-Fashioned Gentry' and 'How the Two Ivans Quarreled' offer

celebrated examples. But success always flew to Gogol's head: he immediately began to despise these products of his true vocation, and to plan grandiose projects far beyond his powers of education and entirely outside the range of his talent. Now, for instance, he undertook a colossal work in nine volumes on the history of the Middle Ages. Happily, he abandoned that, after his studies of Little-Russian history incidental thereto had resulted in his epic of the highest art, 'Taras Bulba.'

The first outcome of his recognition that literary work was his moral duty, not a mere pastime, was his great play 'The Inspector.' It was produced in April, 1836. The authorities steadfastly opposed its production; but the Emperor Nicholas I. heard of it, read it, ordered it produced, and upheld Gogol in enthusiastic delight. Officials, merchants, police, literary people, everybody, attacked the author. They had laughed at his pathos; now they raged at his comedy, refused to recognize their own portraits, and still tried to have the play prohibited. Gogol's health and spirits were profoundly affected by this unexpected enmity. He fled abroad, and returned to Russia thereafter only at intervals for brief visits, and chiefly to Moscow, where most of his faithful friends lived. He traveled much, but spent most of his time in Rome, where his lavish charities kept him always poor, even after the complete success of 'The Inspector' and of the first part of 'Dead Souls' would have enabled him to exist in comfort. He was accustomed to say that he could only see Russia clearly when he was far from her, and in a measure he proved this by his inimitable first volume of 'Dead Souls.' Herein he justified Pushkin's expectations in giving him that subject which would enable him to paint, in types, the classes and localities of his fatherland. But this long residence in Rome was fatal to his mind and health, and eventually extinguished the last sparks of genius. The Russian mind is peculiarly inclined to mysticism, and Russian writers of eminence seem to be even more susceptible in that direction than ordinary men. Of the noted writers in this century, Pushkin and Lermontoff had leaned decidedly in that direction towards the end of their careers, brief as their lives were. Gogol was their intimate friend in Russia, and after he went abroad he was the intimate friend of the aged poet Zhukovsky, who became a mystic in his declining years.

Even in his school days Gogol had shown, in his letters to his mother, a marked tendency to religious exaltation. Now, under the combined pressure of his personal inclinations, friendships, and the clerical atmosphere of Rome, he developed into a mystic and ascetic of the most pronounced type. In this frame of mind, he looked upon all his earlier writings as sins which must be atoned for; and yet his immense self-esteem was so flattered by the tremendous success

of 'The Inspector' and of the first part of 'Dead Souls,' that he began to regard himself as a kind of divinely commissioned prophet, whose duty it was to exhort his fellow-men. The extract from these hortatory letters to his friends which he published convinced his countrymen that nothing more was to be expected from him. The failure of this volume only helped to plunge him into deeper depths of self-torture. In the few remaining lucid moments of his genius he worked at the second part of 'Dead Souls,' but destroyed what he had written in the moments of ecstatic remorse which followed. Thus the greatest work of his mature genius remains uncompleted. In 1848 he made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and returned through Odessa to Moscow, where he lived until his death, growing constantly more mystical, more ascetic. Sleepless nights spent in prayer, fasting to the extent of trying to nourish himself (as it is affirmed that practiced ascetics successfully can) for a week on one of the tiny double loaves which are used in the Holy Communion, completed the ravages of his long-endured maladies.

It was for publishing in a Moscow paper an enthusiastic obituary of the dead genius, which he had been forbidden to publish in St. Petersburg, that Turgénieff was sent into residence on his estate, and enriched the world with the first work of the rising genius, 'The Diary of a Sportsman.' Acuteness of observation; natural, infectious, genuine humor; vivid realism; and an inimitable power of depicting national types, are Gogol's distinguishing characteristics; and these in varying degrees are precisely the ingredients which have entered into the works of his successors and rendered Russian literature famous as a school.

In reviewing Gogol's work, we may set aside with but cursory mention his youthful idyl, written while still in the gymnasium, published anonymously and overwhelmed with ridicule, 'Hans Kuchelgarten'; his 'Arabesques,' which are useful chiefly as a contribution to the study of the man and his opinions, not as permanent additions to literature; his 'Extracts from Correspondence with Friends,' which belong to the sermonizing, clouded period of his life's close; and the divers 'Fragments,' both of prose and dramatic writing, all of which are conscientiously included in the complete editions of his writings.

The only complete play which he wrote except 'The Inspector' is the comedy 'Marriage,' which is still acted, though very seldom. It is full of naturalness and his own peculiar humor, but its subject does not appeal to the universal public of all lands as nearly as does the plan of 'The Inspector.' The plot, in brief, is founded on a young girl's meditations on marriage, and her actions which lead up to and follow those meditations. The Heroine, desirous of marrying, invokes the aid of the Match-maker, the old-time matrimonial agent

in the Russian merchant and peasant classes by conventional etiquette. The Match-maker offers for her consideration several suitable men, all strangers; the Heroine makes her choice, and is very well content with her suitor. But she begins to meditate on the future, becomes moved to tears by the thought of her daughter's possible unhappiness in a hypothetical wretched marriage in the dim future, and at last, unable to endure this painful prospect, she evades her betrothed and breaks off the match. While the characteristic and national touches are keen and true,—precursors of the vein which Ostrovsky so happily developed later,—the play must remain a matter of greater interest to Russians than to foreigners.

The interest of 'The Inspector,' on the other hand, is universal: official negligence and corruption, bribery, masculine boastfulness and vanity, and feminine qualities to correspond, are the private prerogatives of no one nation, of no one epoch. The comedy possesses all the elements of social portraiture and satire without caricature: concentration of time, place, action, language, and a tremendous condensation of character traits which are not only truly, typically national, but which come within the ken of all fair-minded persons in other countries.

The volume with which he scored his first success, and which must remain a classic, is 'Evenings at a Farm-House near Dikanka.' As the second volume, 'Mirgorod,' and his volume of 'St. Petersburg Tales,' all combine essentially the same ingredients, though in varying measure, we may consider them together. All the tales in the first two volumes are from his beloved birthplace, Little Russia. Some of them are simply the artistic and literary rendering of popular legends, whose counterparts may be found in the folk literature of other lands. Such are the story of the vampire, 'Vy,' 'St. John's Eve,' and the exquisite 'A May Night,' where the famous poetical spirit of the Ukraina is displayed in its full force and beauty. 'The Lost Document,' 'Sorotchinsky Fair,' 'The Enchanted Spot,' and others of like legendary but more exclusively national character; show the same fertility of wit and skill of management, with close study of every-day customs, superstitions, and life, which render them invaluable to both Russians and foreigners.

More important than these, however, are such stories as 'Old-Fashioned Gentry' (or 'Farmers'), where keen but kindly wit, more tempered than the mirth of youthful high spirits which had imbued the fantastic tales, is mingled with the purest, deepest pathos and minute delineation of character and customs, in an inimitable work of the highest art. To this category belong also 'How the Two Ivans Quarreled' (the full title, 'How Ivan Ivan'itch and Ivan Nikifor'itch Quarreled,' is rather unwieldy for the foreign ear), and 'The Cloak,'

from the volume of 'St. Petersburg Tales.' We may also count 'The Nevsky Prospekt' with these; while 'The Portrait' is semi-fantastic, 'The Nose' and 'The Calash' are wholly so, though not legendary, and 'The Diary of a Madman' is unexcelled as an amusing but touching study of a diseased mind in the ranks of petty officialdom.

Gogol's capital work, however, is his 'Dead Souls.' In it he carried to its highest point his talent for accurate delineation of his countrymen and the conditions of their life. There is less pathos than in some of his short tales; but all the other elements are perfected. Pushkin's generosity and sound judgment were never better shown than in the gift which he made to Gogol of the plan of this book. He could not have executed it himself as well. The work must forever rank as a Russian classic; it ought to rank as a universal classic. The types are as fresh, true, and vivid to one who knows the Russia of to-day as they were when they were first introduced to the enthusiastic public of 1842.

In the pre-Emancipation days, a soul meant a male serf. The women were not counted in the periodical revisions, though the working unit, a *tyaglo*, consisted of a man, his wife, and his horse—the indispensable trinity to agricultural labor. In the interval between the revisions, a landed proprietor continued to pay for all the serfs accredited to him on the official list, the births being reckoned for convenience as an exact offset to the deaths. Another provision of the law was, that no one should purchase serfs without the land to which they belonged, except for the purpose of colonization. An ingenious fraud suggested by a combination of these two laws forms the foundation of 'Dead Souls.' The hero, Tchitchikoff, is an official who has struggled up ambitiously and shrewdly, through numerous vicissitudes of bribe-taking, extortion, and ensuing discomfiture, to a snug berth in the custom-house service, from which he is ejected under circumstances which render further flights difficult if not impossible. In this strait he hits upon the idea of purchasing from landed proprietors of mediocre probity the souls who are dead, though still nominally alive, and on whom they are forced to pay taxes. Land is being given away gratuitously, in the southern governments of Kherson and Tauris, to any one who will settle upon it, as every one knows. His plan is to buy one thousand non-existent serfs ("dead souls"), at a maximum of one hundred rubles apiece, for colonization on an equally non-existent estate in the south, and then, by mortgaging them to the loan bank for the nobility known as the Council of Guardians, obtain a capital of two hundred thousand rubles. In pursuance of this clever scheme he sets out on his travels, visits provincial towns and the estates of landed gentry of every shade of character, dishonesty, and financial standing, where

he either buys for a song, or cajoles from them as a gift, large numbers of "dead souls." It is unnecessary and impossible to do more than reinforce the hint which this statement contains, by the assurance that Gogol used to the uttermost the magnificent opportunity thus afforded him of showing up Russian life and manners. Though the scene of Tchitchikoff's wanderings does not include either capital, the life there does not escape the author's notice in his asides and illustrative arguments. It may also be said that while his talent lies pre-eminently in the delineation of men, he does not fail in his portraits of women; though as a rule these are more general—in the nature of a composite photograph—than particular. The day for minute analysis of feminine character had not arrived, and in all Gogol's works there is, properly speaking, no such thing as the heroine playing a first-class rôle, whether of the antique or the modern pattern.

Gogol's great historical novel, 'Taras Bulba,' which deals with the famous Kazak republic of the Dniepr Falls (Zaporózhya), stands equally with his other volumes of the first rank in poetry, dramatic power, and truth to life. It possesses also a force of tragedy and passion in love which are altogether lacking, or but faintly indicated, in his other masterpieces.

Isabel F. Hapgood

FROM 'THE INSPECTOR'

Scene: A room in the house of the Chief of Police. Present: Chief of Police, Curator of Benevolent Institutions, Superintendent of Schools, Judge, Commissary of Police, Doctor, two Policemen.

CHIEF—I have summoned you, gentlemen, in order to communicate to you an unpleasant piece of news: an Inspector is coming.

Judge—What! An Inspector?

Chief—An Inspector from St. Petersburg, incognito. And with secret orders, to boot.

Judge—I thought so!

Curator—If there's not trouble, then I'm mistaken!

Superintendent—Heavens! And with secret orders, too!

Chief—I foresaw it: all last night I was dreaming of two huge rats. I never saw such rats: they were black, and of

supernatural size! They came, and smelled, and went away. I will read you the letter I have received from Andrei Ivan'itch Tchorikoff,—whom you know, Artemiy Philip'itch. This is what he writes:—"Dear friend, gossip and benefactor!" [*Mutters in an undertone, as he runs his eye quickly over it.*] "I hasten to inform you, among other things, that an official has arrived with orders to inspect the entire government, and our district in particular." [*Raises his finger significantly.*] "I have heard this from trustworthy people, although he represents himself as a private individual. As I know that you are not quite free from faults, since you are a sensible man, and do not like to let slip what runs into your hands—" [*Pauses.*] Well, here are some remarks about his own affairs—"so I advise you to be on your guard: for he may arrive at any moment, if he is not already arrived and living somewhere incognito. Yesterday—" Well, what follows is about family matters—"My sister Anna Kirilovna has come with her husband; Ivan Kirilitch has grown very fat, and still plays the violin—" and so forth, and so forth. So there you have the whole matter.

Judge—Yes, the matter is so unusual, so remarkable; something unexpected.

Superintendent—And why? Anton Anton'itch, why is this? Why is the Inspector coming hither?

Chief [*sighs*]—Why? Evidently, it is fate. [*Sighs.*] Up to this time, God be praised, they have attended to other towns; now our turn has come.

Judge—I think, Anton Anton'itch, that there is some fine political cause at the bottom of this. This means something: Russia—yes—Russia wants to go to war, and the minister, you see, has sent an official to find out whether there is any treason.

Chief—What's got hold of him? A sensible man, truly! Treason in a provincial town! Is it a border town—is it, now? Why, you could ride away from here for three years and not reach any other kingdom.

Judge—No, I tell you. You don't—you don't— The government has subtle reasons; no matter if it is out of the way, they don't care for that.

Chief—Whether they care or not, I have warned you, gentlemen. See to it! I have made some arrangements in my own department, and I advise you to do the same. Especially you, Artemiy Philip'itch! Without doubt, this traveling official will

wish first of all to inspect your institutions—and therefore you must arrange things so that they will be decent. The nightcaps should be clean, and the sick people should not look like blacksmiths, as they usually do in private.

Curator—Well, that's a mere trifle. We can put clean nightcaps on them.

Chief—And then, you ought to have written up over the head of each bed, in Latin or some other language—that's your business—the name of each disease: when each patient was taken sick, the day and hour. It is not well that your sick people should smoke such strong tobacco that one has to sneeze every time he goes in there. Yes, and it would be better if there were fewer of them: it will be set down at once to bad supervision or to lack of skill on the doctor's part.

Curator—Oh! so far as the doctoring is concerned, Christian Ivan'itch and I have already taken measures: the nearer to nature the better,—we don't use any expensive medicines. Man is a simple creature: if he dies, why then he dies; if he gets well, why then he gets well. And then, it would have been difficult for Christian Ivan'itch to make them understand him—he doesn't know one word of Russian.

Chief—I should also advise you, Ammos Feodor'itch, to turn your attention to court affairs. In the ante-room, where the clients usually assemble, your janitor has got a lot of geese and goslings, which waddle about under foot. Of course it is praiseworthy to be thrifty in domestic affairs, and why should not the janitor be so too? only, you know, it is not proper in that place. I meant to mention it to you before, but always forgot it.

Judge—I'll order them to be taken to the kitchen this very day. Will you come and dine with me?

Chief—And moreover, it is not well that all sorts of stuff should be put to dry in the court-room, and that over the very desk, with the documents, there should be a hunting-whip. I know that you are fond of hunting, but there is a proper time for everything, and you can hang it up there again when the Inspector takes his departure. And then your assistant—he's a man of experience, but there's a smell about him as though he had just come from a distillery—and that's not as it should be. I meant to speak to you about it long ago, but something, I don't recall now precisely what, put it out of my mind. There is a remedy, if he really was born with the odor, as he asserts:

you might advise him to eat onions or garlic or something. In that case, Christian Ivan'itch could assist you with some medications.

Judge—No, it's impossible to drive it out: he says that his mother injured him when he was a child, and an odor of whisky has emanated from him ever since.

Chief—Yes, I just remarked on it. As for internal arrangements, and what Andrei Ivan'itch in his letter calls "faults," I can say nothing. Yes, and strange to say, there is no man who has not his faults. God himself arranged it so, and it is useless for the freethinkers to maintain the contrary.

Judge—What do you mean by faults, Anton Anton'itch? There are various sorts of faults. I tell every one frankly that I take bribes; but what sort of bribes? greyhound pups. That's quite another thing.

Chief—Well, greyhound pups or anything else, it's all the same.

Judge—Well, no, Anton Anton'itch. But for example, if some one has a fur coat worth five hundred rubles, and his wife has a shawl—

Chief—Well, and how about your taking greyhound pups as bribes? Why don't you trust in God? You never go to church. I am firm in the faith, at all events, and go to church every Sunday. But you—oh, I know you! If you begin to talk about the creation of the world, one's hair rises straight up on his head.

Judge—It came of itself, of its own accord.

Chief—Well, in some cases it is worse to have brains than to be entirely without them. Besides, I only just mentioned the district court: but to tell the truth, it is only very rarely that any one ever looks in there; 'tis such an enviable place that God himself protects it. And as for you, Luka Luk'itch, as superintendent of schools, you must bestir yourself with regard to the teachers. They are educated people, to be sure, and were reared at divers academies, but they have very peculiar ways which go naturally with that learned profession. One of them, for instance, the fat-faced one,—I don't recall his name,—cannot get along without making grimaces when he takes his seat;—like this [*makes a grimace*]: and then he begins to smooth his beard out from under his neckerchief, with his hand. In short, if he makes such faces at the scholars, there is nothing to be said: it must be necessary; I am no judge of that. But just consider—if he

were to do that to a visitor it might be very unpleasant; the Inspector or any one else might take it as personal. The Devil knows what might come of it.

Superintendent—What am I to do with him? I have spoken to him about it several times already. A few days ago, when our chief went into the class-room, he made such a grimace as I never beheld before. He made it out of good-will; but it is a judgment on me, because freethinking is being inculcated in the young people.

Chief—And I must also mention the teacher of history. He's a wise man, that's plain, and has acquired a great mass of learning; but he expresses himself with so much warmth that he loses control of himself. I heard him once: well, so long as he was talking about the Assyrians and Babylonians, it was all right; but when he got to Alexander of Macedon, I can't describe to you what came over him. I thought there was a fire, by heavens! He jumped from his seat and dashed his chair to the floor with all his might. Alexander of Macedon was a hero, no doubt; but why smash the chairs? There will be a deficit in the accounts, just as the result of that.

Superintendent—Yes, he is hasty! I have remarked on it to him several times. He says, "What would you have? I would sacrifice my life for science."

Chief—Yes, such is the incomprehensible decree of fate: a learned man is always a drunkard, or else he makes faces that would scare the very saints.

Superintendent—God forbid that he should inspect the educational institutions. Everybody meddles and tries to show everybody else that he is a learned man.

Chief—That would be nothing: that cursed incognito! All of a sudden you hear—"Ah, here you are, my little dears! And who," says he, "is the Judge here?"—"Lyapkin-Tyapkin."—"And who is the Superintendent of the Hospital?"—"Zemlyan-ika!" That's the worst of it!

Enter Postmaster

Chief—Well, how do you feel, Ivan Kusmitch?

Postmaster—How do I feel? How do *you* feel, Anton Anton'itch?

Chief—How do I feel? I'm not afraid; and yet I am,—a little. The merchants and citizens cause me some anxiety. They

say I have been hard with them; but God knows, if I have ever taken anything from them it was not out of malice. I even think [*takes him by the arm and leads him aside*]*—*I even think there may be a sort of complaint against me. Why, in fact, is the Inspector coming to us? Listen, Ivan Kusmitch: why can't you—for our common good, you know—open every letter which passes through your office, going or coming, and read it, to see whether it contains a complaint or is simply correspondence? If it does not, then you can seal it up again. Besides, you could even deliver the letter unsealed.

Postmaster—I know, I know. You can't tell me anything about that; I always do it, not out of circumspection but out of curiosity: I'm deadly fond of knowing what is going on in the world. It's very interesting reading, I can tell you! It is a real treat to read some letters: they contain such descriptions of occurrences, and they're so improving—better than the Moscow News.

[The play proceeds: two men, the town busybodies, happen to find at the inn a traveler who has been living on credit and going nowhere for two weeks. The landlord is about to put his lodger in prison for debt, when these men jump to the conclusion that he is the Inspector. The Prefect and other terrified officials accept the suggestion, in spite of his plain statement as to his identity. They set about making the town presentable, entertain and bribe him, and bow down to him. He accepts their hospitality, asks loans, makes love to the Prefect's silly wife and daughter, betroths himself to the latter, receives the petitions and bribes of the oppressed townspeople,—and drives off with the best post-horses the town can furnish, ostensibly to ask the blessing of his rich old uncle on his marriage. The Postmaster intercepts a letter which he has written to a friend. Its revelations, and the ridicule which he therein casts on his hosts, open their eyes at last. At that moment a gendarme appears and announces that the Inspector has arrived. *Tableau.*]

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Isabel F.

Hapgood

OLD-FASHIONED GENTRY

From 'Mirgorod'

I AM very fond of the modest life of those isolated owners of remote estates which are generally called "old-fashioned" in Little Russia, and which, like ruinous and picturesque houses, are beautiful through their simplicity and complete contrast to a new and regular building whose walls have never yet been washed by the rain, whose roof has not yet been overgrown with moss, and whose porch, still possessed of its stucco, does not yet

display its red bricks. I can still see the low-roofed little house, with its veranda of slender, blackened wooden columns, surrounding it on all sides, so that in case of a thunder-storm or a hail-storm you could close the window shutters without getting wet; behind it fragrant wild-cherry trees, row upon row of dwarf fruit-trees, overtopped by crimson cherries and a purple sea of plums, covered with a lead-colored bloom, luxuriant maples under whose shade rugs were spread for repose; in front of the house the spacious yard, with short fresh grass, through which paths had been worn from the storehouses to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the apartments of the family; a long-necked goose drinking water with her young goslings, soft as down; the picket fence festooned with bunches of dried apples and pears, and rugs hung out to air; a cart-load of melons standing near the store-house, the oxen unyoked and lying lazily beside it. All this has for me an indescribable charm,—perhaps because I no longer see it, and because anything from which we are separated pleases us.

But more than all else, the owners of this distant nook,—an old man and old woman,—hastening eagerly out to meet me, gave me pleasure. Afanasy Ivanovitch Tovstogub and his wife, Pulkheria Ivanovna Tovstogubikha, according to the neighboring peasants' way of expressing it, were the old people of whom I began to speak. If I were a painter and wished to depict Philemon and Baucis on canvas, I could have found no better models than they. Afanasy Ivanovitch was sixty years old, Pulkheria Ivanovna was fifty-five. Afanasy Ivanovitch was tall, always wore a short sheepskin coat covered with camlet, sat all doubled up, and was almost always smiling, whether he were telling a story or only listening to one. Pulkheria Ivanovna was rather serious, and hardly ever laughed; but her face and eyes expressed so much goodness, so much eagerness to treat you to all the best they owned, that you would probably have found a smile too repelling on her kind face. The delicate wrinkles were so agreeably disposed on their countenances that an artist would certainly have appropriated them. It seemed as though in them you might read their whole life: the pure, peaceful life led by the old, patriotic, simple-hearted, and at the same time wealthy families, which always present a marked contrast to those baser Little-Russians who work up from tar-burners and peddlers, throng the court-rooms like grasshoppers, squeeze the last copper from their

fellow-countrymen, crowd Petersburg with scandal-mongers, finally acquire capital, and triumphantly add an *f* to their surnames which end in *o*. No, they did not resemble those despicable and miserable creatures, but all ancient and native Little-Russian families.

They never had any children, so all their affection was concentrated on themselves.

The rooms of the little house in which our old couple dwelt were small, low-ceiled, such as are generally to be seen with old-fashioned people. In each room stood a huge stove, which occupied nearly one-third of the space. These little rooms were frightfully hot, because both Afanasy Ivanovitch and Pulkheria Ivanovna were fond of heat. All their fuel was stored in the ante-room, which was always filled nearly to the ceiling with straw, which is generally used in Little Russia in place of wood.

The chairs of the room were of wood, and massive, in the style which generally marked those of the olden times: all had high, turned backs of natural wood, without any paint or varnish; they were not even upholstered, and somewhat resembled those which are still used by bishops. Triangular tables stood in the corners, a square table stood in front of the sofa; and there was a large mirror in a slender gilt frame, carved in foliage, which the flies had covered with black spots; in front of the sofa was a mat with flowers which resembled birds, and birds which resembled flowers: and these things constituted almost the entire furniture of the far from elegant little house where my old people lived. The maids' room was filled with young and elderly serving-women in striped chemises, to whom Pulkheria Ivanovna sometimes gave trifles to sew, and whom she set to picking over berries, but who ran about the kitchen or slept the greater part of the time. Pulkheria Ivanovna regarded it as a necessity that she should keep them in the house, and she kept a strict watch of their morals; but to no purpose.

Afanasy Ivan'itch very rarely occupied himself with the farming; although he sometimes went out to see the mowers and reapers, and gazed with great intensity at their work. All the burden of management devolved upon Pulkheria Ivan'na. Pulkheria Ivanovna's housekeeping consisted of a constant locking and unlocking of the storehouse, of salting, drying, and preserving incalculable quantities of fruits and vegetables. Her house was exactly like a chemical laboratory. A fire was constantly

laid under an apple-tree; and the kettle or the brass pan with preserves, jelly, marmalade,—made with honey, with sugar, and with I know not what else,—was hardly ever taken from the tripod. Under another tree the coachman was forever distilling vodka with peach-leaves, with wild cherry, cherry flowers, wild gentian, or cherry-stones, in a copper still; and at the end of the process he was never able to control his tongue, but chattered all sorts of nonsense which Pulkheria Ivanovna did not understand, and took himself off to the kitchen to sleep. Such a quantity of all this stuff was preserved, salted, and dried that it would probably have overwhelmed the whole yard at least (for Pulkheria Ivanovna liked to lay in a store far beyond what was calculated for consumption), if the greater part of it had not been devoured by the maid-servants, who crept into the storehouse and overate themselves to such a fearful extent that they groaned and complained of their stomachs for a whole day afterwards.

Both the old folks, in accordance with old-fashioned customs, were very fond of eating. As soon as daylight dawned (they always rose early) and the doors had begun their many-toned concert of squeaks, they sat down at the table and drank coffee. When Afanasy Ivanovitch had drunk his coffee, he went out, flirted his handkerchief, and said, "Kish, kish! go away from the veranda, geese!" In the yard he generally encountered the steward: he usually entered into conversation with him, inquired about the work of the estate with the greatest minuteness, and imparted to him such a multitude of observations and orders as would have caused any one to marvel at his understanding of business; and no novice would have ventured to conjecture that so acute a master could be robbed. But his steward was a clever rascal: he knew well what answers he must give, and better still how to manage things.

This done, Afanasy Ivanovitch returned to the house, and approaching Pulkheria Ivanovna, said, "Well, Pulkheria Ivan'na, is it time to eat something, do you think?"

"What shall we have to eat now, Afanasy Ivan'itch,—some wheat and suet cakes, or some patties with poppy-seeds, or some salted mushrooms?"

"Some mushrooms, then, or some patties, if you please," said Afanasy Ivan'itch; and then suddenly a table-cloth would make its appearance on the table, with the patties and mushrooms.

An hour before dinner Afanasy Ivan'itch took another snack, and drank vodka from an ancient silver cup, ate mushrooms,

divers dried fishes, and other things. They sat down to dine at twelve o'clock. There stood upon the table, in addition to the platters and sauce-boats, a multitude of pots with covers pasted on, that the appetizing products of the savory old-fashioned cooking might not be exhaled abroad. At dinner the conversation turned upon subjects closely connected with the meal.

After dinner Afanasy Ivanovitch went to lie down for an hour, at the end of which time Pulkheria Ivanovna brought him a sliced watermelon and said, "Here, try this, Afanasy Ivan'tch; see what a good melon it is."

"Don't put faith in it because it is red in the centre, Pulkheria Ivan'na," said Afanasy Ivanovitch, taking a good-sized chunk. "Sometimes they are not good though they are red."

But the watermelon slowly disappeared. Then Afanasy Ivanovitch ate a few pears, and went out into the garden for a walk with Pulkheria Ivanovna. When they returned to the house, Pulkheria Ivanovna went about her own affairs; but he sat down on the veranda facing the yard, and observed how the interior of the store-room was alternately disclosed and revealed, and how the girls jostled each other as they carried in or brought out all sorts of stuff in wooden boxes, sieves, trays, and other receptacles for fruit. After waiting a while, he sent for Pulkheria Ivanovna or went in search of her himself, and said, "What is there for me to eat, Pulkheria Ivan'na?"

"What is there?" asked Pulkheria Ivanovna. "Shall I go and tell them to bring you some curd dumplings with berries, which I had set aside for you?"

"That would be good," answered Afanasy Ivanovitch.

"Or perhaps you could eat some kisel?" [A jelly-like pudding, made of potato flour, and flavored with some sour fruit juice.]

"That is good also," replied Afanasy Ivanovitch; whereupon all of them were immediately brought and eaten in due course.

Before supper Afanasy Ivanovitch took another appetizing snack.

At half-past nine they sat down to supper. After supper they went directly to bed, and universal silence settled down upon this busy yet quiet nook.

The chamber in which Afanasy Ivanovitch and Pulkheria Ivanovna slept was so hot that very few people could have stayed in it more than a few hours; but Afanasy Ivanovitch, for the sake of more warmth, slept upon the stove bench, although

the excessive heat caused him to rise several times in the course of the night and walk about the room. Sometimes Afanasy Ivanovitch groaned as he walked thus about the room.

Then Pulkheria Ivanovna inquired, "Why do you groan, Afanasy Ivan'itch?"

"God knows, Pulkheria Ivan'na! It seems to me that my stomach aches a little," said Afanasy Ivanovitch.

"Hadh'n't you better eat something, Afanasy Ivan'itch?"

"I don't know; perhaps it would be well, Pulkheria Ivan'na: by the way, what is there to eat?"

"Sour milk, or some stewed dried pears."

"If you please, I will try them," said Afanasy Ivanovitch. A sleepy maid was sent to ransack the cupboards, and Afanasy Ivanovitch ate a plateful; after which he remarked, "Now I seem to feel relieved."

I loved to visit them; and though I over-ate myself horribly, like all their guests, and although it was very bad for me, still I was always glad to go to them. Besides, I think that the air of Little Russia must possess some special properties which aid digestion; for if any one were to undertake to eat in that way here, there is not a doubt but that he would find himself lying on the table a corpse, instead of in bed.

Pulkheria Ivanovna had a little gray cat, which almost always lay coiled up in a ball at her feet. Pulkheria Ivanovna stroked her occasionally, and tickled her neck with her finger, the petted cat stretching it out as long as possible. It would not be correct to affirm that Pulkheria Ivanovna loved her so very much, but she had simply become attached to her from seeing her continually about. Afanasy Ivanovitch often joked about the attachment.

Behind their garden lay a large forest, which had been spared by the enterprising steward, possibly because the sound of the axe might have reached the ears of Pulkheria Ivanovna. It was dense, neglected; the old tree trunks were concealed by luxuriant hazel-bushes, and resembled the feathered legs of pigeons. In this wood dwelt wild cats. These cats had a long conference with Pulkheria Ivanovna's tame cat through a hole under the storehouse, and at last led her astray, as a detachment of soldiers leads astray a dull-witted peasant. Pulkheria Ivanovna noticed that her cat was missing, and caused search to be made for her; but no cat was to be found. Three days passed; Pulkheria Ivanovna felt sorry, but in the end forgot all about her loss.

[The cat returns to the place half starved, and is coaxed to come into the house and eat, but runs away on Pulkheria Ivanovna's trying to pet her.]

The old woman became pensive. "It is my death which is come for me," she said to herself; and nothing could cheer her. All day she was sad. In vain did Afanasy Ivanovitch jest, and seek to discover why she had suddenly grown so grave. Pulkheria Ivanovna either made no reply, or one which did not in the least satisfy Afanasy Ivanovitch. The next day she had grown visibly thinner.

"What is the matter with you, Pulkheria Ivanovna? You are not ill?"

"No, I am not ill, Afanasy Ivan'itch. I want to tell you about a strange occurrence. I know that I shall die this year; my death has already come for me."

Afanasy Ivanovitch's mouth was distorted with pain. Nevertheless he tried to conquer the sad feeling in his mind, and said smiling, "God only knows what you are talking about, Pulkheria Ivan'na! You must have drunk some of your peach infusion instead of your usual herb tea."

"No, Afanasy Ivan'itch, I have not drunk my peach infusion," replied Pulkheria Ivanovna. "I beg of you, Afanasy Ivan'itch, to fulfill my wishes. When I die, bury me by the church wall. Put on me my grayish gown,—the one with the small flowers on a cinnamon ground. My satin gown with the red stripes you must not put on me: a corpse needs no clothes; of what use are they to her? But it will be good for you. Make yourself a fine dressing-gown, in case visitors come, so that you can make a good appearance when you receive them."

"God knows what you are saying, Pulkheria Ivan'na!" said Afanasy Ivanovitch. "Death will come some time; but you frighten me with such remarks."

"Mind, Yavdokha," she said, turning to the housekeeper, whom she had sent for expressly, "that you look after your master when I am dead and cherish him like the apple of your eye, like your own child. See that everything he likes is prepared in the kitchen; that his linen and clothes are always clean; that when visitors happen in, you dress him properly, otherwise he will come forth in his old dressing-gown, for he often forgets now whether it is a festival or an ordinary day."

Poor old woman! She had no thought for the great moment which was awaiting her, nor of her soul, nor of the future life:

she thought only of her poor companion, with whom she had passed her life, and whom she was about to leave an orphan and unprotected. After this fashion did she arrange everything with great skill, so that after her death Afanasy Ivanovitch might not perceive her absence. Her faith in her approaching end was so firm, and her mind was so fixed upon it, that in a few days she actually took to her bed, and was unable to swallow any nourishment.

Afanasy Ivanovitch was all attention, and never left her bedside. "Perhaps you could eat something, Pulkheria Ivan'na," he said, gazing uneasily into her eyes. But Pulkheria Ivanovna made no reply. At length, after a long silence, she moved her lips as though desirous of saying something—and her spirit fled.

Afanasy Ivanovitch was utterly amazed. It seemed to him so terrible that he did not even weep. He gazed at her with troubled eyes, as though he did not understand the meaning of a corpse.

Five years passed. Being in the vicinity at the end of the five years, I went to the little estate of Afanasy Ivanovitch, to inquire after my old neighbor, with whom I had spent the day so agreeably in former times, dining always on the choicest delicacies of his kind-hearted wife. When I drove up to the door, the house seemed twice as old as formerly; the peasants' cottages were lying on one side, without doubt exactly like their owners; the fence and hedge around the yard were dilapidated; and I myself saw the cook pull out a paling to heat the stove, when she had only a couple of steps to take in order to get the kindling-wood which had been piled there expressly for her use. I stepped sadly upon the veranda; the same dogs, now blind or with broken legs, raised their bushy tails, all matted with burs, and barked.

The old man came out to meet me. So this was he! I recognized him at once, but he was twice as bent as formerly. He knew me, and greeted me with the smile which was so familiar to me. I followed him into the room. All there seemed as in the past; but I observed a strange disorder, a tangible loss of something. In everything was visible the absence of the painstaking Pulkheria Ivanovna. At table, they gave us a knife without a handle; the dishes were prepared with little art. I did not care to inquire about the management of the estate; I was even afraid to glance at the farm buildings. I tried to interest Afanasy

Ivanovitch in something, and told him divers bits of news. He listened with his customary smile, but his glance was at times quite unintelligent; and thoughts did not wander therein—they simply disappeared.

"This is the dish—" said Afanasy Ivanovitch when they brought us curds and flour with cream, "—this is the dish—" he continued, and I observed that his voice began to quiver, and that tears were on the point of bursting from his leaden eyes; but he collected all his strength in the effort to repress them: "this is the dish which the—the—the de—ceas—" and his tears suddenly gushed forth, his hand fell upon his plate, the plate was overturned, flew from the table, and was broken. He sat stupidly, holding the spoon, and tears like a never-ceasing fountain flowed, flowed in streams down upon his napkin.

He did not live long after this. I heard of his death recently. What was strange, though, was that the circumstances attending it somewhat resembled those connected with the death of Pulkheria Ivanovna. One day, Afanasy Ivanovitch decided to take a short stroll in the garden. As he went slowly down the path with his usual heedlessness, a strange thing happened to him. All at once he heard some one behind him say in a distinct voice, "Afanasy Ivan'itch!" He turned round, but there was no one there. He looked on all sides; he peered into the shrubbery,—no one anywhere. The day was calm and the sun was shining brightly. He pondered for a moment. Then his face lighted up, and at last he cried, "It is Pulkheria Ivanovna calling me!"

He surrendered himself utterly to the moral conviction that Pulkheria Ivanovna was calling him. He yielded with the meekness of a submissive child, withered up, coughed, melted away like a candle, and at last expired like it when nothing remains to feed its poor flame. "Lay me beside Pulkheria Ivan'na"—that was all he said before his death.

His wish was fulfilled; and they buried him beside the churchyard wall close to Pulkheria Ivanovna's grave. The guests at the funeral were few, but there was a throng of common and poor people. The house was already quite deserted. The enterprising clerk and village elder carried off to their cottages all the old household utensils which the housekeeper did not manage to appropriate.

CARLO GOLDONI

(1707-1793)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

ITALY is generally felt to be, above all other lands, the natural home of the drama. In acting, as in music, indeed, the sceptre has never wholly passed from her: Ristori and Salvini certainly are not yet forgotten. The Græco-Roman comedies of Plautus and Terence, the rhetorical tragedy of Seneca, have had a far more direct hand in molding the modern dramatists' art than have the loftier creative masterpieces of the great Attic Four. Indeed, Latin has never become in Italy a really dead language, remote from the popular consciousness. The splendor of the Church ritual, the great mass of the educated clergy, the almost purely Latin roots of the vernacular, have made such a loss impossible.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Terence and Plautus were often revived on the stage, still oftener imitated in Latin. Many of the greatest names in modern Italian literature are in some degree associated with drama. Thus Machiavelli made free Italian versions from both the comic Latin poets, and wrote a powerful though immoral prose comedy, 'The Magic Draught' (Mandragola). Tasso's 'Aminta' is as sweet and musical, and hardly so artificial, as that famous 'Pastor Fido' of Guarini, which has become the ideal type of all the mock-pastoral comedy out of which the modern opera has risen.

So, when Goldoni is hailed as the father of modern Italian comedy, it can only mean that his prolific Muse has dominated the stage in our own century and in its native land. In his delightfully naïve Memoirs he frequently announces himself as the leader of *reform* in the dramatic art. And this claim is better founded; though there is a startling discrepancy between the character, the temper, the life of this child of the sun, and the Anglo-Saxon ideal of "Man the Reformer" as delineated, for instance, by our own cooler-blooded Emerson!

Under the lead of Goldoni's elder contemporary Metastasio, the lyrical drama of pastoral and artificial love had become fully wedded to music; and it is rightly felt that the resulting modern opera is a genus of its own, not essentially nor chiefly dramatic in character and aims. An opera can be sung without action; it cannot be

acted without music. On the other hand, the farce had become almost restricted to the stock masked characters, Pantaloon, the Dottore, Arlecchino, and the rest, with a narrow range of childish buffoonery in the action. The companies of professional actors, endowed with that marvelous power of improvisation which the very language of Italy seems to stimulate, hardly permitted the poet to offer them more than a mere outline of a shallow plot, to be filled in from scene to scene at the impulse of the moment on the stage!

Under these circumstances it was indeed necessary to reclaim the rights of the dramatic poet, to reduce to decent limits the "gag" which the comic actor has doubtless always been eager to use, and also to educate or beguile his public up to the point of lending a moderately attentive ear to a play of sustained interest and culminating plot. In this seemingly modest but really most difficult task, Goldoni scored a decided success,—a triumph.

Even his checkered life as a whole was, at eighty, in his own retrospect a happy comedy, mingled with few serious reverses and hardly darkened at all by remorse. Such lives at best are nowise numerous. Adequate self-portraits of successful artists are so rare that the autobiographies of the gentle Goldoni, and of his savage fellow-countryman Benvenuto Cellini, almost form a class of literature by themselves.

Born in Venice in fair social position, Goldoni spent his childhood chiefly in Chiozza, a ruder and humbler miniature of the island city some twenty-five miles away. Though an incurable wanderer,—indeed, so filled with the true Bohemian's feverish love for change that he never could endure even success anywhere for many summers,—he yet gave more of his best years, and a heartier loyalty, to Venice than to any other home. He knew best, and delineated best, the ordinary life of the lagoons. Mr. Howells, himself by long residence and love a half-Venetian, declares that the comedies in the local dialect are invariably the best, and next best the Italian plays whose scenes are at least laid in Venice. Perhaps the critic is here himself unduly swayed by his affections. Goldoni knew well nearly all Italian lands. He had even, for a series of years, a career as an advocate in Pisa. "My comic genius was not extinguished, but suppressed," he explains. He did not even then give up play-writing, and a traveling theatre manager easily beguiled him back to Venice. This was in 1747, and this same manager, Medebac, setting up a new theatre in Venice, absorbed Goldoni's energies for several years. It was in 1750 that he successfully carried out a rash vow to produce sixteen new comedies in a single year! Among these are a goodly number of his best, including 'The Coffee-House,' from which a few scenes are given below.

Though he passed over into the service of a different theatre, traveled constantly with his actors, accepted invitations to Parma, Rome, etc., to oversee the performance of his plays, yet he never gave up his home in Venice altogether, until summoned to Paris in 1761. These fourteen years, moreover, form the happiest period of his life. His income from the theatres, from published editions of his comedies, and from his inherited property, would have made him wealthy, but for his extravagant and careless mode of life.

Despite one notable success in French with the comedy 'The Surly Benefactor' (1771), Goldoni's life in France was relatively unprofitable and ignoble. He became Italian teacher of various royal princesses, with the utmost uncertainty and delay as to his salaries or pensions. Yet he could never break the fascination of Paris. The art of the French actors was a never-failing delight to him. There, at the age of eighty, in French, he wrote and published his 'Memoirs.' The Revolution swept away his negligent patrons. In poverty and utter neglect he died at last, just as the republicans were ready to restore his royal pension.

Goldoni was the child of Italy and of the eighteenth century. He had no serious quarrel with his environment. He was not greatly superior, in actual character or aspirations, to his associates. His affection for his devoted wife did not save him from many a wandering passion. The promising prima donnas, in particular, found in him an all too devoted instructor and protector. The gaming-table and the lottery are apparently irresistible to any true Italian, and Goldoni knew by heart the passions which he ridicules or condemns, though without bitterness, upon his stage. His oft-repeated claim to have reformed the Italian theatre meant chiefly this: that between the lyrical drama of Metastasio on the one hand, and the popular masque with stock characters on the other,—and while contributing to both these forms of art,—he did firmly establish the comedy of plot and dialogue, carefully learned and rehearsed, in which the players must speak the speech as it is pronounced to them by the poet.

Goldoni himself acknowledges, perhaps not too sincerely, in his Parisian memoirs, the superiority, the mastership, of Molière. In truth, the great Frenchman stands, with Aristophanes and Shakespeare, upon a lonely height quite unapproached by lesser devotees of Thalia. We must not seek in Goldoni a prober of the human heart, not even a fearless satirist of social conditions. In his rollicking good-humor and content with the world as he finds it, Goldoni is much like Plautus. He is moreover under a censorship hardly less severe. He dares not, for instance, introduce upon his stage any really offensive type of Venetian nobleman. As for religious dictation, the convent must not even be mentioned, though the *aunt* with

whom the young lady is visiting sometimes becomes as transparent an idiom as the "uncle" of a spendthrift cockney! The audience, moreover, demand only diversion, not serious instruction (as Goethe complains, even of his grave Germans, in the 'Prolog im Theater'). It is remarkable, under all these conditions, how healthy, how kindly, how proper, most of Goldoni's work is. Doubtless, like Goldsmith, he could preach the more gracefully, persuasively, and unobservedly, because he never attempted to escape from the very vices or indulgences that he satirizes. But even the most determined seeker for the moral element in art will find little indeed thereof in Goldoni's merry comedies. Incredible as it seems to us Puritans, he really made it his mission to amuse. Thoroughly in love with the rather ignoble, trivial life of his day, he holds the dramatic mirror up to it with lifelong optimism and enjoyment. His wit is not keen, his poetic imagination is slight indeed. Aside from the true dramatist's skill in construction, in plot, his power lies chiefly in the rapid, clear, firm outlines of his character-drawing. These characters are for the most part just about such men and women, such creatures of impulse and whim, such genial mingling of naughtiness and good intentions, as we see about us. He never delineates a saint or a hero; hardly a monster of wickedness. He had never known either, and would not have been interested if he had. The charm of Goldoni is felt chiefly in Venice, or at least in Italy, while listening to his comedy and watching the enjoyment mirrored in the faces of his own audience. It evaporates in translation, and his plays are meant only to be heard, not read. To Mr. Howells's own affectionate testimony we may add his happy citation from Goethe, who is writing from Venice in 1786:

"Yesterday, at the theatre of St. Luke, was performed 'Le Baruffe-Chiozzotte,' which I should interpret 'The Frays and Feuds of Chiozza.' The *dramatis personæ* are principally seafaring people, inhabitants of Chiozza, with their wives, sisters, and daughters. The usual noisy demonstrations of such sort of people in their good or ill luck,—their dealings one with another, their vehemence but goodness of heart, commonplace remarks and unaffected manners, their naïve wit and humor,—all this was excellently imitated. The piece moreover is Goldoni's, and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the tones and manners of the sailors and people of the seaport still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it delighted me very much; and although I did not understand a single allusion, I was nevertheless, on the whole, able to follow it pretty well. . . . I never witnessed anything like the noisy delight the people evinced at seeing themselves and their mates represented with such truth of nature. It was one continued laugh and tumultuous shout of exultation from beginning to end. . . . Great praise is due to the author, who out of nothing has here created the most amusing *divertissement*. However, he never could have done it with any other people than his own merry and light-hearted countrymen."

Of Goldoni's one hundred and sixty comedies, only a scanty handful have been tolerably translated in English. As accessible and agreeable an introduction as any, perhaps, is the version of four notable plays by Miss Helen Zimmern in the series 'Masterpieces of Foreign Authors.' The 'Memoirs' have been fairly rendered by John Black, and this version, considerably abridged, was served up by Mr. Howells in 1877 among his series of 'Choice Autobiographies.' Mr. Howells's introductory essay appeared also in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It has been drawn upon somewhat in the present sketch.

William Cranston Lawton

FIRST LOVE AND PARTING

From the 'Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni'

I WAS intrusted some time afterwards with another commission, of a much more agreeable and amusing nature. This was to carry through an investigation, ten leagues from the town, into the circumstances of a dispute where firearms had been made use of and dangerous wounds received. As the country where this happened was flat, and the road lay through charming estates and country-houses, I engaged several of my friends to follow me; we were in all twelve, six males and six females, and four domestics. We all rode on horseback, and we employed twelve days in this delicious expedition. . . .

In this party there were two sisters, one married and the other single. The latter was very much to my liking, and I may say I made the party for her alone. She was as prudent and modest as her sister was headstrong and foolish; the singularity of our journey afforded us an opportunity of coming to an explanation, and we became lovers.

My investigation was concluded in two hours; we selected another road for our return, to vary our pleasure. . . . The six gentlemen of our party proposed another species of entertainment. In the palace of the governor there was a theatre, which they wished to put to some use; and they did me the honor to tell me that they had conceived the project on my account, and they left me the power of choosing the pieces and distributing the characters. I thanked them, and accepted the proposition; and with the approbation of his Excellency and my chancellor, I put myself

at the head of this new entertainment. I could have wished something comic, but I was not fond of buffoonery, and there were no good comedies; I therefore gave the preference to tragedy. As the operas of Metastasio were then represented everywhere, even without music, I put the airs into recitative; I endeavored as well as I could to appropriate the style of that charming author; and I made choice of 'Didone' and 'Siroe' for our representation. I distributed the parts according to the characters of my actors, whom I knew, and I reserved the worst for myself. In this I acted wisely, for I was completely unsuited for tragedy. Fortunately, I had composed two small pieces in which I played two parts of character, and redeemed my reputation. The first of these pieces was 'The Good Father,' and the second 'La Cantatrice.' Both were approved of, and my acting was considered passable for an amateur. I saw the last of these pieces some time afterwards at Venice, where a young advocate thought proper to give it out as his own work, and to receive compliments on the subject; but having been imprudent enough to publish it with his name, he experienced the mortification of seeing his plagiarism unmasked.

I did what I could to engage my beautiful Angelica to accept a part in our tragedies, but it was impossible; she was timid, and had she even been willing, her parents would not have given their permission. She visited us; but this pleasure cost her tears, for she was jealous, and suffered much from seeing me on such a familiar footing with my fair companions. The poor little girl loved me with tenderness and sincerity, and I loved her also with my whole soul; I may say she was the first person whom I ever loved. She aspired to become my wife, which she would have been if certain singular reflections, that however were well founded, had not turned me from the design. Her elder sister had been remarkably beautiful, and after her first child she became ugly. The youngest had the same skin and the same features; she was one of those delicate beauties whom the air injures, and whom the smallest fatigue or pain discomposes: of all of which I saw a convincing proof. The fatigue of our journey produced a visible change upon her: I was young, and if my wife were in a short time to have lost her bloom, I foresaw what would have been my despair. This was reasoning curiously for a lover; but whether from virtue, weakness, or inconstancy, I quitted Feltre without marrying her.

THE ORIGIN OF "MASKS" IN THE ITALIAN COMEDY

From the 'Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni'

THE amateurs of the old comedy, on seeing the rapid progress of the new, declared everywhere that it was unworthy of an Italian to give a blow to a species of comedy in which Italy had attained great distinction, and which no other nation had ever yet been able to imitate. But what made the greatest impression on the discontented was the suppression of masks, which my system appeared to threaten. It was said that these personages had for two centuries been the amusement of Italy, and that it ought not to be deprived of a species of comic diversion which it had created and so well supported.

Before venturing to give any opinion on this subject, I imagine the reader will have no objection to listen for a few minutes to a short account of the origin, employment, and effects of these four masks. Comedy, which in all ages has been the favorite entertainment of polished nations, shared the fate of the arts and sciences, and was buried under the ruins of the Empire during the decay of letters. The germ of comedy, however, was never altogether extinguished in the fertile bosom of Italy. Those who first endeavored to bring about its revival, not finding in an ignorant age writers of sufficient skill, had the boldness to draw out plans, to distribute them into acts and scenes, and to utter extempore the subjects, thoughts, and witticisms which they had concerted among themselves. Those who could read (and neither the great nor the rich were of the number) found that in the comedies of Plautus and Terence there were always duped fathers, debauched sons, enamored girls, knavish servants, and mercenary maids; and, running over the different districts of Italy, they took the fathers from Venice and Bologna, the servants from Bergamo, and the lovers and waiting-maids from the dominions of Rome and Tuscany. Written proofs are not to be expected of what took place in a time when writing was not in use; but I prove my assertion in this way: Pantaloon has always been a Venetian, the Doctor a Bolognese, and Brighella and Harlequin Bergamasks; and from these places, therefore, the comic personages called the four masks of the Italian comedy were taken by the players. What I say on this subject is not altogether the creature of my imagination; I possess a manuscript of the

fifteenth century, in very good preservation and bound in parchment, containing a hundred and twenty subjects or sketches of Italian pieces, called comedies of art, and of which the basis of the comic humor is always Pantaloon, a Venetian merchant; the Doctor, a Bolognese jurisconsult; and Brighella and Harlequin, Bergamask valets,—the first clever and sprightly, and the other a mere dolt. Their antiquity and their long existence indicate their origin.

With respect to their employment, Pantaloon and the Doctor, called by the Italians the two old men, represent the part of fathers, and the other parts where cloaks are worn. The first is a merchant, because Venice in its ancient times was the richest and most extensively commercial country of Italy. He has always preserved the ancient Venetian costume; the black dress and the woolen bonnet are still worn in Venice; and the red under-waistcoat and breeches, cut out like drawers, with red stockings and slippers, are a most exact representation of the equipment of the first inhabitants of the Adriatic marshes. The beard, which was considered as an ornament in those remote ages, has been caricatured and rendered ridiculous in subsequent periods.

The second old man, called the Doctor, was taken from among the lawyers, for the sake of opposing a learned man to a merchant; and Bologna was selected because in that city there existed a university, which, notwithstanding the ignorance of the times, still preserved the offices and emoluments of the professors. In the dress of the Doctor we observe the ancient costume of the university and bar of Bologna, which is nearly the same at this day; and the idea of the singular mask which covers his face and nose was taken from a wine stain which disfigured the countenance of a jurisconsult in those times. This is a tradition still existing among the amateurs of the comedy of art.

Brighella and Harlequin, called in Italy the two Zani, were taken from Bergamo; because, the former being a very sharp fellow and the other a stupid clown, these two extremes are only to be found among the lower orders of that part of the country. Brighella represents an intriguing, deceitful, and knavish valet. His dress is a species of livery; his swarthy mask is a caricature of the color of the inhabitants of those high mountains, tanned by the heat of the sun. Some comedians, in this character, have taken the name of Fenocchio, Fiqueto, and Scapin; but they

have always represented the same valet and the same Bergamask. The harlequins have also assumed other names: they have been sometimes Tracagnins, Truffaldins, Gradelins, and Mezetins; but they have always been stupid Bergamasks. Their dress is an exact representation of that of a poor devil who has picked up pieces of stuffs of different colors to patch his dress; his hat corresponds with his mendicity, and the hare's tail with which it is ornamented is still common in the dress of the peasantry of Bergamo.

I have thus, I trust, sufficiently demonstrated the origin and employment of the four masks of the Italian comedy; it now remains for me to mention the effects resulting from them. The mask must always be very prejudicial to the action of the performer, either in joy or sorrow: whether he be in love, cross, or good-humored, the same features are always exhibited; and however he may gesticulate and vary the tone, he can never convey by the countenance, which is the interpreter of the heart, the different passions with which he is inwardly agitated. The masks of the Greeks and Romans were a sort of speaking-trumpets, invented for the purpose of conveying the sound through the vast extent of their amphitheatres. Passion and sentiment were not in those times carried to the pitch of delicacy now actually necessary. The actor must in our days possess a soul; and the soul under a mask is like a fire under ashes. These were the reasons which induced me to endeavor the reform of the Italian theatre, and to supply the place of farces with comedies. But the complaints became louder and louder: I was disgusted with the two parties, and I endeavored to satisfy both; I undertook to produce a few pieces merely sketched, without ceasing to give comedies of character. I employed the masks in the former, and I displayed a more noble and interesting comic humor in the others: each participated in the species of pleasure with which they were most delighted; with time and patience I brought about a reconciliation between them; and I had the satisfaction at length to see myself authorized in following my own taste, which became in a few years the most general and prevailing in Italy. I willingly pardoned the partisans of the comedians with masks the injuries they laid to my charge; for they were very able amateurs, who had the merit of giving themselves an interest to sketched comedies.

PURISTS AND PEDANTRY

From the 'Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni'

MY JOURNEY to Parma, and the pension and diploma conferred on me, excited the envy and rage of my adversaries. They had reported at Venice during my absence that I was dead; and there was a monk who had even the temerity to say he had been at my funeral. On arriving home safe and sound, the evil-disposed began to display their irritation at my good fortune. It was not the authors, my antagonists, who tormented me, but the partisans of the different theatres of Venice.

I was defended by literary men, who entertained a favorable opinion of me; and this gave rise to a warfare in which I was very innocently the victim of the irritation which had been excited. My system has always been never to mention the names of my adversaries: but I cannot avoid expressing the honor which I feel in proclaiming those of my advocates. Father Roberti, a Jesuit, at present the Abbé Roberti, one of the most illustrious poets of the suppressed society, published a poem in blank verse, entitled 'Comedy'; and by dwelling on the reformation effected by me, and analyzing several scenes in my pieces, he encouraged his countrymen and mine to follow the example and the system of the Venetian author. Count Verri, a Milanese, followed the Abbé Roberti. . . . Other patricians of Venice wrote in my favor, on account of the disputes which were every day growing warmer and warmer. . . . Every day witnessed some new composition for or against me; but I had this advantage,—that those who interested themselves for me, from their manners, their talents, and their reputation, were among the most prudent and distinguished men in Italy.

One of the articles for which I was most keenly attacked was a violation of the purity of the language. I was a Venetian, and I had had the disadvantage of sucking in with my mother's milk the use of a very agreeable and seductive patois, which however was not Tuscan. I learned by principle, and cultivated by reading, the language of the good Italian authors; but first impressions will return at times, notwithstanding every attention used in avoiding them. I had undertaken a journey into Tuscany, where I remained for four years, with the view of becoming familiar with the language; and I printed the first edition of my

works at Florence, under the eyes and the criticism of the learned of that place, that I might purify them from errors of language. All my precautions were insufficient to satisfy the rigorists: I always failed in one thing or other; and I was perpetually reproached with the original sin of Venetianism.

Amidst all this tedious trifling, I recollected one day that Tasso had been worried his whole lifetime by the Academicians della Crusca, who maintained that his 'Jerusalem Delivered' had not passed through the sieve which is the emblem of their society. I was then in my closet, and I turned my eyes towards the twelve quarto volumes of the works of that author, and exclaimed, "Oh heavens! must no one write in the Italian language who has not been born in Tuscany?" I turned up mechanically the five volumes of the Dictionary della Crusca, where I found more than six hundred words, and a number of expressions, approved of by the academy and rejected by the world; I ran over several ancient authors considered as classical, whom it would be impossible to imitate in the present day without censure; and I came to this conclusion—that we must write in good Italian, but write at the same time so as to be understood in every corner of Italy. Tasso was therefore wrong in reforming his poem to please the Academicians della Crusca: his 'Jerusalem Delivered' is read by everybody, while nobody thinks of reading his 'Jerusalem Conquered.'

A POET'S OLD AGE

From the 'Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni'

I RETURN to my regimen,—you will say here also, perhaps, that I ought to omit it: you are in the right; but all this is in my head, and I must be delivered of it by degrees; I cannot spare you a single comma. After dinner I am not fond of either working or walking. Sometimes I go to the theatre, but I am most generally in parties till nine o'clock in the evening. I always return before ten o'clock. I take two or three small cakes with a glass of wine and water, and this is the whole of my supper. I converse with my wife till midnight; I very soon fall asleep, and pass the night tranquilly.

It sometimes happens to me, as well as every other person, to have my head occupied with something capable of retarding my

sleep. In this case I have a certain remedy to lull myself asleep, and it is this: I had long projected a vocabulary of the Venetian dialect, and I had even communicated my intention to the public, who are still in expectation of it. While laboring at this tedious and disgusting work, I soon discovered that it threw me asleep. I laid it therefore aside, and I profited by its narcotic faculty. Whenever I feel my mind agitated by any moral cause, I take at random some word of my national language and translate it into Tuscan and French. In the same manner I pass in review all the words which follow in the alphabetical order, and I am sure to fall asleep at the third or fourth version. My recipe has never once failed me. It is not difficult to demonstrate the cause and effect of this phenomenon. A painful idea requires to be replaced by an opposite or indifferent idea; and the agitation of the mind once calmed, the senses become tranquil and are deadened by sleep.

But this remedy, however excellent, might not be useful to every one. A man of too keen and feeling a disposition would not succeed. The temperament must be such as that with which nature has favored me. My moral qualities bear a resemblance to my physical: I dread neither cold nor heat, and I neither allow myself to be inflamed by rage nor intoxicated by joy. . . .

I am now arrived at the year 1787, which is the eightieth of my age, and that to which I have limited the course of my Memoirs. I have completed my eightieth year; my work is also finished. All is over, and I proceed to send my volumes to the press. This last chapter does not therefore touch on the events of the current year; but I have still some duties to discharge. I must begin with returning thanks to those persons who have reposed so much confidence in me as to honor me with their subscriptions.

I do not speak of the kindness and favors of the King and court; this is not the place to mention them. I have named in my work some of my friends and even some of my protectors. I beg pardon of them: if I have done so without their permission, it is not through vanity; the occasion has suggested it; their names have dropped from my pen, the heart has seized on the instant, and the hand has not been unwilling. For example, the following is one of the fortunate occasions I allude to. I was unwell a few days ago; the Count Alfieri did me the honor to call on me; I knew his talents, but his conversation impressed on

me the wrong which I should have done in omitting him. He is a very intelligent and learned literary man, who principally excels in the art of Sophocles and Euripides, and after these great models he has framed his tragedies. They have gone through two editions in Italy, and are at present in the press of Didot at Paris. I shall enter into no details respecting them, as they may be seen and judged of by every one.

During my convalescence M. Caccia, a banker in Paris, my friend and countryman, sent me a book addressed to him from Italy for me. It was a collection of French epigrams and madrigals, translated into Italian by the Count Roncali, of the city of Brescia in the Venetian dominions. This charming poet has merely translated the thoughts; he has said the same things in fewer words, and he has fallen upon as brilliant and striking points in his own language as those of his originals.

I had the honor of seeing M. Roncali twelve years ago at Paris, and he allows me to hope that I shall have the good fortune to see him again. This is infinitely flattering to me; but I earnestly entreat him to make haste, as my career is far advanced, and what is still worse, I am extremely fatigued. I have undertaken too long and too laborious a work for my age, and I have employed three years on it, always dreading lest I should not have the pleasure of seeing it finished. However, I am still in life, thanks to God, and I flatter myself that I shall see my volumes printed, distributed, and read. If they be not praised, I hope at least they will not be despised. I shall not be accused of vanity or presumption in daring to hope for some share of favor for my Memoirs; for had I thought that I should absolutely displease, I would not have taken so much pains; and if in the good and ill which I say of myself, the balance inclines to the favorable side, I owe more to nature than to study. All the application employed by me in the construction of my pieces has been that of not disfiguring nature, and all the care taken by me in my Memoirs has been that of telling only the truth. The criticism of my pieces may have the correction and improvement of comedy in view; but the criticism of my Memoirs will be of no advantage to literature. However, if any writer should think proper to employ his time on me for the sole purpose of vexing me, he would lose his labor. I am of a pacific disposition; I have always preserved my coolness of character; at my age I read little, and I read only amusing books.

THE CAFÉ

[A few of the opening scenes from one of the popular Venetian comedies are here given with occasional abridgment. They illustrate the entirely practical theatrical skill of Goldoni's plots, his rapid development of his characters, and the sound morality which prevails without being aggressively prominent.]

The permanent scene represents a small open square in Venice, or a rather wide street, with three shops. The middle one is in use as a café. To the right is a barber's. The one on the left is a gambling-house. Beyond the barber's, across a street, is seen the dancers' house, and beyond the gamblers' a hotel with practicable doors and windows.]

Ridolfo, master of the café, Trappolo, a waiter, and other waiters

RIDOLFO—Come, children, look alive, be wide awake, ready to serve the guests civilly and properly.

Trappolo—Master dear, to tell you the truth, this early rising doesn't suit my complexion a bit. There's no one in sight. We could have slept another hour yet.

Ridolfo—They'll be coming presently. Besides, 'tis not so very early. Don't you see? The barber is open, he's in his shop working on hair. And look! the playing-house is open too.

Trappolo—Oh, yes, indeed. The gambling-house has been open a good bit. They've made a night of it.

Ridolfo—Good. Master Pandolfo will have had a good profit.

Trappolo—That dog always has good profit. He wins on the cards, he profits by usury, he shares with the sharpers. He is sure of all the money of whoever enters there. That poor Signor Eugenio—he has taken a header!

Ridolfo—Just look at him, how little sense he has! With a wife, a young woman of grace and sense,—but he runs after every petticoat; and then he plays like a madman. But come, go roast the coffee and make a fresh supply.

Trappolo—Shan't I warm over yesterday's supply?

Ridolfo—No, make it good.

Trappolo—Master has a short memory. How long since this shop opened?

Ridolfo—You know very well. 'Tis about eight months.

Trappolo—Then 'tis time for a change.

Ridolfo—What do you mean by that?

Trappolo—When a new shop opens, they make perfect coffee. After six months,—hot water, thin broth. [*Exit.*]

Ridolfo—He's a wit. I'm in hopes he'll help the shop. To a shop where there's a fun-maker every one goes.

Pandolfo, keeper of the gambling-house, comes in, rubbing his eyes sleepily

Ridolfo—Master Pandolfo, will you have coffee?

Pandolfo—Yes, if you please.

Ridolfo—Boys, serve coffee for Master Pandolfo. Be seated. Make yourself comfortable.

Pandolfo—No, no, I must drink it at once and get back to work.

Ridolfo—Are they playing yet in the shop?

Pandolfo—They are busy at two tables.

Ridolfo—So early?

Pandolfo—They are at it since yesterday.

Ridolfo—What game?

Pandolfo—An innocent game: "first and second" [*i. e.*, faro].

Ridolfo—And how does it go?

Pandolfo—For me it goes well.

Ridolfo—Have you amused yourself playing too?

Pandolfo—Yes, I took a little hand also.

Ridolfo—Excuse me, my friend; I've no business to meddle in your affairs, but—it doesn't look well when the master of the shop plays; because if he loses he's laughed at, and if he wins he's suspected.

Pandolfo—I am content if they haven't the laugh on me. As for the rest, let them suspect as they please; I pay no attention.

Ridolfo—Dear friend, we are neighbors; I shouldn't want you to get into trouble. You know, by your play before you have brought up in the court.

Pandolfo—I'm easily satisfied. I won a pair of sequins, and wanted no more.

Ridolfo—That's right. Pluck the quail without making it cry out. From whom did you win them?

Pandolfo—A jeweler's boy.

Ridolfo—Bad. Very bad. That tempts the boys to rob their masters.

Pandolfo—Oh, don't moralize to me. Let the greenhorns stay at home. I keep open for any one who wants to play.

Ridolfo—And has Signor Eugenio been playing this past night?

Pandolfo—He's playing yet. He hasn't dined, he hasn't slept, and he's lost all his money.

Ridolfo [*aside*].—Poor young man! [*Aloud.*] And how much has he lost?

Pandolfo.—A hundred sequins in cash: and now he is playing on credit.

Ridolfo.—With whom is he playing?

Pandolfo.—With the count.

Ridolfo.—And whom else?

Pandolfo.—With him alone.

Ridolfo.—It seems to me an honest man shouldn't stand by and see people assassinated.

Pandolfo.—Oho, my friend, if you're going to be so thin-skinned you'll make little money.

Ridolfo.—I don't care for that. Till now I have been in service, and did my duty honestly. I saved a few pennies, and with the help of my old master, who was Signor Eugenio's father, you know, I have opened this shop. With it I mean to live honorably and not disgrace my profession.

[*People from the gambling-shop call "Cards!"*]

Pandolfo [*answering*].—At your service.

Ridolfo.—For mercy's sake, get poor Signor Eugenio away from the table.

Pandolfo.—For all me, he may lose his shirt: I don't care. [*Starts out.*]

Ridolfo.—And the coffee—shall I charge it?

Pandolfo.—Not at all: we'll deal a card for it.

Ridolfo.—I'm no greenhorn, my friend.

Pandolfo.—Oh well, what does it matter? You know my visitors make trade for you. I am surprised that you trouble yourself about these little matters. [*Exit.*] . . .

A gentleman, Don Marzio, enters

Ridolfo [*aside*].—Here is the man who never stops talking, and always must have it his own way.

Marzio.—Coffee.

Ridolfo.—At once, sir.

Marzio.—What's the news, *Ridolfo*?

Ridolfo.—I couldn't say, sir.

Marzio.—Has no one appeared here at your café yet?

Ridolfo.—'Tis quite early still.

Marzio—Early? It has struck nine already.

Ridolfo—Oh no, honored sir, 'tis not seven yet.

Marzio—Get away with your nonsense.

Ridolfo—I assure you, it hasn't struck seven yet.

Marzio—Get out, stupid.

Ridolfo—You abuse me without reason, sir.

Marzio—I counted the strokes just now, and I tell you it is nine. Besides, look at my watch: it never goes wrong. [*Shows it.*]

Ridolfo—Very well, then; if your watch is never wrong,—it says a quarter to seven.

Marzio—What? That can't be. [*Takes out his eye-glass and looks.*]

Ridolfo—What do you say?

Marzio—My watch is wrong. It is nine o'clock. I heard it.

Ridolfo—Where did you buy that watch?

Marzio—I ordered it from London.

Ridolfo—They cheated you.

Marzio—Cheated me? How so? It is the very first quality.

Ridolfo—If it were a good one, it wouldn't be two hours wrong.

Marzio—It is always exactly right.

Ridolfo—But the watch says a quarter to seven, and you say it is nine.

Marzio—My watch is right.

Ridolfo—Then it really is a little before seven, as I said.

Marzio—You're an insolent fellow. My watch is right: you talk foolishly, and I've half a mind to box your ears. [*His coffee is brought.*]

Ridolfo [*aside*]*—*Oh, what a beast!

Marzio—Have you seen Signor Eugenio?

Ridolfo—No, honored sir.

Marzio—At home, of course, petting his wife. What an uxorious fellow! Always a wife! Always a wife! [*Drinks his coffee.*]

Ridolfo—Anything but his wife. He's been gambling all night at Pandolfo's.

Marzio—Just as I tell you. Always gambling.

Ridolfo [*aside*]*—*"Always gambling," "Always his wife," "Always" the Devil; I hope he'll catch him!

Marzio—He came to me the other day in all secrecy, to beg me to lend him ten sequins on a pair of earrings of his wife's.

Ridolfo—Well, you know, every man is liable to have these little difficulties; but they don't care to have them known, and that is doubtless why he came to you, certain that you would tell no one.

Marzio—Oh, I say nothing. I help all, and take no credit for it. See! Here are his wife's earrings. I lent him ten sequins on them. Do you think I am secured?

Ridolfo—I'm no judge, but I think so.

Marzio—Halloa, Trappolo. [*Trappolo enters.*] Here; go to the jeweler's yonder, show him these earrings of Signor Eugenio's wife, and ask him for me if they are security for ten sequins that I lent him.

Trappolo—And it doesn't harm Signor Eugenio to make his affairs public?

Marzio—I am a person with whom a secret is safe. [*Exit Trappolo.*] Say, *Ridolfo*, what do you know of that dancer over there?

Ridolfo—I really know nothing about her.

Marzio—I've been told the Count Leandro is her protector.

Ridolfo—To be frank, I don't care much for other people's affairs.

Marzio—But 'tis well to know things, to govern one's self accordingly. She has been under his protection for some time now, and the dancer's earnings have paid the price of the protection. Instead of spending anything, he devours all the poor wretch has. Indeed, he forces her to do what she should not. Oh, what a villain!

Ridolfo—But I am here all day, and I can swear that no one goes to her house except Leandro.

Marzio—It has a back door. Fool! Fool! Always the back door. Fool!

Ridolfo—I attend to my shop: if she has a back door, what is it to me? I put my nose into no one's affairs.

Marzio—Beast! Do you speak like that to a gentleman of my station?

[This character of Don Marzio the slanderer is the most effective one in the comedy. He finally brings upon himself the bitterest ill-will of all the other characters, and feels himself driven out of Venice, "a land in which all men live at ease, all enjoy liberty, peace, and amusement, if only they know how to be prudent, discreet, honorable."]

MEÏR AARON GOLDSCHMIDT

(1819-1887)



IN THE first line of his memoirs Goldschmidt states that he was of "the tribe of Levi," a fact of which he was never unconscious, and which has given him his peculiar position in modern Danish literature as the exponent of the family and social life of the orthodox Jew. Brandes writes of Goldschmidt that: "In spite of his cosmopolitan spirit, he has always loved two nationalities above all others and equally well,—the Jewish and the Danish. He has looked upon himself as a sort of noble-born bastard; and with the bat of the fable he has said alternately to the mice, 'I am a mouse,' and to the birds, 'I have wings.' He has endeavored to give his answer to the questions of the Jew's place in modern culture."

Goldschmidt was born on the 26th of October, 1819. His early childhood was spent partly in the country, in the full freedom of country life, and partly in the city, where he was sent to school in preparation for the professional career his father had planned for him, in preference to a business life like his own. Goldschmidt took part in the religious instruction of the school, at the same time observing the customs of the Jewish ritual at home without a full understanding of its meaning,—somewhat as he was taught to read Hebrew without being able to translate a word of it into Danish. In the senior class his religious instructor let him join in the Bible reading, but refused to admit him to the catechism class; as a consequence he failed to answer a few questions on his examination papers, and fell just short of a maximum. This made him feel that he was ostracized by his Jewish birth, and put an end to his desire for further academic studies.

At the age of eighteen he began his journalistic career as editor of a provincial paper, the care of which cost him a lawsuit and subjected him to a year's censorship. Soon after, he sold the paper for two hundred dollars, and with this money he started the Copenhagen weekly *The Corsair*, which in no time gained a large reading public,



GOLDSCHMIDT

and whose Friday appearance was awaited with weekly increasing interest. The editorials were given up to æsthetic and poetic discussions, and the small matter treated the questions of the day with a pointed wit that soon made *The Corsair* as widely feared as it was eagerly read. He had reached only the third number when it was put under censorship, and lawsuits followed in quick succession. Goldschmidt did not officially assume the responsibility of editor, although it was an open secret that he was author of most of the articles; publicly the blows were warded off by pretended owners whose names were often changed. One of the few men whom *The Corsair* left unattacked was Søren Kierkegaard, for whose literary and scholarly talents Goldschmidt had great respect. That *The Corsair* was under the ban of the law, so to speak, and had brought him even a four-days' imprisonment, was a small matter to Goldschmidt; but when Kierkegaard passed a scathing moral judgment on the paper, Goldschmidt sold out for four thousand dollars and started with this sum on his travels, "to get rid of wit and learn something better."

In 1847 he was again back in Copenhagen, and began life anew as editor of *North and South*, a weekly containing excellent æsthetic and critical studies, but mainly important on account of its social and political influence. Already, in the time of *The Corsair*, Goldschmidt had begun his work as novelist with 'A Jew,' written in 1843-45, and had taken possession of the field which became his own. It was a promising book, that met with immediate appreciation. Even Kierkegaard forgot for a moment the editor of *The Corsair* in his praise. The Jews, however, looked upon the descriptions of intimate Jewish family life somewhat as a desecration of the Holy of Holies; and if broad-minded enough to forgive this, thought it unwise to accentuate the Jew's position as an element apart in social life. It argues a certain narrowness in Goldschmidt that he has never been able to refrain from striking this note, and Brandes blames him for the bad taste of "continually serving his grandmother with sharp sauce."

Goldschmidt wrote another long novel, 'Homeless'; but it is principally in his shorter works, such as 'Love Stories from Many Countries,' 'Maser,' and 'Avromche Nightingale,' that he has left a great and good gift to Danish literature. The shorter his composition, the more perfect was his treatment. He was above all a stylist.

He always had a tendency to mysticism, and in his last years he was greatly taken up with his theory of Nemesis, on which he wrote a book, containing much that is suggestive but also much that is obviously the result of the wish to make everything conform to a pet theory. His lasting importance will be as the first and foremost influence on modern Danish prose.

ASSAR AND MIRJAM

From 'Love Stories from Many Countries'

ASSAR, son of Juda, a valiant and jealous youth, came walking toward Modin, when from one of the hills he saw a great sight on the plain. Here warriors rode a chariot race in a great circle; many people stood about, calling loudly to the drivers and the spirited horses. Yonder were horsemen in golden armor, trying to catch rings on their spears; and drums were beaten in honor of the winner. On the outskirts of the plain was a little grove of olive-trees; it was not dense. In the grove stood a nude woman hewn in marble; her hair was of gold and her eyes were black, and young girls danced around her with garlands of flowers.

Then Assar said:—"Woe unto us! These are Jewish maidens dancing around the idol, and these are Greek men carrying arms on our holy ground and playing at games as if they were in their home! and no Jewish man makes the game dangerous for them!"

He went down the hill and came to a thicket reaching down to a little brook. On the other side of the brook stood a Greek centurion, a young man, and he was talking to a girl, who stood on this side of the brook on the edge of the thicket.

The warrior said:—"Thou sayest that thy God forbids thee to go over into the grove. What a dark and unfriendly God they have given thee, beautiful child of Juda! He hates thy youth, and the joy of life, and the roses which ought to crown thy black hair. My gods are of a friendlier mind toward mortals. Every morning Apollo drives his glorious span over the arch of the heavens and lights warriors to their deeds; Selene's milder torch glows at night for lovers, and to those who have worshiped her in this life beautiful Aphrodite gives eternal life on her blessed isle. It is her statue standing in the grove. When thou givest thyself under her protection she gives thee in return a hero for thy faithful lover, and later on, graceful daughter of Juda, some god will set thee with thy radiant eyes among the stars, to be a light to mortals and a witness of the beauty of earthly love."

The young girl might have answered; but at this moment Assar was near her, and she knew him, and he saw that it was Mirjam, Rabbi Mattathew's daughter,—the woman he loved, and who was his promised bride. She turned and followed him; but

the warrior on the other side of the brook called out, "What right hast thou to lead this maiden away?"

Assar replied, "I have no right."

"Then why dost thou go with him, sweet daughter of Juda?" cried the warrior.

Mirjam did not answer, but Assar said, "Because she has not yet given up serving her Master."

"Who is her master?" asked the warrior. "I can buy thee freedom, my beautiful child!"

Assar replied, "I wish thou may'st see him."*

The warrior, who could not cross the brook at this place, or anywhere near it, called as they went away, "Tell me thy master's name!"

Assar turned and answered, "I will beg him come to thee."

A hill hid them from the eyes of the warrior, and Mirjam said, "Assar!"

Assar replied, "Mirjam! I have never loved thee as dearly as I do to-day—I do not know if it is a curse or a blessing which is in my veins. Thou hast listened to the words of the heathen."

"I listened to them because he spoke kindly; but I have not betrayed the Lord nor thee."

"Thou hast permitted his words to reach thy ear and thy soul."

"What could I do, Assar? He spoke kindly."

Assar stood still, and said to himself, "Yes, he spoke kindly. They do speak kindly. And they spoke kind words to the poor girls who danced around the idol in the grove. Had they spoken harsh and threatening words, they would not have danced."

Again he stood still, and said to himself, "If they came using force, the rabbi would kill her and then himself, or she would throw herself from a rock of her own free will. But who can set a guard to watch over kind words?"

The third time he stood still, and said, "O Israel, thou canst not bear kind words!"

Mirjam thought that he suspected her; and she stood still and said, "I am a rabbi's daughter!"

Assar replied, "O Mirjam, I am Assar, and I will be the son of my own actions."

*"Whoever sees God must die."

"For God's sake," exclaimed Mirjam, "do not seek that warrior, and do not enter into a quarrel with him! He will kill thee or have thee put into prison. There is misery enough in Israel! The strangers have entered our towns. Let us bend our heads and await the will of God, but not challenge! Assar, I should die if anything happened to thee!"

"And what would I do if anything happened to thee! My head swims! Whither should I flee? Would thy father and thy brothers flee to the wilds of the mountains?"

"They have spoken of that. But there is no place to flee to and not much to flee from; for although the heathen have taken gold and goods, yet they are kind this time."

Assar replied, "Oh yes, they are kind; I had almost forgotten it. Mirjam, if I go away wilt thou believe, and go on believing, that I go on God's errand?"

"Assar, a dark look from thee is dearer to me than the kindest from any heathen, and a word of thine is more to me than many witnesses. But do not leave me! Stay and protect me!"

"I go to protect thee! I go to the heights and to the depths to call forth the God of Israel. Await his coming!" . . .

Assar went to the King, Antiochus Epiphanes, bent low before him, and said, "May the Master of the world guide thy steps!"

The King looked at him well pleased, and asked his name; whereupon Assar answered that he was a man of the tribe of Juda.

The King said, "Few of thy countrymen come to serve me!"

Assar replied, "If thou wilt permit thy servant a bold word, King, the fault is thine."

And when the King, astonished, asked how this might be, Assar answered, "Because thou art too kind, lord."

The King turned to his adviser, and said laughingly, "When we took the treasures of the temple in Jerusalem, they found it hard enough."

"O King," said Assar, "silver and gold and precious stones can be regained, and the Israelites know this; but thou lettest them keep that which cannot be regained when once it is lost."

The King answered quickly, "What is that?" and Assar replied:—"The Israelites have a God, who is very powerful but also very jealous. He has always helped them in the time of need if they held near to him and did not worship strange gods; for this his jealousy will not bear. When they do this he

forsakes them. But thou, O King, hast taken their silver and gold and jewels, but hast let them keep the God who gives it all back to them. They know this; and so they smile at thee, and await that thou shalt be thrown into the dust by him, and they will arise his avengers, and persecute thy men."

The King paled; he remembered his loss in Egypt, and he feared that if the enemy pursued him he should find help in Israel; and he said, "What cught we to do?"

Assar replied: "If thou wilt permit thy servant to utter his humble advice, thou shouldst use severity and forbid their praying to the God they call Jehovah, and order them to pray to thy gods."

The King's adviser looked at Assar and asked, "Hast thou offered up sacrifice to our gods?"

Assar replied, "I am ready."

They led him to the altar, and on the way thither Assar said:—"Lord, all-powerful God! Thou who seest the heart and not alone the deeds of the hand, be my witness! It is written: 'And it shall happen in that same hour that I shall wipe out the name of idols out of the land, and they shall be remembered no more, and the unclean spirit shall I cause to depart from the country.' Do thou according to thy word, O Lord! Amen!"

When the sacrifice was brought, Assar was dressed in festive robes on the word of the King, and a place was given him among the King's friends, and orders were sent out throughout the country, according to what he had said.

And to Modin too came the King's messenger; and when the rabbi heard of it, he went with his five sons to the large prayer-house, and read maledictions over those who worshiped idols and blessings over those who were faithful to Jehovah. And those who were present noticed that the rabbi's eldest son, Judas Maccabæus, carried a sword under his mantle.

And when they came out of the prayer-house they saw that a heathen altar had been built, and there was a Jew making his sacrifice; and when Rabbi Mattathew saw this, he hastened to the spot and seized the knife of sacrifice and thrust it into the Jew's breast. The centurion who stood by, and who was the same that had previously talked to Mirjam the rabbi's daughter at the brook, would kill the rabbi; but Judas Maccabæus drew his sword quickly, and struck the centurion in the throat and killed him. Then the King's men gathered; but the street was narrow,

and Judas Maccabæus went last and shielded all, until the night came and they had got their women together and could flee to the mountains. And then began the fight of the men of Juda against the Macedonians, the Greeks, and the Assyrians, and they killed those of the King's men who pursued them into the mountains.

Then King Antiochus the temple-robber said to Assar, "This is thy advice!" to which Assar replied: "No, King; this is the advice of thy warriors, since they allow the rebels to escape and do not treat them without mercy. For this know, O King, that so long as thou art merciful to this people there is no hope."

Then there were issued strict orders to torture and kill all who refused to obey the King's command; and all those in Israel in whom Jehovah was still living rose to fight with Mattathew and his sons, and men and women; yea, children even, were moved to suffer death for the Lord and his law.

But at this time it happened that King Antiochus the temple-destroyer was visited by his shameful disease, and he sent messengers with rich gifts to all oracles and temples to seek help; but they could find none.

Then he said to Assar, "Thou saidst once that the God of Israel was a mighty God; could not *he* cure me of my disease?"

Assar replied: "I have indeed heard from my childhood that the God of Israel is a mighty God; but O King, thou wilt not give in to that hard people and make peace with their God?"

The King answered, "I must live! How can he be pacified?"

Assar said, "It is too heavy a sacrifice for so great a king as thee. Their wise men assert that God has given them the country for a possession, and it would be necessary for thee not only to allow them to worship their God, but also to call back thy men and make a covenant with them so that they should merely pay a tribute to thee. But this is more than I can advise."

The King answered, "Much does a man give for his life. Dost thou believe that he is a great God?"

"I have seen a great proof of it, lord."

"What is that?"

"This: that even a greatness like thine was as nothing to his."

"It is not a dishonor to be smaller than the Immortals. Go and prepare all, according to what we have spoken."

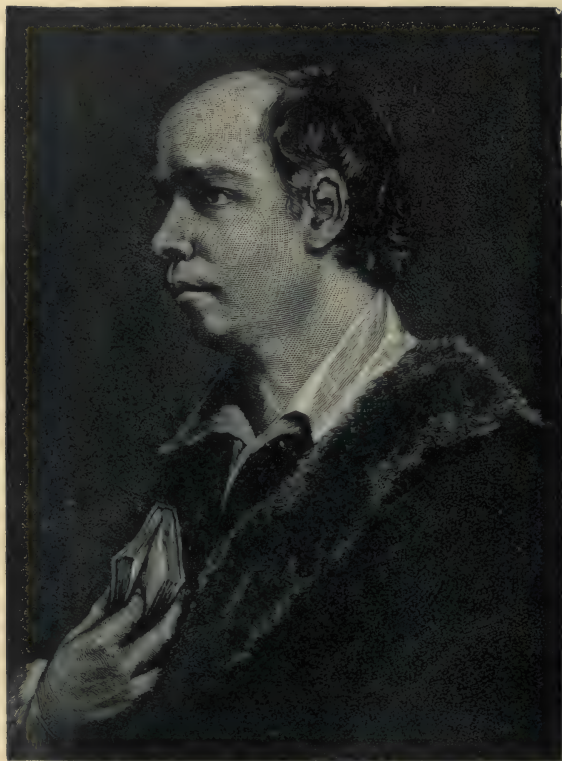
Then Assar prepared all and had the King's men called back, and promised the inhabitants peace and led the King on his way to Jerusalem; and they passed by Modin.

And the King's sufferings being very great, he had himself carried into the house of prayers, before the holy, and he prayed to the God of Israel. And the men of Juda stood around him; they stood high and he lay low, and they had saved their souls.

But when the King was carried out, one of the Maccabæan warriors recognized Assar and cried out, "Thou hast offered up sacrifices to idols, and from thee have come the evil counsels which have cost precious blood! Thou shalt be wiped off the earth!"

He drew his sword and aimed at him, but Mirjam, who had come up, threw herself between them with the cry, "He called forth Israel's God!" And the steel which was meant for him pierced her.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by Olga Flinch.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

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(1728-1774)

BY CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY



OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, November 10th, 1728. That was the year in which Pope issued his 'Dunciad,' Gay his 'Beggar's Opera,' and Thomson his 'Spring.' Goldsmith's father was a clergyman of the Established Church. In 1730 the family removed to Lissoy, a better living than that of Pallas. Oliver's school days in and around Westmeath were unsatisfactory; so also his course at Trinity, 1744 to 1749. For the next two years he loafed at Ballymahon, living on his mother, then a widow, and making vain attempts to take orders, to teach, to enter a law course, to sail for America. He was a bad sixpence. Finally his uncle Contarine, who saw good stuff in the awkward, ugly, humorous, and reckless youth, got him off to Edinburgh, where he studied medicine till 1754.

In 1754 he is studying, or pretending to study, at Leyden. In 1755 and 1756 he is singing, fluting, and otherwise "beating" his way through Europe, whence he returns with a mythical M. B. degree. From 1756 to 1759 he is in London, teaching, serving an apothecary, practicing medicine, reading proof, writing as a hack, planning to practice surgery in Coromandel, failing to qualify as a hospital mate, and in general only not starving. In 1759 Dr. Percy finds him in Green Arbor Court amid a colony of washerwomen, writing an 'Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe.' Next follows the appearance of that work, and his acquaintance with publishers and men of letters. In 1761, with Percy, comes Johnson to visit him. In 1764 Goldsmith is one of the members of the famous Literary Club, where he counts among his friends, besides Percy and Johnson, Reynolds, Boswell, Garrick, Burke, and others who shone with their own or reflected light. The rest of his life, spent principally in or near London, is associated with his literary career. He died April 4th, 1774, and was buried near the Temple Church.

Goldsmith was an essayist and critic, a story-writer, a poet, a comic dramatist, and a literary drudge: the last all the time, the others "between whiles." His drudgery produced such works as the 'Memoirs of Voltaire,' the 'Life of Nash,' two Histories of England, Histories of Rome and Greece, Lives of Parnell and Bolingbroke.

The 'History of Animated Nature' was undertaken as an industry but it reads, as Johnson said, "like a Persian tale,"—and of course the more Persian the less like nature. For the prose of Goldsmith writing for a suit of clothes or for immortality is all of a piece inimitable. "Nothing," says he, in his 'Essay on Taste,' "has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. . . . It is no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament."

This ingenuous elegance is the accent of Goldsmith's work in verse and prose. It is nature improved, not from without but by an exquisite and esoteric art, the better to prove its innate virtue and display its artless charm. Such a style is based upon a delicate "sensibility to the graces of natural and moral beauty and decorum." Hence the ideographic power, the directness, the sympathy, the lambent humor that characterize the 'Essays,' the 'Vicar,' the 'Deserted Village,' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.' This is the "plain language of ancient faith and sincerity" that, pretending to novelty, renovated the prose of the eighteenth century, knocked the stilts from under Addison and Steele, tipped half the Latinity out of Johnson, and readjusted his ballast. Goldsmith goes without sprawling or tiptoeing; he sails without rolling. He borrows the carelessness but not the ostentation of the Spectator; the dignity but not the ponderosity of 'Rasselas'; and produces the prose of natural ease, the sweetest English of the century. It in turn prefaced the way for Charles Lamb, Hunt, and Sydney Smith. "It were to be wished that we no longer found pleasure with the inflated style," writes Goldsmith in his 'Polite Learning.' "We should dispense with loaded epithet and dressing up trifles with dignity. . . . Let us, instead of writing finely, try to write naturally; not hunt after lofty expressions to deliver mean ideas, nor be forever gaping when we only mean to deliver a whisper."

Just this naturalness constitutes the charm of the essay on 'The Bee' (1759), and of the essays collected in 1765. We do not read him for information: whether he knows more or less of his subject, whether he writes of Charles XII., or Dress, the Opera, Poetry, or Education, we read him for simplicity and humor. Still, his critical estimates, while they may not always square with ours, evince not only good sense and æsthetic principle, but a range of reading not at all ordinary. When he condemns Hamlet's great soliloquy we may smile, but in judicial respect for the father of our drama he yields to none of his contemporaries. The selections that he includes in his 'Beauties of English Poetry' would argue a conventional taste; but in his 'Essay on Poetry Distinguished from the Other Arts,' he not only defines poetry in terms that might content the Wordsworthians, h

also to a certain extent anticipates Wordsworth's estimate of poetic figures.

While he makes no violent breach with the classical school, he prophesies the critical doctrine of the nineteenth century. He calls for the "energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute." "If the production does not keep nature in view, it will be destitute of truth and probability, without which the beauties of imitation cannot subsist." Still he by no means falls into the quagmire of realism. For, continues he, "if on the other hand the imitation is so close as to be mistaken for nature, the pleasure will then cease, because the *μίμησις*, or imitation, no longer appears."

Even when wrong, Goldsmith is generally half-way right; and this is especially true of the critical judgments contained in his first published book. The impudence of 'The Enquiry' (1759) is delicious. What this young Irishman, fluting it through Europe some five years before, had *not* learned about the 'Condition of Polite Learning' in its principal countries, might fill a ponderous folio. What he did learn, eked out with harmless misstatement, flashes of inspiration, and a clever argument to prove that criticism has always been the foe of letters, managed to fill a respectable duodecimo, and brought him to the notice of publishers and scholars.

The essay has catholicity, independence, and wit, and it carries itself with whimsical ease. Every sentence steps out sprightly. Of the French Encyclopédies: "Wits and dunces contribute their share, and Diderot as well as Desmaretz are candidates for oblivion. The genius of the first supplies the gale of favor, and the latter adds the useful ballast of stupidity." Of the Germans: "They write through volumes, while they do not think through a page. . . . Were angels to write books, they never would write folios." And again: "If criticism could have improved the taste of a people, the Germans would have been the most polite nation alive." That settles the Encyclopedias and the Germans. So each nationality is sententiously reviewed and dismissed with an epigram that even to-day sounds not altogether unjust, rather amusing and urbane than acrimonious.

But it was not until Goldsmith began the series of letters in the Public Ledger (1760), that was afterwards published as 'The Citizen of the World,' that he took London. These letters purport to be from a philosophic Chinaman in Europe to his friends at home. Grave, gay, serene, ironical, they were at once an amusing image and a genial censor of current manners and morals. They are no less creative than critical; equally classic for the characters they contain: the Gentleman in Black, Beau Tibbs and his wife, the pawnbroker's widow, Tim Syllabub, and the procession of minor personages, romantic or ridiculous, but unique,—equally classic for these

characters and for the satire of the conception. These are Goldsmith's best sketches. Though the prose is not always precise, it seems to be clear, and is simple. The writer cares more for the judicious than the sublime; for the quaint, the comic, and the agreeable than the pathetic. He chuckles with sly laughter—genial, sympathetic; he looses his arrow phosphorescent with wit, but not barbed, dipped in something subacid,—straight for the heart. Not Irving alone, but Thackeray, stands in line of descent from the Goldsmith of the 'Citizen.'

'The Traveller,' polished *ad unguem*, appeared in 1764, and placed Goldsmith in the first rank of poets then living; but of that later. There is good reason for believing that his masterpiece in prose, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' had been written as early as 1762, although it was not published until 1766. It made Goldsmith's mark as a storyteller. One can readily imagine how, after the grim humor of Smollett, the broad and *risqué* realism of Fielding, the loitering of Sterne, and the moralizing of Richardson, the public would seize with a sense of relief upon this unpretentious chronicle of a country clergyman's life: his peaceful home, its ruin, its restoration. Not because the narrative was quieter and simpler, shorter and more direct than other narratives, but because to its humor, realism, grace, and depth it added the charity of First Corinthians Thirteenth. England soon discovered that the borders of the humanities had been extended; that the Vicar and his "durable" wife, Moses, Olivia with the prenatal tendency to romance, Sophia, the graceless Jenkinson,—the habit and temper of the whole,—were a new province. The prose idyl, with all its beauty and charity, does not entitle Goldsmith to rank with the great novelists; but of its kind, in spite of faults of inaccuracy, improbability, and impossibility, it is first and best. Goethe read and re-read it with moral and æsthetic benefit; and the spirit of Goldsmith is not far to seek in 'Hermann and Dorothea.' 'The Vicar' is perhaps the most popular of English classics in foreign lands.

In poetry, if Goldsmith did not write much, it was for lack of opportunity. What he did write is good, nearly all of it. The philosophy of 'The Traveller' (1764) and the political economy of 'The Deserted Village' (1770) may be dubious, but the poetry is true. There is in both a heartiness which discards the formalized emotion, prefers the touch of nature and the homely adjective. The characteristic is almost feminine in the description of Auburn: "*Dear lovely bowers*"; it is inevitable, artless, in 'The Traveller': "His first, best country ever is at home." But on the other hand, the *curiosa felicitas* marks every line, the nice selection of just the word or phrase richest in association, redolent of tradition, harmonious,

classically proper, but still natural, true, and apt. "My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee"—not a word but is hearty; and for all that, the line is stamped with the academic authority of centuries: "Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt." Both poems are characterized by the infrequency of epithet and figure,—the infrequency that marks sincerity and that heightens pleasure,—and by a cunning in the use of proper names, resonant, remote, suggestive: "On Idra's cliffs or Arno's shelvy side,"—the cunning of a musical poem. Both poems vibrate with personality, recall the experience of the writer. It would be hard to choose between them; but 'The Deserted Village' strikes the homelier chord, comes nearer, with its natural pathos, its sidelong smile, and its perennial novelty, to the heart of him who knows.

Goldsmith is less eloquent but more natural than Dryden, less precise but more simple than Pope. In poetic sensibility he has the advantage of both. Were the volume of his verse not so slight, were his conceptions more sublime, and their embodiment more epic or dramatic, he might rank with the greatest of his century. As it is, in imaginative insight he has no superior in the eighteenth century; in observation, pathos, representative power, no equal: Dryden, Pope, Gray, Thomson, Young,—none but Collins approaches him. The reflective or descriptive poem can of course not compete with the drama, epic, or even lyric of corresponding merit in its respective kind. But Goldsmith's poems are the best of their kind, better than all but the best in other kinds. His conception of life is more generous and direct, hence truer and gentler, than that of the Augustan age. Raising no revolt against classical principles, he rejects the artifices of decadent classicism, returns to nature, and expresses *it* simply. He is consequently in this respect the harbinger of Cowper, Crabbe, Bloomfield, Clare, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. In technique also he breaks away from Pope. His larger movement, his easier modulation, his richer tone, his rarer epithet and epigram, his metaphor "glowing from the heart," mark the defection from the poetry of cold conceit.

For lack of space we can only refer to the romantic quality of his ballad 'Edwin and Angelina' (1765), the spontaneous humor of 'The Haunch of Venison,' and the exquisite satire of 'Retaliation' (1774).

To appreciate the historical position of Goldsmith's comedies, one must regard them as a reaction against the school that had held the stage since the beginning of the century—a "genteel" and "sentimental" school, fearing to expose vice or ridicule absurdity. But Goldsmith felt that absurdity was the comic poet's game. Reverting therefore to Farquhar and the Comedy of Manners, he revived that species, at the same time infusing a strain of the "humors" of the

tribe of Ben. Hence the approbation that welcomed his first comedy, and the applause that greeted the second. For 'The Good-natured Man' (1768) and 'She Stoops to Conquer' (1773) did by example what Hugh Kelly's 'Piety in Pattens' aimed to do by ridicule,—ousted the hybrid comedy (tradesman's tragedy, Voltaire called it) of which 'The Conscious Lovers' had been the most tolerable specimen, and 'The School for Lovers' the most decorous and dull.

But "Goldy" had not only the gift of weighing the times, he had the gift of the popular dramatist. His *dramatis personæ* are on the one hand nearly all legitimate descendants of the national comedy, though none is a copy from dramatic predecessors; on the other hand, they are in every instance "imitations" of real life, more than once of some aspect of his own life; but none is so close an imitation as to detract from the pleasure which fiction should afford. The former quality makes his characters look familiar; the latter, true. So he accomplishes the feat most difficult for the dramatist: while idealizing the individual in order to realize the type, he does not for a moment lose the sympathy of his audience.

Even in his earlier comedy these two characteristics are manifest. In the world of drama, young Honeywood is the legitimate descendant of Massinger's Wellborn on the one side, and of Congreve's Valentine Legend on the other, with a more distant collateral resemblance to Ben Jonson's Younger Knowell. But in the field of experience this "Good-natured Man" is that aspect of "Goldy" himself which, when he was poorest, made him not so poor but that Irishmen poorer still could live on him; that aspect of the glorious "idiot in affairs" which could make to the Earl of Northumberland, willing to be kind, no other suggestion of his wants than that he had a *brother* in Ireland, "poor, a clergyman, and much in need of help." Similarly might those rare creations Croaker and Jack Lofty be traced to their predecessors in the field of drama, even though remote. That they had their analogies in the life of Goldsmith, and have them in the lives of others, it is unnecessary to prove. But graphic as these characters are, they cannot make of 'The Good-natured Man' more than a passable second to 'She Stoops to Conquer.' For the premises of the plot are absurd, if not impossible; the complication is not much more natural than that of a Punch-and-Judy show, and the dénouement but one shade less improbable than that of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' The value of the play is principally historical, not æsthetic.

Congreve's 'Love for Love,' Vanbrugh's 'Relapse,' Farquhar's 'Beaux' Stratagem,' Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and Sheridan's 'School for Scandal,' are the best comedies written since Jonson, Fletcher, and Massinger held the stage. In plot and diction 'She Stoops to Conquer' is equaled by Congreve; in character-drawing by

Vanbrugh; in dramatic ease by Farquhar, in observation and wit by Sheridan; but by none is it equaled in humor, and in naturalness of dialogue it is *facile princeps*. Here again the characterization presents the twofold charm of universality and reality. Young Marlow is the traditional lover of the type of Young Bellair, Mirabell, and Aimwell, suggesting each in turn but different from all; he is also, in his combination of embarrassment and impudence, not altogether unlike the lad Oliver who, years ago, on a journey back to school, had mistaken Squire Featherstone's house in Ardagh for an inn.

A similar adjustment of dramatic type and historic individual contributes to the durability of Tony Lumpkin. In his *dramatis persona* he is a practical joker of the family of Diccon and Truewit, and first cousin on the Blenkinsop side to that horse-flesh Sir Harry Beagle. But Anthony is more than the practical joker or the squire booby: he is a near relative of Captain O'Blunder and that whole countryside of generous, touch-and-go Irishmen; while in reality, in *propria persona*, he is that aspect of Noll Goldsmith that "lived the buckeen" in Ballymahon. Of the other characters of the play, Hardcastle, Mrs. Hardcastle, and Kate have a like prerogative of immortality. They are royally descended and personally unique.

The comedy has been absurdly called farcical. There is much less of the farcical than in many a so-called "legitimate" comedy. None of the circumstances are purely fortuitous; none unnecessary. Humor and caprice tend steadily to complicate the action, and by natural interaction prepare the way for the dénouement. The misunderstandings are the more piquant because of their manifest irony and their ephemeral character. Indeed, if any fault is to be found with the play, it is that Goldsmith did not let it resolve itself without the assistance of Sir Charles Marlow.

One peculiarity not yet mentioned is illustrative of Goldsmith's method. A system of mutual borrowing characterizes his works. The same thought, in the same or nearly the same language, occurs in half a dozen. 'The Enquiry' lends a phrase to 'The Citizen,' who passes it on to the 'Vicar,' who, thinking it too good to keep, hands it over to the 'Good-natured Man,' whence it is borrowed by 'She Stoops to Conquer,' and turned to look like new,—like a large family of sisters with a small wardrobe in common. This habit does not indicate poverty of invention in Goldsmith, but associative imagination and artistic conservatism.

Goldsmith was the only Irish story-writer and poet of his century. Four Irishmen adorned the prose of the period: Goldsmith is as eminent in the natural style as Swift in the satiric, or Steele in the polished, or Burke in the grand. In comedy the Irish led; but Steele, Macklin, Murphy, Kelly, do not compare with Farquhar, Sheridan, and

Goldsmith. The worst work of these is good, and their best is the best of the century.

Turning to Goldsmith the man, what the "draggel-tail Muses" paid him we find him spending on dress and rooms and jovial magnificence, on relatives or countrymen or the unknown poor, with such freedom that he is never relieved of the necessity of drudgery. Still, sensitive, good-natured, improvident, Irish,—and a genius,—Goldsmith lived as happy a life as his disposition would allow. He had the companionship of congenial friends, the love of men like Johnson and Reynolds, the final assurance that his art was appreciated by the public. To be sure, he was never out of debt, but that was his own fault; he was never out of credit either. "Was there ever poet so trusted?" exclaimed Johnson, after this poet had got beyond reach of his creditors. His difficulties however affected him as they affect most Irishmen,—only by cataclysms. He was serene or wretched, but generally the former: he packed *noctes cœnæque delam* by the dozen into his life. "There is no man," said Reynolds, "whose company is more liked." But maybe that was because his naïveté, his brogue, his absent-mindedness, and his blunders (real or apparent) made him a ready butt for ridicule, not at the hands of Reynolds or Johnson, but of Beauclerk and the rest. For though his humor was sly, and his wit inimitable, Goldsmith's conversation was queer. It seemed to go by contraries. If permitted, he would ramble along in his hesitating, inconsequential fashion, on any subject under heaven—"too eager," thought Johnson, "to get on without knowing how he should get off." But if ignored, he would sit silent and apart,—sulking, thought Boswell. In fact, both the Dictator and laird of Auchinleck were of a mind that he tried too much to shine in conversation, for which he had no temper. But "Goldy's" *bons-mots*—such as the "Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*" to Johnson, as they passed under the heads on Temple Bar,—make it evident that Garrick, with his

"Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll,"

and most of the members of the Literary Club, did not understand their Irishman. A timidity born of rough experience may have occasionally oppressed, a sensitiveness to ridicule or indifference may have confused him, a desire for approbation may frequently have led him to speak when silence had been golden; but that his conversation was "foolish" is the judgment of Philistines who make conversation an industry, not an amusement or an art.

Boswell himself recounts more witty sayings than incomprehensible. And the "incomprehensible" are so only to Boswells and

Hawkinses, who can hardly be expected to appreciate a humor, the vein of which is a mockery of their own solemn stupidity. Probably Goldsmith did say unconsidered things; he liked to think aloud in company, to "rattle on" for diversion. Keenly alive to the riches of language, he was the more likely to feel the embarrassment of impromptu selection; and while he was too much of a genius to keep count of every pearl, he was too considerate of his fellows to cast pearls only. But most of his fellows (Reynolds excepted) appreciated neither his drollery nor his unselfishness,—had not been educated up to the type of Irishman that with an artistic love of fun, is ever ready to promote the gayety of nations by sacrificing itself in the interest of laughter. For none but an artist can, without cracking a smile, offer up his wit on the altar of his humor.

Prior describes Goldsmith as something under the middle size, sturdy, active, apparently capable of endurance; pale, forehead and upper lip rather projecting; face round, pitted with small-pox, and marked with strong lines of thinking. But Reynolds's painting idealizes and therefore best expresses the man, his twofold nature: on the one hand, self-depreciatory, generous, and improvident; on the other, aspiring, hungry for approval, laborious. Just such a man as would gild poverty with a smile, decline patronage and force his last sixpence on a street-singer, pile Pelion on Ossa for his publishers and turn out cameos for art,

Charles Mills Gayley

THE VICAR'S FAMILY BECOME AMBITIOUS

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield'

I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awakened that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and

she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead therefore of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modeling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and high-lived company, with pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared than my girls came running to me for a shilling apiece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling, though for the honor of the family it must be observed that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. "Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny-worth?" "I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that is not right, for she positively declared that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth!" "Well now, Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have?" "Sir," replied she, "I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire." "How," cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings! You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money!"

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

IT HAS been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our

fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him, for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughter's pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle; purses bounced from the fire, and true-love knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies, in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus: "I fancy, Charles my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow." "Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon whether there be or not." "That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?" "Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behavior and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene." "Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us." "You are quite right, my dear," returned I; "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins." "Phoo, Charles!" interrupted she; "all that is very true, but not what I would be at. I mean we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all

blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: there are our two plow-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry that has scarcely done an earthly thing this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections however were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition, but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival, but not finding them come as I expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when I got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next, the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. They were just recovering from this dismal situation when I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

MICHAELMAS EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true his manner of telling stories was not quite so well; they were very long and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play planted themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible in this case for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defense. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed in spirits, and bawling for fair play with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to

know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in the summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance; Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmia Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this: that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole route was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colors, my lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our peeress, "this I can say: that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter; and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact: that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his *valet-de-chambre*, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters!'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who during this discourse sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out "*Fudge!*"—an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Doctor Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement.

But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Doctor Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure, thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day, another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings, English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and to own a truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope,"

cried she, "your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity; at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross-and-change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small-clothes, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few moments in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments. "But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

WHEN we returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it." "Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say. "What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am

assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be! *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?" "Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant that they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy.

NEW MISFORTUNES: BUT OFFENSES ARE EASILY PARDONED
WHERE THERE IS LOVE AT BOTTOM

From 'The Vicar of Wakefield'

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we traveled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we were to each other, and that the misfortunes of nature's making were very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world; showed her that books were sweet, unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the

next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at the hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door; all was still and silent; my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when to my amazement I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames instantly waked my wife and daughter, and all running out naked and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones: but they were not to be seen. Oh misery! "Where," cried I, "where are my little ones?" "They are burnt to death in the flames," said my wife calmly, "and I will die with them." That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire; and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children?" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined; "where are my little ones?" "Here, dear papa, here we are," cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as

possible, while just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. "Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy." We kissed our little darlings a thousand times, they clasped us round the neck and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbors were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbors contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbor and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with everything necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one, and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. "Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you have come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to

persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner which was ever followed with instant submission:—"I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not therefore increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as by amusing the imagination contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbors, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest Farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She had now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her mind, her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender

epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove in a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention, for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the color of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr. Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction; such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved however to get more certain information, and to defeat if possible the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr. Wilmot's with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter intimating Mr. Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr. Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendor; the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty and the bridegroom's fine

person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding that he could not help thinking Mr. Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him if he can," returned I; "but my son, observe this bed of straw and unsheltering roof, those moldering walls and humid floor, my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread. You have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendor of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travelers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travelers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travelers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had further to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me, for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions charitably sent us by my kind parishioners seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of the family; nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus once more the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion felt a pleasing distress, and

wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child; it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?"

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die."

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all, but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe; for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains me."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this, nor can I understand what it means. I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it."

"Go," cried I; "thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger. Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And so, thou vile thing! to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honor for their portion."

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short

time, and what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for although the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul and sting it into rage. "Avoid my sight, thou reptile," cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty, for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr. Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all: as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once woefully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honor, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity, and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon which he departed abruptly.

PICTURES FROM 'THE DESERTED VILLAGE'

SWEET Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
 In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs,—and God has given my share,—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill;
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

Oh, blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
 Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
 A youth of labor with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.

There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron,—forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn,—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,—
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side:
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes,—for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew:
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could *gauge*.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place:
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

CONTRASTED NATIONAL TYPES

From 'The Traveller'

MY SOUL, turn from them; turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
Yet let them only share the praises due,—
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

Their level life is but a smoldering fire,
Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unaltered, unimproved, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;

From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise:
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

IVÁN ALEKSANDROVITCH GONCHARÓF

(1812-1891)

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

AMONG the Russian novelists of the first rank stands Iván the son of Alexander Goncharóf. His life has been almost synchronous with the century. He was born in 1812 in the city of Simbirsk, on the Volga below Nízhni Nóvgorod. His father, a wealthy merchant of that flourishing town, died when the boy was only three years old, leaving him in the care of his mother, a conscientious and lovely woman, who, without a remarkable education, nevertheless determined that her son should have the best that could be provided. In this she was cordially assisted by Iván's godfather, a retired naval officer who lived in one of her houses and was a cultivated, lively, and lovable man, the centre of the best society of the provincial city. His tales of travel and adventure early implanted in the boy a great passion for reading and study about foreign lands, and the desire to see the world.

He was at first taught at home; then he was sent to a private school which had been established by a local priest for the benefit of neighboring land-owners and gentry. This priest had been educated at the Theological School at Kazán, and was distinguished for his courtly manners and general cultivation. His wife—for it must be remembered that the Russian priesthood is not celibate—was a fascinating French woman, and she taught her native tongue in her husband's school. This remarkable little institution had a small but select library, and here young Goncharóf indulged his taste in reading by devouring the Voyages of Captain Cook, Mungo Park, and others, the histories of Karamzin and Rollin, the poetical works of Tasso and Fénelon, as well as the romantic fiction of that day; he was especially fascinated by 'The Heir of Redclyffe.' His reading, however, was ill regulated and not well adapted for his mental discipline. At twelve he was taken by his mother to Moscow, where he had the opportunity to study English and German as well as to continue his reading in French, in which he had already been well grounded.



I. V. GONCHARÓF

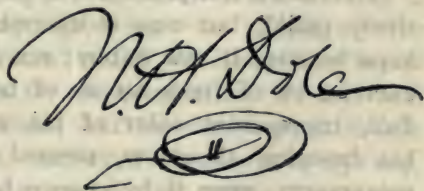
In 1831 he entered Moscow University, electing the Philological Faculty. There were at that time in the University a coterie of young men who afterwards became famous as writers, and the lectures delivered by a number of enthusiastic young professors were admirably calculated to develop the best in those who heard them. He finished the complete course, and after a brief visit at his native place went to St. Petersburg, where he entered the Ministry of Finance. Gogol, and Goncharóf himself, have painted the depressing influence of the officialdom then existing. The *chinóvnik* as painted by those early realists was a distinct type. But on the other hand, there was a delightful society at St. Petersburg, and the literary impulses of talented young men were fostered by its leaders. Some of these men founded a new journal of which *Salonitsuin* was the leading spirit, and in this appeared Goncharóf's first articles. They were of a humoristic tendency. His first serious work was entitled 'Obuiknavénnaya Istóriya' (An Ordinary Story),—a rather melancholy tale, showing how youthful enthusiasm and the dreams of progress and perfection can be killed by formalism: Aleksandr Adúyef the romantic dreamer is contrasted with his practical uncle Peter Ivánovitch. The second part was not completed when the first part was placed in the hands of the critic Byelínsky, the sovereign arbiter on things literary. Byelínsky gave it his "imprimatur," and it was published in the *Sovreménnik* (Contemporary) in 1847. The conception of his second and by all odds his best romance, 'Oblómof,' was already in his mind; and the first draft was published in the *Illustrated Album*, under the title 'Son Oblómova' (Oblómof's Dream), the following year.

In 1852 Goncharóf received from the Marine Ministry a proposition to sail around the world as private secretary to Admiral Putyátin. On his return he contributed to various magazines sketches of his experiences, and finally published a handsome volume of his travels entitled 'Phregat Pállada' (The Frigate Pallas). In 1857 he went to Carlsbad and completed 'Oblómof,' on which he had been working so many years. It appeared in *Otetchestvenniya Zapíski* (Annals of the Fatherland) in 1858 and 1859, and made a profound sensation. The hero was recognized as a perfectly elaborated portrait of a not uncommon type of Russian character: a good-natured, warm-hearted, healthy young man, so enervated by the atmosphere of indolence into which he has allowed himself to sink, that nothing serves to rouse him. Love is the only impulse which could galvanize him into life. Across his path comes the beautiful Olga, whom the Russians claim as a poetic and at the same time a genuine representative of the best Russian womanhood. Vigorous, alert, with mind and heart equally well developed, she stirs the latent manhood of Oblómof; but when he comes to face the responsibilities, the cares, and the duties of matrimony, he has not the courage to enter upon them. Olga

marries Oblómof's friend Stoltz, whom Goncharóf intended to be a no less typical specimen of Russian manhood, and whom most critics consider overdrawn and not true to life. The novel is a series of wonderful *genre* pictures: his portraits are marvels of finish and delicacy; and there are a number of dramatic scenes, although the story as a whole lacks movement. The first chapter, which is here reproduced, is chosen not as perhaps the finest in the book, but as thoroughly characteristic. It is also a fine specimen of Russian humor.

Goncharóf finished in 1868 his third novel, entitled 'Abruíf' (The Precipice). It was published first in the *Viéstnik Yevrópai* (European Messenger), and in book form in 1870. In this he tries to portray the type of the Russian Nihilist; but Volokhóf is regarded rather as a caricature than as a faithful portrait. In contrast with him stands the beautiful Viera; but just as Volokhóf falls below Oblómof, so Viera yields to Olga in perfect realism. One of the best characters in the story is the dilettante Raïsky, the type of the man who has an artistic nature but no energy. One of the most important characters of the book is Viera's grandmother: the German translation of 'The Precipice' is entitled 'The Grandmother's Fault.'

Goncharóf wrote several literary essays, and during the last years of his life contributed to one of the Russian reviews a series of literary recollections. But his fame with posterity will depend principally on his 'Oblómof,' the name of which has given to the language a new word,—*oblomovshchina*,* Oblómovism,—the typically Russian indolence which was induced by the peculiar social conditions existing in Russia before the emancipation of the serfs in 1861; indifference to all social questions; the expectation that others will do your work; or as expressed in the Russian proverb, "the trusting in others as in God, but in yourself as in the Devil." He died September 15, 1891.



* Oblómof is the genitive plural of the word *oblóm* or *oblám*, a term expressive of anything broken or almost useless, or even bad; a rude, awkward, unfinished man.

OBLÓMOF

IN GARÓKHAVAYA STREET, in one of those immense houses the population of which would suffice for a whole provincial city, there lay one morning in bed in his apartment Ílya Ílyitch Oblómof. He was a pleasant-appearing man of two or three and twenty, of medium stature, with dark gray eyes; but his face lacked any fixed idea or concentration of purpose. A thought would wander like a free bird over his features, flutter in his eyes, light on his parted lips, hide itself in the wrinkles of his brow, then entirely vanish away; and over his whole countenance would spread the shadeless light of unconcern.

From his face this indifference extended to the attitudes of his whole body, even to the folds of his dressing-gown. Occasionally his eyes were darkened by an expression of weariness or disgust, but neither weariness nor disgust could for an instant dispel from his face the indolence which was the dominant and habitual expression not only of his body, but also of his very soul. And his soul was frankly and clearly betrayed in his eyes, in his smile, in every movement of his head, of his hands.

A cool superficial observer, glancing at Oblómof as he passed him by, would have said, "He must be a good-natured, simple-hearted fellow." Any one looking deeper, more sympathetically, would after a few moments' scrutiny turn away with a smile, with a feeling of agreeable uncertainty.

Oblómof's complexion was not florid, not tawny, and not positively pallid, but was indeterminate,—or seemed to be so, perhaps because it was flabby; not by reason of age, but by lack of exercise or of fresh air or of both. His body, to judge by the dull, transparent color of his neck, by his little plump hands, his drooping shoulders, seemed too effeminate for a man. His movements, even if by chance he were aroused, were kept under restraint likewise by a languor and by a laziness that was not devoid of its own peculiar grace.

If a shadow of an anxious thought arose from his spirit and passed across his face, his eyes would grow troubled, the wrinkles in his brow would deepen, a struggle of doubt or pain would seem to begin: but rarely indeed would this troubled thought crystallize into the form of a definite idea; still more rarely would it be transformed into a project.

All anxiety would be dissipated in a sigh and settle down into apathy or languid dreaming.

How admirably Oblómof's house costume suited his unruffled features and his effeminate body! He wore a dressing-gown of Persian material—a regular Oriental *khalát*, without the slightest suggestion of anything European about it, having no tassels, no velvet, no special shape. It was ample in size, so that he might have wrapped it twice around him. The sleeves, in the invariable Asiatic style, grew wider and wider from the wrist to the shoulder. Although this garment had lost its first freshness, and in places had exchanged its former natural gloss for another that was acquired, it still preserved the brilliancy of its Oriental coloring and its firmness of texture.

The *khalát* had in Oblómof's eyes a multitude of precious properties: it was soft and supple; the body was not sensible of its weight; like an obedient slave, it accommodated itself to every slightest motion.

Oblómof while at home always went without cravat and without waistcoat, for the simple reason that he liked simplicity and comfort. The slippers which he wore were long, soft, and wide; when without looking he put down one foot from the bed to the floor it naturally fell into one of them.

Oblómof's remaining in bed was not obligatory upon him, as in the case of a sick man or of one who was anxious to sleep; nor was it accidental, as in the case of one who was weary; nor was it for mere pleasure, as a sluggard would have chosen: it was the normal condition of things with him. When he was at home—and he was almost always at home—he invariably lay in bed and invariably in the room where we have just found him: a room which served him for sleeping-room, library, and parlor. He had three other rooms, but he rarely glanced into them; in the morning, perhaps, but even then not every day, but only when his man came to sweep the rooms—and this, you may be sure, was not done every day. In these rooms the furniture was protected with covers; the curtains were always drawn.

The room in which Oblómof was lying appeared at first glance to be handsomely furnished. There were a mahogany bureau, two sofas upholstered in silk, handsome screens embroidered with birds and fruits belonging to an imaginary nature. There were damask curtains, rugs, a number of paintings, bronzes,

porcelains, and a quantity of beautiful bric-a-brac. But the experienced eye of a man of pure taste would have discovered at a single hasty glance that everything there betrayed merely the desire to keep up appearances in unimportant details, while really avoiding the burden. That had indeed been Oblómov's object when he furnished his room. Refined taste would not have been satisfied with those heavy ungraceful mahogany chairs, with those conventional *étagères*. The back of one sofa was dislocated; the veneering was broken off in places. The same characteristics were discoverable in the pictures and the vases, and all the ornaments.

The proprietor himself, however, looked with such coolness and indifference on the decoration of his apartment that one might think he asked with his eyes, "Who brought you here and set you up?" As the result of such an indifferent manner of regarding his possessions, and perhaps of the still more indifferent attitude of Oblómov's servant Zakhár, the appearance of the room, if it were examined rather more critically, was amazing because of the neglect and carelessness which held sway there. On the walls, around the pictures, spiders' webs, loaded with dust, hung like festoons; the mirrors, instead of reflecting objects, would have served better as tablets for scribbling memoranda in the dust that covered them. The rugs were rags. On the sofa lay a forgotten towel; on the table you would generally find in the morning a plate or two with the remains of the evening meal, the salt-cellar, gnawed bones, and crusts of bread. Were it not for these plates, and the pipe half smoked out and flung down on the bed, or even the master himself stretched out on it, it might easily have been supposed that the room was uninhabited, it was so dusty, so lacking in all traces of human care. On the *étagères*, to be sure, lay two or three opened books or a crumpled newspaper; on the bureau stood an inkstand with pens; but the pages where the books were open were covered thick with dust and had turned yellow, evidently long ago thrown aside; the date of the newspaper was long past; and if any one had dipped a pen into the inkstand it would have started forth only a frightened, buzzing fly!

Ílya Ílyitch was awake, contrary to his ordinary custom, very early,—at eight o'clock. Some anxiety was preying on his mind. Over his face passed alternately now apprehension, now annoyance, now vexation. It was evident that an internal conflict had

him in its throes, and his intellect had not as yet come to his aid.

The fact was that the evening before, Oblómof had received from the stárosta (steward) of his estate a letter filled with disagreeable tidings. It is not hard to guess what unpleasant details one's steward may write about: bad harvests, large arrearages, diminution in receipts, and the like. But although his stárosta had written his master almost precisely the same kind of letter the preceding year and the year before that, nevertheless this latest letter came upon him exactly the same, as a disagreeable surprise.

Was it not hard?—he was facing the necessity of considering the means of taking some measures!

However, it is proper to show how far Ílya Ílyitch was justified in feeling anxiety about his affairs.

When he received the first letter of disagreeable tenor from his stárosta some years before, he was already contemplating a plan for a number of changes and improvements in the management of his property. This plan presupposed the introduction of various new economical and protectional measures; but the details of the scheme were still in embryo, and the stárosta's disagreeable letters were annually forthcoming, urging him to activity and really disturbing his peace of mind. Oblómof recognized the necessity of coming to some decision if he were to carry out his plan.

As soon as he woke he decided to get up, bathe, and after drinking his tea, to think the matter over carefully, then to write his letters; and in short, to act in this matter as was fitting. But for half an hour he had been still in bed tormenting himself with this proposition; but finally he came to the conclusion that he would still have time to do it after tea, and that he might drink his tea as usual in bed with all the more reason, because one can think even if one is lying down!

And so he did. After his tea he half sat up in bed, but did not entirely rise; glancing down at his slippers, he started to put his foot into one of them, but immediately drew it back into bed again.

As the clock struck half-past nine, Ílya Ílyitch started up.

"What kind of a man am I?" he said aloud in a tone of vexation. "Conscience only knows. It is time to do something: where there's a will—Zakhár!" he cried.

In a room which was separated merely by a narrow corridor from Ílya Ílyitch's library, nothing was heard at first except the growling of the watch-dog; then the thump of feet springing down from somewhere. It was Zakhár leaping down from his couch on the stove, where he generally spent his time immersed in drowsiness.

An elderly man appeared in the room: he was dressed in a gray coat, through a hole under the armpit of which emerged a part of his shirt; he also wore a gray waistcoat with brass buttons. His head was as bald as his knee, and he had enormous reddish side-whiskers already turning gray—so thick and bushy that they would have sufficed for three ordinary individuals.

Zakhár would never have taken pains to change in any respect either the form which God had bestowed on him, or the costume which he wore in the country. His raiment was made for him in the style which he had brought with him from his village. His gray coat and waistcoat pleased him, for the very reason that in his semi-fashionable attire he perceived a feeble approach to the livery which he had worn in former times when waiting on his former masters (now at rest), either to church or to parties; but liveries in his recollections were merely representative of the dignity of the Oblómof family. There was nothing else to recall to the old man the comfortable and liberal style of life on the estate in the depths of the country. The older generation of masters had died, the family portraits were at home, and in all probability were going to rack and ruin in the garret; the traditions of the former life and importance of the house of Oblómof were all extinct, or lived only in the memories of a few old people still lingering in the country.

Consequently, precious in the eyes of Zakhár was the gray coat: in this he saw a faint emblem of vanished greatness, and he found similar indications in some of the characteristics of his master's features and notions, reminding of his parentage, and in his caprices, which although he grumbled at them under his breath and aloud, yet he prized secretly as manifestations of the truly imperious will and autocratic spirit of a born noble. Had it not been for these whims, he would not have felt that his master was in any sense above him; had it not been for them, there would have been nothing to bring back to his mind his younger days, the village which they had abandoned so long ago, and the traditions about that ancient home,—the sole chronicles

preserved by aged servants, nurses, and nursemaids, and handed down from mouth to mouth.

The house of the Oblómofs was rich in those days, and had great influence in that region; but afterwards somehow or other everything had gone to destruction, and at last by degrees had sunk out of sight, overshadowed by parvenus of aristocratic pretensions. Only the few gray-haired retainers of the house preserved and interchanged their reminiscences of the past, treasuring them like holy relics.

This was the reason why Zakhár so loved his gray coat. Possibly he valued his side-whiskers because of the fact that he saw in his childhood many of the older servants with this ancient and aristocratic adornment.

Ílya Ílyitch, immersed in contemplation, took no notice of Zakhár, though the servant had been silently waiting for some time. At last he coughed.

"What is it you want?" asked Ílya Ílyitch.

"You called me, didn't you?"

"Called you? I don't remember what I called you for," he replied, stretching and yawning. "Go back to your room; I will try to think what I wanted."

Zakhár went out, and Ílya Ílyitch lay down on the bed again and began to cogitate upon that cursed letter.

A quarter of an hour elapsed.

"There now," he exclaimed, "I have dallied long enough; I must get up. However, I must read the stárosta's letter over again more attentively, and then I will get up—Zakhár!" The same noise of leaping down from the stove, and the same growling of the dog, only more emphatic.

Zakhár made his appearance, but again Oblómof was sunk deep in contemplation. Zakhár stood a few moments, looking sulkily and askance at his master, and finally he turned to go.

"Where are you going?" suddenly demanded Oblómof.

"You have nothing to say to me, and why should I waste my time standing here?" explained Zakhár, in a hoarse gasp which served him in lieu of a voice, he having lost his voice, according to his own account, while out hunting with the dogs when he had to accompany his former master, and when a powerful wind seemed to blow in his throat. He half turned round, and stood in the middle of the room and glared at his master.

"Have your legs quite given out, that you can't stand a minute? Don't you see I am worried? Now, please wait a moment! wasn't it lying there just now? Get me that letter which I received last evening from the stárosta. What did you do with it?"

"What letter? I haven't seen any letter," replied Zakhár.

"Why, you yourself took it from the postman, you scoundrel!"

"It is where you put it; how should I know anything about it?" said Zakhár, beginning to rummage about among the papers and various things that littered the table.

"You never know anything at all. There, look on the basket. No, see if it hasn't been thrown on the sofa.—There, the back of that sofa hasn't been mended yet. Why have you not got the carpenter to mend it? 'Twas you who broke it. You never think of anything!"

"I didn't break it," retorted Zakhár; "it broke itself; it was not meant to last forever; it had to break some time."

Ílya Ílyitch did not consider it necessary to refute this argument. He contented himself with asking:—

"Have you found it yet?"

"Here are some letters."

"But they are not the right ones."

"Well, there's nothing else," said Zakhár.

"Very good, be gone," said Ílya Ílyitch impatiently. "I am going to get up. I will find it."

Zakhár went to his room, but he had hardly laid his hand on his couch to climb up to it before the imperative cry was heard again:—

"Zakhár! Zakhár!"

"Oh, good Lord!" grumbled he, as he started to go for the third time to Oblómof's library. "What a torment all this is! Oh that death would come and take me from it!"

"What do you want?" he asked, as he stood with one hand on the door, and glaring at Oblómof as a sign of his surliness, at such an angle that he had to look at his master out of the corner of his eyes; while his master could see only one of his enormous side-whiskers, so bushy that you might have expected to have two or three birds come flying out from them.

"My handkerchief, quick! You might have known what I wanted. Don't you see?" remarked Ílya Ílyitch sternly.

Zakhár displayed no special dissatisfaction or surprise at such an order or such a reproach on his master's part, regarding both, so far as he was concerned, as perfectly natural.

"But who knows where your handkerchief is?" he grumbled, circling about the room and making a careful examination of every chair, although it could be plainly seen that there was nothing whatever on them.

"It is a perfect waste of time," he remarked, opening the door into the drawing-room in order to see if there was any sign of it there.

"Where are you going? Look for it here; I have not been in that room since day before yesterday. And make haste," urged Ílya Ílyitch.

"Where is the handkerchief? There isn't any handkerchief," exclaimed Zakhár rummaging and searching in every corner.

"Oh, there it is," he suddenly cried angrily, "under you. There is the end of it sticking out. You were lying on it, and yet you ask me to find your handkerchief for you!"

And Zakhár, without awaiting any reply, turned and started to go out. Oblómof was somewhat ashamed of his own blunder. But he quickly discovered another pretext for putting Zakhár in the wrong.

"What kind of neatness do you call this everywhere here! Look at the dust and dirt! Good heavens! look here, look here! See these corners! You don't do anything at all."

"And so I don't do anything," repeated Zakhár in a tone betokening deep resentment. "I am growing old, I shan't live much longer! But God knows I use the duster for the dust, and I sweep almost every day."

He pointed to the middle of the floor, and at the table where Oblómof had dined. "Here, look here," he went on: "it has all been swept and all put in order, fit for a wedding. What more is needed?"

"Well then, what is this?" cried Ílya Ílyitch, interrupting him and calling his attention to the walls and the ceiling. "And that? and that?"

He pointed to a yesterday's napkin which had been flung down, and to a plate which had been left lying on the table with a dry crust of bread on it.

"Well, as for that," said Zakhár as he picked up the plate, "I will take care of it."

"You will take care of it, will you? But how about the dust and the cobwebs on the walls?" said Oblómof, making ocular demonstration.

"I put that off till Holy Week; then I clean the sacred images and sweep down the cobwebs."

"But how about dusting the books and pictures?"

"The books and pictures? Before Christmas; then Anísiya and I look over all the closets. But now when should we be able to do it? You are always at home."

"I sometimes go to the theatre or go out to dine: you might—"

"Do house-cleaning at night?"

Oblómof looked at him reproachfully, shook his head, and uttered a sigh; but Zakhár gazed indifferently out of the window and also sighed deeply. The master seemed to be thinking, "Well, brother, you are even more of an Oblómof than I am myself;" while Zakhár probably said to himself, "Rubbish! You as my master talk strange and melancholy words, but how do dust and cobwebs concern you?"

"Don't you know that moths breed in dust?" asked Ílya Ílyitch. "I have even seen bugs on the wall!"

"Well, I have fleas on me sometimes," replied Zakhár in a tone of indifference.

"Well, is that anything to boast about? That is shameful," exclaimed Oblómof.

Zakhár's face was distorted by a smirking smile, which seemed to embrace even his eyebrows and his side-whiskers, which for this reason spread apart; and over his whole face up to his very forehead extended a ruddy spot.

"Why, am I to blame that there are bugs on the wall?" he asked in innocent surprise: "was it I who invented them?"

"They come from lack of cleanliness," insisted Oblómof. "What are you talking about?"

"I am not the cause of the uncleanness."

"But you have mice in your room there running about at night—I hear them."

"I did not invent the mice. There are all kinds of living creatures—mice and cats and fleas—lots of them everywhere."

"How is it that other people don't have moths and bugs?"

Zakhár's face expressed incredulity, or rather a calm conviction that this was not so.

"I have plenty of them," he said without hesitation. "One can't look after every bug and crawl into the cracks after them."

It seemed to be his thought, "What kind of a sleeping-room would that be that had no bugs in it?"

"Now do you see to it that you sweep and brush them out of the corners; don't let there be one left," admonished Oblómov.

"If you get it all cleaned up it will be just as bad again tomorrow," remonstrated Zakhár.

"It ought not to be as bad," interrupted the master.

"But it is," insisted the servant; "I know all about it."

"Well then, if the dust collects again, brush it out again."

"What is that you say? Brush out all the corners every day?" exclaimed Zakhár. "What a life that would be! Better were it that God should take my soul!"

"Why are other people's houses clean?" urged Oblómov. "Just look at the piano-tuner's rooms: see how neat they look, and only one maid—"

"Oh, these Germans!" exclaimed Zakhár suddenly interrupting. "Where do they make any litter? Look at the way they live! Every family gnaws a whole week on a single bone. The coat goes from the father's back to the son's, and back from the son's to the father's. The wives and daughters wear little short skirts, and when they walk they all lift up their legs like ducks—where do they get any dirt? They don't do as we do—leave a whole heap of soiled clothes in the closet for a year at a time, or fill up the corners with bread crusts for the winter. Their crusts are never flung down at random: they make zweiback out of them, and eat them when they drink their beer!"

Zakhár expressed his disgust at such a penurious way of living by spitting through his teeth.

"Say nothing more," expostulated Ílya Ílyitch. "Do better work with your house-cleaning."

"One time I would have cleaned up, but you yourself would not allow it," said Zakhár.

"That is all done with! Don't you see I have entirely changed?"

"Of course you have; but still you stay at home all the time: how can one begin to clean up when you are right here? If you will stay out of the house for a whole day, then I will have a general clearing-up."

"What an idea! Get out of here. You had better go to your own room."

"All right!" persisted Zakhár; "but I tell you, the moment you go out, Anísiya and I will clear the whole place up. And we two would finish with it in short metre; then you will want some women to wash everything."

"Oh, what schemes you invent! Women! away with you!" cried Ílya Ílyitch.

He was by this time disgusted with himself for having led Zakhár into this conversation. He had quite forgotten that the attainment of this delicate object was at the expense of considerable confusion. Oblómof would have liked a state of perfect cleanliness, but he would require that it should be brought about in some imperceptible manner, as it were of itself; but Zakhár always induced a discussion as soon as he was asked to have any sweeping done, or the floors washed, and the like. In such a contingency he was sure to point out the necessity of a terrible disturbance in the house, knowing very well that the mere suggestion of such a thing would fill his master with horror.

Zakhár went away, and Oblómof relapsed into cogitation. After some minutes the half-hour struck again.

"What time is it?" exclaimed Ílya Ílyitch with a dull sense of alarm. "Almost eleven o'clock! Can it be that I am not up yet nor had my bath? Zakhár! Zakhár!"

"Oh, good God! what is it now?" was heard from the ante-room, and then the well-known thump of feet.

"Is my bath ready?" asked Oblómof.

"Ready? yes, long ago," replied Zakhár. "Why did you not get up?"

"Why didn't you tell me it was ready? I should have got up long ago if you had. Go on; I will follow you immediately. I have some business to do; I want to write."

Zakhár went out, but in the course of a few minutes he returned with a greasy copy-book all scribbled over, and some scraps of paper.

"Here, if you want to write—and by the way, be kind enough to verify these accounts: we need the money to pay them."

"What accounts? what money?" demanded Ílya Ílyitch with a show of temper.

"From the butcher, from the grocer, from the laundress, from the baker; they all are clamoring for money."

"Nothing but bother about money," growled Ílya Ílyitch. "But why didn't you give them to me one at a time instead of all at once?"

"You see you always kept putting me off: 'To-morrow,' always 'To-morrow.'"

"Well, why shouldn't we put them off till to-morrow now?"

"No! they are dunning you; they won't give any longer credit. To-morrow's the first of the month."

"Akh!" cried Oblómof in vexation, "new bother! Well, why are you standing there? Put them on the table. I will get up immediately, take my bath, and look them over," said Ílya Ílyitch. "Is it all ready for my bath?"

"What do you mean—'ready'?" said Zakhár.

"Well, now—"

With a groan he started to make the preliminary movement of getting up.

"I forgot to tell you," began Zakhár, "while you were still asleep the manager sent word by the dvórník that it was imperatively necessary that you vacate the apartment: it is wanted."

"Well, what of that? If the apartment is wanted of course we will move out. Why do you bother me with it? This is the third time you have spoken to me about it."

"They bother me about it also."

"Tell them that we will move out."

"He says, 'For a month you have been promising,' says he, 'and still you don't move out,' says he: 'we'll report the matter to the police.'"

"Let him report," cried Oblómof resolutely: "we will move out as soon as it is a little warmer, in the course of three weeks."

"Three weeks, indeed! The manager says that the workmen are coming in a fortnight: everything is to be torn out. 'Move,' says he, 'either to-morrow or day after to-morrow.'"

"Eh—eh—eh—that's too short notice: to-morrow? See here, what next? How would this minute suit? But don't you dare speak a word to me about apartments. I have already told you that once, and here you are again. Do you hear?"

"But what shall I do?" demanded Zakhár.

"What shall you do? Now how is he going to get rid of me?" replied Ílya Ílyitch. "He makes me responsible! How does it concern me? Don't you trouble me any further, but

make any arrangements you please, only so that we don't have to move yet. Can't you do your best for your master?"

"But Ílya Ílyitch, little father [bátiushka], what arrangements shall I make?" began Zakhár in a hoarse whisper. "The house is not mine; how can we help being driven out of the place if they resort to force? If only the house were mine, then I would with the greatest pleasure—"

"There must be some way of bringing him around: tell him we have lived here so long; tell him we'll surely pay him."

"I have," said Zakhár.

"Well, what did he say?"

"What did he say? He repeated his everlasting 'Move out,' says he; 'we want to make repairs on the apartment.' He wants to do over this large apartment and the doctor's for the wedding of the owner's son."

"Oh, my good Lord!" exclaimed Oblómof in despair; "what asses they are to get married!"

He turned over on his back.

"You had better write to the owner, sir," said Zakhár. "Then perhaps he would not drive us out, but would give us a renewal of the lease."

Zakhár as he said this made a gesture with his right hand.

"Very well, then; as soon as I get up I will write him. You go to your room and I will think it over. You need not do anything about this," he added; "I myself shall have to work at all this miserable business myself."

Zakhár left the room, and Oblómof began to ponder.

But he was in a quandary which to think about,—his stárosta's letter, or the removal to new lodgings, or should he undertake to make out his accounts? He was soon swallowed up in the flood of material cares and troubles, and there he still lay turning from side to side. Every once in a while would be heard his broken exclamation, "Akh, my God! life touches everything, reaches everywhere!"

No one knows how long he would have lain there a prey to this uncertainty, had not the bell rung in the ante-room.

"There is some one come already!" exclaimed Oblómof, wrapping himself up in his khalát, "and here I am not up yet; what a shame! Who can it be so early?"

And still lying on his bed, he gazed curiously at the door.

THE BROTHERS DE GONCOURT

EDMOND (1822-1896) JULES (1830-1870)

EDMOND AND JULES HUOT DE GONCOURT, French writers who became famous alike for the perfectness of their collaboration, the originality of their methods, and the finish of their style, were born, the first in Nancy in 1822, the other in Paris in 1830. Until the death of Jules in 1870 they wrote nothing for the public that did not bear both their names; and so entirely identical were their tastes and judgment that it is impossible to say of a single sentence they composed that it was the sole product of one or the other. "Charming writers," Victor Hugo called them; "in unison a powerful writer, two minds from which springs a single jet of talent." Born of a noble family of moderate wealth, they were educated as became their station in life. Both had an early leaning toward the arts; but Edmond, in deference to the wishes of his family, took a government appointment and held the office till the death of his mother, when he was twenty-six years of age. Their father had died while they were boys.



Drawn together by their common bereavement and the death-bed injunction of their parent that Edmond should be the careful guardian of his younger brother, whose health had always been delicate, the young men then began a companionship which was broken only by death. They set out to make themselves acquainted with southern Europe, and at the same time to escape the political turmoils of Paris; and extended their travels into Africa, which country they found so congenial that in the first ardor of their enthusiasm they determined to settle there. Business arrangements, however, soon recalled them to Paris, where ties of friendship and other agreeable associations bound them fast to their native soil. They took up their residence in the metropolis, where they lived until a short time before the death of Jules, when, to be free from the roar of the city, they purchased a house in one of the suburbs. Their intellectual development may be traced through their *Journal* and letters to

intimate friends, published by the surviving brother. From these it appears that most of their leisure hours during their travels were taken up with painting and drawing. Jules had attempted some dramatic compositions while at college, and Edmond had been strongly drawn to literature by the conversation of an aunt, of whom he saw much before his mother's death. It was while engaged with their brushes in 1850 that it occurred to the brothers to take up writing as a regular vocation; and thus was begun their remarkable literary partnership.

Their first essay was a drama. It was rejected; whereupon, nothing daunted, they wrote a novel. It was entitled '18—,' and it is interesting to observe that here, at the very outset of their career, they seem to have had in mind the keynote of the chord on which they ever afterwards played: the eighteenth century was the chief source of their inspiration, and it was their life's endeavor to explore it and reproduce it for their contemporaries with painstaking fidelity. The novel engaged their serious and earnest attention, and when it was given to the publisher they watched for its appearance with painful anxiety. Unfortunately it was announced for the very day on which occurred the *Coup d'État*. The book came out when Paris was in an uproar; and though Jules Janin, one of the most influential critics of the day, unexpectedly exploited it at great length in the *Journal des Débats*, its circulation in that first edition was not more than sixty copies, most of which were distributed gratuitously.

The blow was a hard one, but the brothers were not thus to be silenced, nor by the subsequent failure of other dramatic ventures and an effort to found a newspaper. They had been little more than imitators. They now entered the field they soon made their own. The writers of their day were for the most part classicists; a few before Victor Hugo were romanticists. The De Goncourts stood for the modern, what they could see and touch. In this way they became realists. What their own senses could not apprehend they at once rejected; all they saw they deemed worthy to be reproduced. They lived in a period of reconstruction after the devastation of the revolution. The refinement and elegance of the society of the later Bourbon monarchy, still within view, they yearned for and sought to restore. A series of monographs dealing with the art and the stage of these days, which appeared in 1851-2, won for them the first real recognition they enjoyed. These were followed by various critical essays on the same subjects, contributed to newspapers and periodicals, and a novel, 'La Lorette,' which had a large sale and marked the beginning of their success from a financial point of view. "This makes us realize," they wrote in their *Journal*, "that one can actually sell a book."

Their reputation as men of letters was established by the publication in 1854-5 of '*Histoire de la Société Pendant la Revolution*' and the same '*Pendant le Directoire*,' the aim of which, they said, was "to paint in vivid, simple colors the France of 1789 to 1800." This object they accomplished, so far as it concerned the society of which they themselves were descendants; but the reactionary spirit in them was too strong for an impartial view of the struggle, and their lack of true philosophic spirit and broad human sympathy led them to make a picture that, interesting as it is, is sadly distorted. Their vivid colors are lavished mainly on the outrages of the rioters and the sufferings of the aristocrats. But for wealth of detail, the result of tireless research, the history is of value as a record of the manners and customs of the fashionable set of the period. Of the same sort were their other semi-historical works: '*Portraits Intimes du XVIIIème Siècle*,' separate sketches of about a hundred more or less well-known figures of the age; '*L'Histoire de Marie Antoinette*,' and '*La Femme au XVIIIème Siècle*,' in which the gossip and anecdote of former generations are told again almost as graphically as are those which the authors relate of their own circle in their memoirs. Their most important contribution to literature was their '*L'Art au XVIIIème Siècle*,' monographs gathered and published in seventeen volumes, and representing a dozen years' labor. This was indeed a labor of love, and it was not in vain; for it was these appreciative studies more than anything else that turned public attention to the almost forgotten delicacy of the school of painters headed by Watteau, Fragonard, Latour, Boucher, Debricourt, and Greuze, whose influence has ever since been manifested on the side of sound taste and sanity in French art.

A volume entitled '*Idées et Sensations*,' and their Journal and letters, complete the list of the more important of their works outside the field of fiction. The Journal will always be valuable as an almost complete document of the literary history of France in their time, made up as it is of impressions of and from the most important writers of the day, with whom they were on terms of intimate friendship, including Flaubert, Gautier, Renan, Sainte-Beuve, Hugo, Saint-Victor, Michelet, Zola, and George Sand. In fiction the De Goncourts were less prolific, but it is to their novels mainly that they owe their reputation for individuality, and as true "path-breakers" in literature. They have been called the initiators of modern French realism. Their friend Flaubert perhaps better deserves the title. Their determination to see for themselves all that could be seen, the result of which gave real worth to their historical work, even where their prejudice robbed it of weight, was what put the stamp of character upon their novels. How much importance they attached to correct and

comprehensive observation may be gathered from their remark, "The art of learning how to see demands the longest apprenticeship of all the arts." They took life as they found it, examined it on every side, —rarely going far under the surface,—and then sought to reproduce it on their pages as the artist would put it on canvas. Capable of terseness, of suggestiveness, quick to note and communicate the vital spark, they were yet rarely content with it alone. Every minute particle of the body it vivified, they insisted on adding to their picture. Nothing was to be taken for granted; as nothing was accepted by them at second hand, so nothing was left to the imagination of the reader until their comprehensive view was his. It was in this way that they were realists. They did not seek out and expose to public view the grossness and unpleasantness of life. Their own preference was for the beautiful, and in their own lives they indulged their refined tastes. But they looked squarely at the world about them, the ugly with the beautiful, the impure with the pure, and they did not hesitate to describe one almost as faithfully as the other.

Curiously, the discrimination against the masses and the bias that mar their history do not appear in their fiction. "They began writing history which was nothing but romance," says one of their critics, "and later wrote romance which in reality is history." Indeed, their novels are little more than sketches of what occurred around them. 'Madame Gervaisais' is a character study of the aunt of strong literary predilections who influenced Edmond; 'Germinie Lacerteux' is the biography of their servant, at whose death, after long and faithful service, they discovered that she had led a life of singular duplicity; 'Sœur Philomène' is a terribly true glimpse of hospital life, and 'Manette Salomon,' with its half-human monkey drawn from the life, is transferred without change from the Parisian studios under the Empire. 'Renée Mauperin' comes nearest to the model of an ordinary novel; but no one can read of the innocent tomboy girl struck down with fatal remorse at the consequences of her own natural action, on learning of her brother's dishonor, without feeling that this picture too was drawn from the life. Several of their stories were dramatized, but with scant success; and a play which they wrote, 'Henriette Maréchal,' and had produced at the Comédie Française through the influence of Princess Mathilde, their constant friend and patroness, was almost howled down,—chiefly however for political reasons.

After the death of Jules de Goncourt, his brother wrote several books of the same character as those which they produced in union, the best known of which are 'La Fille Élisa,' and 'Chérie,' a study of a girl, said to have been inspired by the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff. The best critics in France, notably Sainte-Beuve, have given

the brothers Goncourt a very high place in literature and conceded their originality. English reviewers have been less ready to exalt them, mainly on account of the offensive part of their realism: They have objected also to their superficiality as historians, and to their sympathy with the sentimental admirers of such types as Marie Antoinette; but they too have been ready to praise the brothers as leaders of a new fashion, and especially for their devotion to style. In this respect the Goncourts have few rivals in French literature. Balzac himself was not more finical in the choice of words, or more unsparing of his time and energy in writing and re-writing until his exact meaning, no more or less, had been expressed; and they covered up the marks of their toil better than he. In a letter to Zola, Edmond de Goncourt said:—"My own idea is that my brother died of work, and above all from the desire to elaborate the artistic form, the chiseled phrase, the workmanship of style." He himself spent a long life at this fine artistry, and died in Paris in July, 1896.

TWO FAMOUS MEN

From the Journal of the De Goncourts

MARCH 3D [1862].—We took a walk and went off to find Théophile Gautier. . . . The street in which he lives is composed of the most squalid countrified buildings, of court-yards swarming with poultry, fruit shops whose doors are ornamented with little brooms of black feathers: just such a suburban street as Hervier might have painted. . . . We pushed open the door of a house, and found ourselves in the presence of the lord of epithet. The furniture was of gilded wood, covered with red damask, after the heavy Venetian style; there were fine old pictures of the Italian school; above the chimney a mirror innocent of quicksilver, on which were scraped colored arabesques and various Persian characters,—such a picture of meagre sumptuousness and faded splendor as one would find in the rooms of a retired actress, who had come in for some pictures through the bankruptcy of an Italian manager.

When we asked him if we were disturbing him, he answered: "Not at all. I never work at home. I get through my 'copy' at the printing-office. They set up the type as I write. The smell of the printers' ink is a sure stimulant to work, for one feels the 'copy' must be handed in. I could write only a novel in this way now; unless I saw ten lines printed I could not get on to the next ten. The proof-sheet serves as a test to one's

work. That which is already done becomes impersonal, but the actual 'copy' is part of yourself; it hangs like filaments from the root of your literary life, and has not yet been torn away. I have always been preparing corners where I should do my work, but when installed there I found I could do nothing. I must be in the midst of things, and can work only when a racket is going on about me; whereas, when I shut myself up for work the solitude tells upon me and makes me sad."

From there Gautier got on the subject of the 'Queen of Sheba.' We admitted our infirmity, our physical incapacity of taking in musical sound; and indeed, a military band is the highest musical enjoyment of which we are capable. Whereupon Gautier said, "Well, I'm delighted to hear that: I am just like you; I prefer silence to music. I do know bad music from good, because part of my life was spent with a singer, but both are quite indifferent to me. Still it is curious that all the literary men of our day feel the same about music. Balzac abhorred it, Hugo cannot endure it, Lamartine has a horror of it. There are only a few painters who have a taste for it."

Then Gautier fell to complaining of the times. "Perhaps I am getting an old man, but I begin to feel as if there were no more air to breathe. What is the use of wings if there is no air in which one can soar? I no longer feel as if I belonged to the present generation. Yes, 1830 was a glorious epoch, but I was too young by two or three years; I was not carried away by the current; I was not ready for it. I ought to have produced a very different sort of work."

There was then some talk of Flaubert, of his literary methods, of his indefatigable patience, and of the seven years he devoted to a work of four hundred pages. "Just listen," observed Gautier, "to what Flaubert said to me the other day: 'It is finished. I have only ten more pages to write; but the ends of my sentences are all in my head.' So that he already hears in anticipation the music of the last words of his sentences before the sentences themselves have been written. Was it not a quaint expression to use? I believe he has devised a sort of literary rhythm. For instance, a phrase which begins in slow measure must not finish with a quick pace, unless some special effect is to be produced. Sometimes the rhythm is only apparent to himself, and escapes our notice. A story is not written for the purpose of being read aloud: yet he shouts his to himself as

he writes them. These shouts present to his own ears harmonies, but his readers seem unaware of them."

Gautier's daughters have a charm of their own, a species of Oriental languor, deep dreamy eyes, veiled by heavy eyelids, and a regularity in their gestures and movements which they inherit from their father; but this regularity is tempered in them by womanly grace. There is a charm about them which is not all French; nevertheless there is a French element about it, their little tomboyish tricks and expressions, their habit of pouting, the shrugging of their shoulders, the irony which escapes through the thin veil of childishness intended to conceal it. All these points distinguish them from ordinary society girls, and make clear a strong individuality of character which renders them fearless in expressing their likings and antipathies. They display liberty of speech, and have often the manner of a woman whose face is hidden by a mask; and yet one finds here simplicity, candor, and a charming absence of reserve, utterly unknown to the ordinary young girl.

NOVEMBER 23D [1863].—We have been to thank Michelet for the flattering lines he wrote about us.

He lives in the Rue de l'Ouest, at the end of the Jardin du Luxembourg, in a large house which might almost be workmen's dwelling. His flat is on the third floor. A maid opened the door and pronounced us. We penetrated into a small study.

The wife of the historian has a young, serious face; she was seated on a chair beside the desk on which the lamp was placed, with her back to the window. Michelet sat on a couch of green velvet, and was banked up by cushions.

His attitude reminded us of his historical work: the lower portions of his body were in full sight, whilst the upper were half concealed; the face was a mere shadow surrounded with snowy white locks; from this shadowy mass emerged a professorial, sonorous, singsong voice, consciously important, and in which the ascending and descending scale produced a continuous cooing sound.

He spoke to us in a most appreciative manner of our study of Watteau, and then passed on to the interesting study which might be written on French furniture.

"You gentlemen, who are observers of human nature," he cried suddenly, "there is a history you should write,—the history of the lady's-maid. I do not speak of Madame de Maintenon; but you have Mademoiselle de Launai, the Duchesse de Grammont's Julie, who exercised on her mistress so great an influence, especially in the Corsican affair. Madame Du Deffand said sometimes that there were only two people sincerely attached to her, D'Alembert and her maid. Oh! domesticity has played a great part in history, though men-servants have been of comparative unimportance. . . .

"I was once going through England, traveling from York to Halifax. There were pavements in the country lanes, with the grass growing on each side as carefully kept as the pavements themselves; close by, sheep were grazing, and the whole scene was lit up by gas. A singular sight!"

Then after a short pause:—"Have you noticed that the physiognomy of the great men of to-day is so rarely in keeping with their intellect? Look at their portraits, their photographs; there are no longer any good portraits. Remarkable people no longer possess in their faces anything which distinguishes them from ordinary folk. Balzac had nothing characteristic. Would you recognize Lamartine if you saw him? There is nothing in the shape of his head, or in his lustreless eyes, nothing but a certain elegance which age has not affected. The fact is that in these days there is too great an accumulation of people and things, much more so than in former times. We assimilate too much from other people, and this being the case, we lose even the individuality of our features; we present the portrait of a collective set of people rather than of ourselves."

We rose to take our leave; he accompanied us to the door; then by the light of the lamp he carried in his hand we saw, for a second at least, this marvelous historian of dreams, the great somnambulist of the past and brilliant talker of the present.

THE SUICIDE

From 'Sister Philomène'

THE next morning the whole hospital knew that Barnier, having scratched his hand on the previous day while dissecting a body in a state of purulent infection, was dying in terrible agonies.

When at four o'clock Malivoire, quitting for a few moments the bedside of his friend, came to replace him in the service, the Sister went up to him. She followed from bed to bed, dogging his steps, without however accosting him, without speaking, watching him intently with her eyes fixed on his. As he was leaving the ward:—

"Well?" she asked, in the brief tone with which women stop the doctor on his last visit at the threshold of the room.

"No hope," said Malivoire, with a gesture of despair; "there is nothing to be done. It began at his right ankle, went up the leg and thigh, and has attacked all the articulations. Such agonies, poor fellow! It will be a mercy when it's over."

"Will he be dead before night?" asked the Sister calmly.

"Oh no! He will live through the night. It is the same case as that of Raguideau three years ago; and Raguideau lasted forty-eight hours."

That evening, at ten o'clock, Sister Philomène might be seen entering the church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

The lamps were being lowered, the lighted tapers were being put out one by one with a long-handled extinguisher. The priest had just left the vestry.

The Sister inquired where he lived, and was told that his house was a couple of steps from the church, in the Rue de la Banque.

The priest was just going into the house when she entered behind, pushing open the door he was closing.

"Come in, Sister," he said, unfurling his wet umbrella and placing it on the tiled floor in the ante-room. And he turned toward her. She was on her knees. "What are you doing, Sister?" he said, astonished at her attitude. "Get up, my child. This is not a fit place. Come, get up!"

"You will save him, will you not?" and Philomène caught hold of the priest's hands as he stretched them out to help her to rise. "Why do you object to my remaining on my knees?"

"Come, come, my child, do not be so excited. It is God alone, remember, who can save. I can but pray."

"Ah! you can only pray," she said in a disappointed tone. "Yes, that is true."

And her eyes sank to the ground. After a moment's pause the priest went on:—

"Come, Sister, sit down there. You are calmer now, are you not? Tell me, what is it you want?"

"He is dying," said Philomène, rising as she spoke. "He will probably not live through the night;" and she began to cry. "It is for a young man of twenty-seven years of age; he has never performed any of his religious duties, never been near a church, never prayed to God since his first communion. He will refuse to listen to anything. He no longer knows a prayer even. He will listen neither to priest nor any one. And I tell you it is all over with him,—he is dying. Then I remembered your Confraternity of Notre Dame des Victoires, since it is devoted to those who do not believe. Come, you must save him!"

"My daughter—"

"And perhaps he is dying at this very moment. Oh! promise me you will do all at once, all that is in the Confraternity book; the prayers,—everything, in short. You will have him prayed for at once, won't you?"

"But, my poor child, it is Friday to-day, and the Confraternity only meets on Thursday."

"Thursday only—why? It will be too late Thursday. He will never live till Thursday. Come, you must save him; you have saved many another."

Sister Philomène looked at the priest with wide-opened eyes, in which through her tears rose a glance of revolt, impatience, and command. For one instant in that room there was no longer a Sister standing before a priest, but a woman face to face with an old man.

The priest resumed:—

"All I can do at present for that young man, my dear daughter, is to apply to his benefit all the prayers and good works that are being carried on by the Confraternity, and I will offer them up to the Blessed and Immaculate Heart of Mary to obtain his conversion. I will pray for him to-morrow at mass, and again on Saturday and Sunday."

"Oh, I am so thankful," said Philomène, who felt tears rise gently to her eyes as the priest spoke to her. "Now I am full

of hope; he will be converted, he will have pity on himself. Give me your blessing for him."

"But Sister, I only bless from the altar, in the pulpit, or in the confessional. There only am I the minister of God. Here, my Sister, here I am but a weak man, a miserable sinner."

"That does not signify; you are always God's minister, and you cannot, you would not, refuse me; he is at the point of death."

She fell on her knees as she spoke. The priest blessed her, and added:—

"It is nearly eleven o'clock, Sister; you have nearly three miles to get home, all Paris to cross at this late hour."

"Oh, I am not afraid," replied Philomène with a smile; "God knows why I am in the street. Moreover, I will tell my beads on the way. The Blessed Virgin will be with me." . . .

The same evening, Barnier, rousing himself from a silence that had lasted the whole day, said to Malivoire, "You will write to my mother. You will tell her that this often happens in our profession."

"But you are not yet as bad as all that, my dear fellow," replied Malivoire, bending over the bed. "I am sure I shall save you."

"No, I chose my man too well for that. How well I took you in, my poor Malivoire!" and he smiled almost. "You understand, I could not kill myself. I did not wish to be the death of my old mother. But an accident—that settles everything. You will take all my books, do you hear? and my case of instruments also. I wish you to have all. You wonder why I have killed myself, don't you? Come nearer. It is on account of that woman. I never loved but her in all my life. They did not give her enough chloroform; I told them so. Ah! if you had heard her scream when she awoke—before it was over! That scream still re-echoes in my ears! However," he continued, after a nervous spasm, "if I had to begin again, I would choose some other way of dying, some way in which I should not suffer so much. Then, you know, she died, and I fancied I had killed her. She is ever before me, . . . covered with blood. . . . And then I took to drinking. I drank because I love her still. . . . That's all!"

Barnier relapsed into silence. After a long pause, he again spoke, and said to Malivoire:—

"You will tell my mother to take care of the little lad."

After another pause, the following words escaped him:—

"The Sister would have said a prayer."

Shortly after, he asked:—

"What o'clock is it?"

"Eleven."

"Time is not up yet; . . . I have still some hours to live. . . . I shall last till to-morrow."

A little later he again inquired the time, and crossing his hands on his breast, in a faint voice he called Malivoire and tried to speak to him. But Malivoire could not catch the words he muttered.

Then the death-rattle began, and lasted till morn. . . .

A candle lighted up the room.

It burnt slowly, it lighted up the four white walls on which the coarse ochre paint of the door and of the two cupboards cut a sharp contrast.

On the iron bedstead with its dimity curtains, a sheet lay thrown over a motionless body, molding the form as wet linen might do, indicating with the inflexibility of an immutable line the rigidity, from the tip of the toes to the sharp outline of the face, of what it covered.

Near a white wooden table Malivoire, seated in a large wicker arm-chair, watched and dozed, half slumbering and yet not quite asleep.

In the silence of the room nothing could be heard but the ticking of the dead man's watch.

From behind the door something seemed gently to move and advance, the key turned in the lock, and Sister Philomène stood beside the bed. Without looking at Malivoire, without seeing him, she knelt down and prayed in the attitude of a kneeling marble statue; and the folds of her gown were as motionless as the sheet that covered the dead man.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she rose, walked away without once looking round, and disappeared.

The next day, awaking at the hollow sound of the coffin knocking against the narrow stairs, Malivoire vaguely recalled the night's apparition, and wondered if he had dreamed it; and going mechanically up to the table by the bedside, he sought for the lock of hair he had cut off for Barnier's mother: the lock of hair had vanished.

THE AWAKENING

From 'Renée Mauperin'

A LITTLE stage had been erected at the end of the Mauperins' drawing-room. The footlights were hidden behind a screen of foliage and flowering shrubs. Renée, with the help of her drawing-master, had painted the curtain, which represented a view on the banks of the Seine. On either side of the stage hung a bill, on which were these words, written by hand:—

LA BRICHE THEATRE

THIS EVENING,

'THE CAPRICE,'

To conclude with

'HARLEQUIN, A BIGAMIST.'

And then followed the names of the actors.

On all the chairs in the house, which had been seized and arranged in rows before the stage, women in low gowns were squeezed together, mixing their skirts, their lace, the sparkle of their diamonds, and the whiteness of their shoulders. The folding doors of the drawing-room had been taken down, and showed, in the little drawing-room which led to the dining-room, a crowd of men in white neckties, standing on tiptoe.

The curtain rose upon 'The Caprice.' Renée played with much spirit the part of Madame de Léry. Henry, as the husband, revealed one of those real theatrical talents which are often found in cold young men and in grave men of the world. Naomi herself—carried away by Henry's acting, carefully prompted by Denoïsel from behind the scenes, a little intoxicated by her audience—played her little part of a neglected wife very tolerably. This was a great relief to Madame Bourjot. Seated in the front row, she had followed her daughter with anxiety. Her pride dreaded a failure. The curtain fell, the applause burst out, and all the company were called for. Her daughter had not been ridiculous; she was happy in this great success, and she composedly gave herself up to the speeches, opinions, congratulations, which, as in all representations of private theatricals, followed the applause and continued in murmurs. Amidst all that she thus vaguely heard, one sentence, pronounced close by her,

reached her ears clear and distinct above the buzz of general conversation:—"Yes, it is his sister, I know; but I think that for the part he is not sufficiently in love with her, and really too much in love with his wife: did you notice it?" And the speaker, feeling that she was being overheard by Madame Bourjot, leaned over and whispered in her neighbor's ear. Madame Bourjot became serious.

After a pause the curtain went up again, and Henry Mauperin appeared as Pierrot or Harlequin, not in the traditional sack of white calico and black cap, but as an Italian harlequin, with a white three-cornered hat, and dressed entirely in white satin from head to foot. A shiver of interest ran through the women, proving that the costume and the man were both charming; and the folly began.

It was the mad story of Pierrot, married to one woman and wishing to marry another; a farce intermingled with passion, which had been unearthed by a playwright, with the help of a poet, from a collection of old comic plays. Renée this time acted the part of the neglected woman, who in various disguises interfered between her husband and his gallant adventures, and Naomi that of the woman he loved. Henry, in his scenes of love with the latter, carried all before him. He played with youth, with brilliancy, with excitement. In the scene in which he avows his love, his voice was full of the passionate cry of a declaration which overflows and swamps everything. True, he had to act with the prettiest Columbine in the world: Naomi looked delicious that evening in her bridal costume of Louis XVI., copied exactly from the 'Bride's Minuet,' a print by Debucourt, which Barousse had lent for the purpose.

A sort of enchantment filled the whole room, and reached Madame Bourjot; a sort of sympathetic complicity with the actors seemed to encourage the pretty couple to love one another. The piece went on. Now and again Henry's eyes seemed to look for those of Madame Bourjot, over the footlights. Meanwhile, Renée appeared disguised as the village bailiff; it only remained to sign the contract; Pierrot, taking the hand of the woman he loved, began to tell her of all the happiness he was going to have with her.

The woman who sat next to Madame Bourjot felt her lean somewhat on her shoulder. Henry finished his speech, the piece disentangled itself and came to an end. All at once Madame

Bourjot's neighbor saw something glide down her arm; it was Madame Bourjot, who had just fainted.

"OH, do pray go indoors," said Madame Bourjot to the people who were standing around her. She had been carried into the garden. "It is past now; it is really nothing; it was only the heat." She was quite pale, but she smiled. "I only want a little air. Let M. Henry only stay with me."

The audience retired. Scarcely had the sound of feet died away, when—"You love her!" said Madame Bourjot, seizing Henry's arm as though she were taking him prisoner with her feverish hands; "you love her!"

"Madame—" said Henry.

"Hold your tongue! you lie!" And she threw his arm from her. Henry bowed.—"I know all. I have seen all. But look at me!" and with her eyes she closely scanned his face. Henry stood before her, his head bent.—"At least speak to me! You can speak, at any rate! Ah, I see it,—you can only act in her company!"

"I have nothing to say to you, Laura," said Henry in his softest and clearest voice. Madame Bourjot started at this name of Laura as though he had touched her. "I have struggled for a year, madame," began Henry; "I have no excuse to make. But my heart is fast. We knew each other as children. The charm has grown day by day. I am very unhappy, madame, at having to acknowledge the truth to you. I love your daughter, that is true."

"But have you ever spoken to her? I blush for her when there are people there! Have you ever looked at her? Do you think her pretty? What possesses you men? Come! I am better-looking than she is! You men are fools. And besides, my friend, I have spoiled you. Go to her and ask her to caress your pride, to tickle your vanity, to flatter and to serve your ambitions,—for you are ambitious: I know you! Ah, M. Mauperin, one can only find that once in a lifetime! And it is only women of my age, old women like me,—do you hear me?—who love the future of the people whom they love! You were not my lover, you were my grandchild!" And at this word, her voice sounded as though it came from the bottom of her heart. Then immediately changing her tone—"But don't be foolish! I tell you you don't really love my daughter; it is not true: she is rich!"

"O madame!"

"Good gracious! there are lots of people. They have been pointed out to me. It pays sometimes to begin with the mother and finish with the dower. And a million, you know, will gild a good many pills."

"Speak lower, I implore—for your own sake: some one has just opened a window."

"Calmness is very fine, M. Mauperin; very fine, very fine," repeated Madame Bourjot. And her low, hissing voice seemed to stifle her.

Clouds were scudding across the sky, and passed over the moon looking like huge bats' wings. Madame Bourjot gazed fixedly into the darkness, straight in front of her. Her elbows resting on her knees, her weight thrown on to her heels, she was beating with the points of her satin shoes the gravel of the path. After a few minutes she sat upright, stretched out her arms two or three times wildly and as though but half awake; then, hastily and with jerks, she pushed her hand down between her gown and her waistband, pressing her hand against the ribbon as though she would break it. Then she rose and began to walk. Henry followed her.

"I intend, sir, that we shall never see each other again," she said to him, without turning round.

As they passed near the basin, she handed him her handkerchief:—

"Wet that for me."

Henry put one knee on the margin and gave her back the lace, which he had moistened. She laid it on her forehead and on her eyes. "Now let us go in," she said; "give me your arm."

"Oh, dear madame, what courage!" said Madame Mauperin, going to meet Madame Bourjot as she entered; "but it is unwise of you. Let me order your carriage."


"On no account," answered Madame Bourjot hastily: "I thank you. I promised that I would sing for you, I think. I am going to sing."

And Madame Bourjot advanced to the piano, graceful and valiant, with the heroic smile on her face wherewith the actors of society hide from the public the tears that they shed within themselves, and the wounds which are only known to their own hearts.

“MAXIM GORKY” (ALEXEI MAXIMOVITCH PYESHKOV)

(1868-)

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

 «MAXIM THE BITTER» — this is a pseudonym which it is better to translate — has given us a pen-picture of New York, written while he was in this country and staying at Staten Island, within sight of the great city. We may well read this study, to find the answer to the question: Is Gorky true to life? What he says of New York is livid rather than vivid; it is not so much inspired, as delirious; the color is lurid and fantastical, like a many-hued bouquet of flowers under the stark, yellow flame of sodium; the people he depicts in the streets are like the corpse-hued faces lit by a mercury-vapor lamp. It is all frightfully morbid, but it is something more: it is poignant, arresting, enthralling us from beginning to end, long after we have dismissed the idea of its verity. It is, indeed, New York lit up by a ghastly monochrome, the lurid color of Gorky's morbid soul.

Russia is, in a sense, a land of mysteries. Perhaps what Gorky writes is true and real there — as in the wonderland of Pushkin's Prologue to (Ruslan and Liudmila) there were strange things and horrible. We have, as it happens, an admirable answer to this question also. Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé, who knew Russia, Russian, and Russians as few beyond her borders have known them, gives it. In measure, he says, as one advances into this gallery of etchings, their variety — which it would be unjust not to recognize — is submerged in a uniform sensation of overwhelming sadness; a heavy nightmare agonizes the spirit and becomes intolerable as it is prolonged. It is in vain that Gorky has scattered over the great roadways and dispersed in picturesque frames the lamentable children of his fancy; the memory which they obsess ends by confusing them, and bringing them all together into the doss-house kept by Captain Kuvalda, retired, the den in which «The Creatures that once were Men» each evening find each other. Gorky has brought together in this social hell the most typical of his models; they come to chatter between drunken hiccups; they turn, these condemned monomaniacs, in their irksome circle: they argue and drink, they drink and argue. The lucid analysis which they make of their moral maladies is ended in the crock of vodka, in which they drown their consciences. One may say of their historian that *he paints in vodka*; this special humanity literally bathes in alcohol; it flows from

page to page, its vapors enfold all Gorky's work in a lurid, gloomy cloud, like those which he gathers in the gray skies that habitually overhang his landscapes. To read him, one might think Russia was nothing but a huge tavern in a gloomy vault, stinking of sweat, of tallow, of coal-oil, where ragged vagabonds idle, whine, curse, spitting their truths into each others' faces, and finally founder in an ocean of vodka. . . . It is too much. The heart-sick reader pleads for mercy. With disgust and weariness he closes the book begun with pleasure. The repetition of these dark and troubled images leaves in him the nausea of the morning after a drunken debauch. . . .

One may ask oneself why anyone should write like this. «Maxim the Bitter» seems to have put to himself the same question. In a strange story called (The Reader,) a gloomy phantom, which perhaps personifies his conscience, thus addresses him:

"Thou art too poor to give men something precious; what thou givest them, thou givest not at all for the high satisfaction of enriching life with beautiful thoughts and beautiful words, but far rather in order that the accidental fact of thy existence may become something necessary to society. Thou givest in order to take more from life and from men. . . . Dost thou know at least how to love men? . . ."

In reply, Gorky makes his Apologia thus:

"I discover in myself many good feelings and wholesome aspirations: a sufficient quantity of what is commonly called goodness; but the feeling which should unite all the others, the clear and constructive thought that orders all the phenomena of life, I do not find in myself. . . . What can I say to men? That which has always been said and will always be said, that which gathers listeners, but does not make them better. Have I the right to preach my ideas to them, while I myself, deeply penetrated by them as I am, often do the opposite of what they command?"

He paints in vodka; he gathers listeners, but does not make them better: perhaps that is the deepest criticism, once we have recorded his lurid brilliance, his bitter intensity, his rhythmic mastery of words. A somewhat sententious historian of literature has said of Webster the dramatist, that «his terrible and funereal muse was Death»; of Swift, that he blew bubbles of vitriol. Perhaps something of both judgments might be applied to Gorky; but one must add the barbaric richness and vastness of his nation. One thinks of two or three ghastly pictures by his fellow-countryman, Verestchagin, the pyramid of skulls, the Turkish refugees, freezing to death; one remembers Musorgski's grim and grisly music which depicts the battle-haunting raven. In both, there is something of Gorky's flavor. Had Verestchagin and Musorgski gained sudden success by just these things, they might have been tempted to repeat and imitate them, and, finally, have found themselves unable to return to sane human life. So we have almost identi-

cal personages in (My Childhood,) (Mother,) (Foma Godeyeff,) (In the Abyss,) (The Creatures that Once Were Men,) and all the rest of his stories and plays; and, finally, with ludicrous inappropriateness, in Central Park and Madison Square. One wonders what may have become of Gorky's Russian personages, since the law prohibiting vodka has been in force. Have they all reformed, grown prosperous and happy, — have they entered the army, in a company commanded by Captain Kuvalda, — or do they still meet in some surreptitious doss-house, soaking and whining and catching at each other's throats? One wonders where Gorky would find models, in a Russia without vodka.

Alexei Maximovitch Pyeshkov («Maxim Gorky») was born in Nijni Novgorod, the city of the great fair, in the back room of a dyer's shop. His mother Varvara Kashirina was the dyer's daughter. His father Maxim Pyeshkov was an upholsterer. But at four his father died, his mother three years later, and he began a life of wandering. For a little while he stayed with his grandfather, a tyrannous old soldier of Nicholas I., but life there was unendurable. He fled and took refuge with a shoemaker, serving him as an apprentice. Running away again, he was, by turns, a painter, an engraver, a gardener, a dishwasher on a Volga boat. Smuri, the cook, an old soldier, had a trunk of old books. He taught the boy to read, and introduced him to the world of living phantoms. Gogol, Dumas, the Saints, furiously he consumed them all. Then at Kazan, on the elbow of the interminable Volga, he worked for a baker, from his sixteenth to his eighteenth year: «those two years were the hardest in my whole life.» Then came further wanderings down the Volga. When he was twenty-four, he began to write, very rapidly making a mark. At thirty-one, he came to Petrograd and became the hero of the sensation-seeking youth. Since then, he has been a figure of world notoriety, wondered at, rather than loved.

CONY ISLAND

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WITH the advent of night a fantastic city all of fire suddenly rises from the ocean into the sky. Thousands of ruddy sparks glimmer in the darkness, limning in fine, sensitive outline on the black background of the sky, shapely towers of miraculous castles, palaces, and temples. Golden gossamer threads tremble in the air. They intertwine in transparent, flaming patterns, which flutter and melt away in love with their own beauty mirrored in the waters. Fabulous and beyond conceiving, ineffably beautiful, is this fiery scintillation. It burns but does not consume. Its palpitations

are scarce visible. In the wilderness of sky and ocean rises the magic picture of a flaming city. Over it quiver the reddening heavens, and below the water reflects its contours, blending them into a whimsical blotch of molten gold.

Strange thoughts fill the mind at the sight of this city of fire. In the halls of the palaces, in the radiant gleam of flaming mirth, methinks, strains of music float, soft and proud, such as mortal ear has never heard. On the melodious current of their sounds the best thoughts of the world are carried along like sailing stars. The stars meet in a sacred dance, they throw out dazzling sparks, and as they clasp in a momentary embrace, they give birth to new flames, new thoughts.

I see a huge cradle, marvelously wrought of golden tissue, flowers and stars rocking yonder in the soft darkness, upon the trembling bosom of the ocean.

There at night rests the sun.

But the sun of the day brings man nearer to the truth of life. Then the fiery magic castles are tall white buildings.

The blue mist of the ocean vapors mingles with the drab smoke of the metropolis across the harbor. Its flimsy white structures are enveloped in a transparent sheet, in which they quiver like a mirage. They seem to beckon alluringly, and offer quiet and beauty.

The city hums with its constant, insatiate, hungry roar. The strained sound, agitating the air and the soul, the ceaseless bellow of iron, the melancholy wail of life driven by the power of gold, the cold, cynical whistle of the Yellow Devil scare the people away from the turmoil of the earth burdened and besmirched by the ill-smelling body of the city. And the people go forth to the shore of the sea, where the beautiful white buildings stand and promise respite and tranquility.

The buildings huddle close together on a long, sandy strip of land, which, like a sharp knife, plunges deep into the dark water. The sand glitters in the sun with a warm, yellow gleam, and the transparent buildings stand out on its velvety expanse like thin white silk embroidery. The effect is as of rich garments thrown carelessly on the bosom of the island by some bather before plunging into the waters.

I turn my gaze wistfully upon this island. I long to nestle in its downy texture. I would recline on its luxurious folds, and from there look out into the wide spaces, where white birds dart swiftly and noiselessly, where ocean and sky lie drowsing in the scorching gleam of the sun.

This is Coney Island.

On Monday the metropolitan newspapers triumphantly announce:

«Three Hundred Thousand People in Coney Island Yesterday.

Twenty-three Children Lost.»

«There's something doing there,» the reader thinks.

First a long ride by trolley through Brooklyn and Long Island amid the dust and noise of the streets. Then the gaze is met by the sight of dazzling, magnificent Coney Island. From the very first moment of arrival at this city of fire, the eye is blinded. It is assailed by thousands of cold, white sparks, and for a long time can distinguish nothing in the scintillating dust round about. Everything whirls and dazzles, and blends into a tempestuous ferment of fiery foam. The visitor is stunned; his consciousness is withered by the intense gleam; his thoughts are routed from his mind; he becomes a particle in the crowd. People wander about in the flashing, blinding fire intoxicated and devoid of will. A dull-white mist penetrates their brains, greedy expectation envelops their souls. Dazed by the brilliancy the throngs wind about like dark bands in the surging sea of light, pressed upon all sides by the black bournes of night.

Everywhere electric bulbs shed their cold, garish gleam. They shine on posts and walls, on window casings and cornices; they stretch in an even line along the high tubes of the power-house; they burn on all the roofs and prick the eye with the sharp needles of their dead, indifferent sparkle. The people screw up their eyes, and smiling disconcertedly crawl along the ground like the heavy line of a tangled chain.

A man must make a great effort not to lose himself in the crowd, not to be overwhelmed by his amazement — an amazement in which there is neither transport nor joy. But if he succeeds in individualizing himself, he finds that these millions of fires produce a dismal, all-revealing light. Though they hint at the possibility of beauty, they everywhere discover a dull, gloomy ugliness. The city, magic and fantastic from afar, now appears an absurd jumble of straight lines of wood, a cheap, hastily constructed toyhouse for the amusement of children. Dozens of white buildings, monstrously diverse, not one with even the suggestion of beauty. They are built of wood and smeared over with peeling white paint, which gives them the appearance of suffering with the same skin disease. The high turrets and low colonnades extend in two dead-even lines insipidly pressing upon each other. Everything is stripped naked by the dispassionate glare. The glare is everywhere, and nowhere a shadow. Each build-

ing stands there like a dumfounded fool with wide-open mouth, and sends forth the glare of brass trumpets and whining rumble of orchestrians. Inside is a cloud of smoke and the dark figures of the people. The people eat, drink, and smoke.

But no human voice is heard. The monotonous hissing of the arc lights fills the air, the sounds of music, the cheap notes of the orchestrians, and the thin, continuous sputtering of the sausage-frying counters. All these sounds mingle in an importunate hum, as of some thick, taut cord. And if the human voice breaks into this ceaseless resonance, it is like a frightened whisper. Everything 'round about glitters insolently and reveals its own dismal ugliness.

The soul is seized with a desire for a living, beautiful fire, a sublime fire, which should free the people from the slavery of a varied boredom. For this boredom deafens their ears and blinds their eyes. The soul would burn away all this allurements, all this mad frenzy, this dead magnificence and spiritual penury. It would have a merry dancing and shouting and singing; it would see a passionate play of the motley tongues of fire; it would have joyousness and life.

The people huddled together in this city actually number hundreds of thousands. They swarm into the cages like black flies. Children walk about, silent, with gaping mouths and dazzled eyes. They look around with such intensity, such seriousness, that the sight of them feeding their little souls upon this hideousness, which they mistake for beauty, inspires a pained sense of pity. The men's faces, shaven even to the mustache, all strangely like one another, are grave and immobile. The majority bring their wives and children along, and feel that they are benefactors of their families, because they provide not only bread, but also magnificent shows. They enjoy the tinsel, but, too serious to betray their pleasure, they keep their thin lips pressed together, and look from the corners of their screwed-up eyes, like people whom nothing can astonish. Yet, under the mask of indifference simulated by the man of mature experience, a strained desire can be detected to take in all the delights of the city. The men with the serious faces, smiling indifferently and concealing the satisfied gleam of their sparkling eyes, seat themselves on the backs of the wooden horses and elephants of the merry-go-round and, dangling their feet, wait with nervous impatience for the keen pleasure of flying along the rails. With a whoop they dart up to the top, with a whistle they descend again. After this stirring journey they draw their skin tight on their faces again and go to taste of new pleasures.

The amusements are without number. There on the summit of an iron tower two long white wings rock slowly up and down. At the end of each wing hang cages, and in these cages are people. When one of the wings rises heavily toward the sky the faces of the occupants of the cages grow sadly serious. They all look in round-eyed silence at the ground receding from them. In the cages of the other wing, then carefully descending, the faces of the people are radiant with smiles. Joyous screams are heard, which strangely remind one of the merry yelp of a puppy let to the floor after he has been held up in the air by the scruff of his neck.

Boats fly in the air around the top of another tower, a third keeps turning about and impels some sort of iron balloon, a fourth, a fifth — they all move and blaze and call with the mute shouts of cold fire. Everything rocks and roars and bellows and turns the heads of the people. They are filled with contented *ennui*, their nerves are racked by an intricate maze of motion and dazzling fire. Bright eyes grow still brighter, as if the brain paled and lost blood in the strange turmoil of the white, glittering wood. The *ennui*, which issues from under the pressure of self-disgust, seems to turn and turn in a slow circle of agony. It drags tens of thousands of uniformly dark people into its sombre dance, and sweeps them into a will-less heap, as the wind sweeps the rubbish of the street. Then it scatters them apart and sweeps them together again.

Inside the buildings the people are also seeking pleasure, and here, too, all look serious. The amusement offered is educational. The people are shown hell, with all the terrors and punishments that await those who have transgressed the sacred laws created for them.

Hell is constructed of papier-mâché and painted dark red. Everything in it is on fire — paper fire — and it is filled with the thick, dirty odor of grease. Hell is very badly done. It would arouse disgust in a man of even modest demands. It is represented by a cave with stones thrown together in chaotic masses. The cave is penetrated by a reddish darkness. On one of the stones sits Satan, clothed in red. Grimaces distort his lean, brown face. He rubs his hands contentedly, as a man who is doing a good business. He must be very uncomfortable on his perch, a paper stone, which cracks and rocks. But he pretends not to notice his discomfort, and looks down at the evil demons busying themselves with the sinners.

A girl is there who has just bought a new hat. She is trying it on before a mirror, happy and contented. But a pair of little fiends,

apparently very greedy, steal up behind her and seize her under the armpits. She screams, but it is too late. The demons put her into a long smooth trough, which descends tightly into a pit in the middle of the cave. From the pit issue a gray vapor and tongues of fire made of red paper. The girl, with her mirror and her new hat, goes down into the pit, lying on her back in the trough.

A young man has drunk a glass of whiskey. Instantly the devils clutch him, and down he goes through the same hole in the floor of the platform.

The atmosphere in hell is stifling. The demons are insignificant looking and feeble. Apparently they are greatly exhausted by their work and irritated by its sameness and evident futility. When they fling the sinners unceremoniously into the trough like logs of wood, you feel like crying out:

«Enough, enough nonsense, boys!»

A girl extracts some coins from her companion's purse. Forthwith the spies, the demons, attack her, to the great satisfaction of Satan, who sits there snickering and dangling his crooked legs joyfully. The demons frown angrily up at the idle fellow, and spitefully hurl into the jaws of the burning pit everybody who enters hell by chance, on business or out of curiosity.

The audience looks on these horrors in silence with serious faces. The hall is dark. Some sturdy fellow with curly hair holds forth in a lugubrious voice while he points to the stage.

He says that if the people do not want to be the victims of Satan with the red garments and the crooked legs, they should not kiss girls to whom they are not married, because then the girls might become bad women. Women outcasts ought not to steal money from the pockets of their companions, and people should not drink whiskey or beer or other liquors that arouse the passions; they should not visit saloons, but the churches, for churches are not only more beneficial to the soul, but they are also cheaper.

He talks monotonously, wearily, he himself does not seem to believe in what he was told to preach.

You involuntarily apostrophize the owners of this corrective amusement for sinners:

«Gentlemen, if you wish morality to work on men's souls with the force of castor oil, you ought to pay your preachers more.»

At the conclusion of the terrible story a nauseatingly beautiful angel appears from a corner of the cavern. He hangs on a wire, and moves across the entire cave, holding a wooden trumpet, pasted

over with gilt paper, between his teeth. On catching sight of him, Satan dives like a fish into the pit after the sinners. A crash is heard, the paper stones are hurled down, and the devils run off cheerfully to rest from their labor. The curtain drops. The public rises and leaves. Some venture to laugh. The majority, however, seem absorbed in reflection. Perhaps they think:

«If hell is so nasty, it isn't worth sinning.»

They proceed farther. In the next place they are shown «The World Beyond the Grave.» It is large and also made of papier-mâché. Here the souls of the dead, hideously garbed, wander in confusion. You may wink at them, but you may not touch them. This is a fact. They must feel greatly bored in the dusk of the subterranean labyrinth, shut up within rugged walls, in a cold, damp atmosphere. Some souls cough disagreeably, others silently chew tobacco, spitting yellow saliva on the ground. One soul, leaning in a corner against the wall, smokes a cigar.

When you pass by them they look into your face with colorless eyes. They compress their lips tightly, and shiver with cold as they thrust their hands into the gray folds of their rags of the other world. They are hungry, these poor souls, and many of them evidently suffer from rheumatism. The public looks at them silently. It breathes in the moist air, and feels its soul with dismal *ennui*, which extinguishes thought, as a wet, dirty cloth extinguishes the fire of a smoldering coal.

In another place again «The Flood» is displayed. The flood, you know, was brought on to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their sins.

And all the spectacles in this city have one purpose: to show the people how they will be punished after death for their sins, to teach them to live upon earth humbly, and to obey the laws.

Everywhere the one commandment is repeated:

«Don't!»

For it helps to crush the spirit of the majority of the public — the working people.

But it is necessary to make money, and in the commodious corners of the bright city, as everywhere in the world, depravity laughs disdainfully at hypocrisy and falsehood. Of course the depravity is hidden, and, of course, it's a wearying tiresome depravity, but it also is «for the people.» It is organized as a paying business, as a means to extract their earnings from the pockets of the people. Fed by

the passion for gold it appears in a form vile and despicable indeed in this marsh of glittering boredom.

The people feed on it.

The people are always constrained. As yet they have never acted as free men. So they permit the enslavement of their bodies and their souls; for this alone are they to blame.

They pour in thick streams between two lines of dazzlingly illuminated houses, and the houses snap them up with their hungry jaws. On the right they are intimidated by the terrors of eternal torture.

«Do not sin!» they are warned. «Sin is dangerous!»

On the left, in the spacious dancing hall, women slowly waltz about, and here everything cries out to them:

«Sin! For sin is pleasant!»

Blinded by the gleam of the light, lured by the cheap but glittering sumptuousness, intoxicated by the noise, they turn about in a slow dance of weary boredom. To the left they go willingly and blindly to Sin, to the right to hear exhortations to Holy Living.

This aimless straying stupefies the people. But for that very reason it is profitable both to the traders in morality and the venders of depravity.

Life is made for the people to work six days in the week, sin on the seventh, and pay for their sins, confess their sins, and pay for the confession.

The fires hiss like thousands of excited serpents, dark swarms of insects buzz feebly and dismally, and the people slowly wind about in the dazzling cobwebs of the amusement halls. Without haste, without a laugh or a smile on their smoothly shaven faces, they lazily crowd through all the doors, stand long before the animal cages and chew tobacco and spit.

In one huge cage a man chases Bengal tigers with shots from a revolver and the merciless blows of a thin whip. The handsome beasts, maddened by terror, blinded by the lights, deafened by the music and revolver shots, fling themselves about between the iron bars, and snort and roar. Their green eyes flash, their lips tremble; they gnash their teeth in fury, and menacingly raise now one forepaw, now the other. But the man keeps shooting straight into their eyes, and the loud report of the blank cartridges and the smart blows of the whip drive one powerful, supple creature into a corner of the cage. All in a tremble of revolt, seized with the impotent anguish of the powerful, choking with the sharp pang of humiliation, the

imprisoned beast sinks down for a moment, and looks on with dazed eyes, his serpentine tail writhing nervously.

The elastic body rolls itself into a firm ball, and twitches, ready to leap into the air, to bury its claws in the flesh of the man with the whip, rend him, annihilate him.

The hind legs of the animal quiver like a spring, his neck stretches, the green irises flash blood-red sparks. The watchful, waiting eyes that blaze in the vindictive countenance confront beyond the bars the dim, coppery blotch of a thousand colorless eyes, set in uniform, yellow faces, coldly expectant.

The face of the crowd, terrible in its deadly immobility, waits. The crowd, too, hankers for blood and it waits, not out of revengefulness, but from curiosity, like a satiated, long-subdued beast.

The tiger draws his head in his shoulders and looks out sadly with his wide-open eyes. His whole body sinks back softly, and his skin wrinkles up, as if an icy rain had fallen on a surface heated by the passion for vengeance.

The man runs about the cage, shoots his pistol and cracks his whip, and shouts like a madman. His shouts are intended to hide his painful dread of the animals. The crowd regards the capers of the man, and waits in suspense for the fatal attack. They wait; unconsciously the primitive instinct is awakened in them. They crave fight, they want to feel the delicious shiver produced by the sight of two bodies intertwining, the splutter of blood and pieces of torn, steaming human flesh flying through the cage and falling on the floor. They want to hear the roar, the cries, the shrieks of agony.

But the brain of the throng is already infected by the poison of various prohibitions and intimidations. Desiring blood, the crowd is afraid. It wishes, yet does not wish. In this struggle within itself it experiences a sharp gratification — it lives.

The man has frightened all the animals. The tigers softly withdraw into a corner of the cage, and the man, all in a sweat, satisfied that he has remained alive that day, bows to the coppery face of the crowd, as to an idol. He endeavors to conceal the tremor on his pale lips with a smile.

The crowd shouts and claps its hands and sighs — is it relief or is it regret?

Then the crowd breaks into dark pieces, and disperses over the slimy marsh of boredom.

Having delighted their eyes with the picture of man's rivalry with beasts, the human animals go in search of other amusements. There

is a circus. In the centre of the arena a man tosses two children into the air with his long legs. The children dart over them like two white doves with broken wings. Sometimes they fall to the ground. Then they cautiously look into the blood-suffused face of their father or master, and again ascend into the air. The crowd have disposed themselves about the arena, and look on. When the children slip from the performer's legs, a thrill of animation passes over all the countenances, as a wind sends a little ripple over the slumbering waters of a stagnant pool.

You long to see a drunken man with a jovial face, who would push and sing and bawl, happy because he is drunk, and sincerely wishing all good people the same.

The music rends the air. The orchestra is poor, the musicians worn out. The sounds of the brass instruments stray about as if they limped, as if no even course were possible for them. Even the circus horses, who are used to everything, turn cautiously aside, and nervously twitch their sharp ears, as if they wanted to shake off the rasping tin sounds. This music of the poor for the amusement of slaves puts strange notions into your head. You would like to tear the very largest brass trumpet from the musician's hand, and blow into it with all the power of your lungs, long and loud, from this prison, driven by the fury of the mad sounds.

Not far from the orchestra is a cage with bears. One of them, a stout brown bear with little, shrewd eyes, stands in the middle of the cage, and shakes his head deliberately. Apparently he thinks:

«All this is sensible only if it's contrived to blind, deafen, and mutilate the people. Then, of course, the end justifies the means. But if people come here to be amused, I have no faith in their sanity.»

Two other bears sit opposite each other, as if playing chess. Another is busy raking up straw in a corner of the cage. He knocks his claws against the bars. His snout is disappointedly calm. He seems to expect nothing from his life, and has made up his mind to go to bed.

The animals arouse the keenest interest. The waiting eyes of the spectators follow them steadily and minutely. The people appear to be searching for something long forgotten in the free and powerful movements of the beautiful bodies of the lion and panther. They thrust sticks through the gratings, and silently experimenting prod the animals' stomachs and sides and tickle their paws, and look to see what will happen.

The animals that have not yet become familiarized with the

character of human beings are angry. They thrust their paws against the bars, and roar. This pleases the spectators. Protected from the beast by the iron grill, and assured of their safety, the people look calmly into the blood-shot eyes and smile contentedly. But the majority of the animals pay no heed to the people. When they receive a blow with a stick, or are spat upon, they slowly rise, and without looking at the insulter retire into a distant corner of the cage. There the lions, tigers, panthers, and leopards couch their beautiful, powerful bodies. In the darkness their round irises burn with the green fire of scorn for mankind. And the people glancing at them once again walk away, saying:

«Uninteresting!»

A brass band plays desperately at a semicircular entrance, a kind of dark, wide-gaping jaw, within which the backs of chairs stare like a row of teeth. In front of the musicians is a post to which a pair of monkeys are tied by a thin chain. It is a mother and her child. The child presses closely against the mother's breast, and its long, thin hands, with their little fingers, cross over the mother's back. The mother encircles the baby in a firm embrace with one arm. The other is cautiously extended forward, its fingers nervously crooked, ready to seize, to scratch, to strike. The mother's strained, wide-open gaze clearly bespeaks impotent despair, the anguished expectation of unavoidable insult and injury, melancholy rage. The child has nestled its cheek against its mother's breast and looks slantwise at the people with cold terror, motionless, hopeless. Apparently it has been filled with dread from the first day of its life, and the dread has frozen and congealed in it for all days to come. Displaying her white teeth the mother, without for a second removing the hand that clasps the child of her flesh, continually rebuffs the canes, the umbrellas, the hands of the onlookers, her tormentors.

The spectators are many. They are all white-skinned savages, men and women in straw hats and hats with feathers. It is fearfully amusing for all of them to see how skillfully the monkey mother shields her child from the blows they aim at its little body.

The mother quickly turns on a smooth space the size of a plate. She risks falling any second under the feet of the crowd, but she tirelessly repels everything that threatens to come in contact with her child. Sometimes she does not succeed in warding off a blow, and then she shrieks out pitifully. Her arm quickly cuts the air like a lash, but the onlookers are so many, and everyone desires so much

to pinch, to strike, to pull the monkey by the tail or by the chain around its neck, that sometimes she misses. Her eyes blink thoughtlessly, and radiate wrinkles of injury and distress appear around her mouth.

The child's hand squeezes her bosom. It clasps her so firmly that its hands are almost hidden in her thin hair. It has sunk down motionless, and its eyes stare fixedly at the coppery blotch of the faces all around.

Sometimes one of the musicians turns the stupid, brass bellow of his instrument upon the monkey, and overwhelms the animal with a deafening noise. The little baby timidly clasps the mother's body still harder, shows its teeth, and looks at the musician sharply.

The people laugh and nod their heads approvingly to the musician. He is satisfied and a minute later repeats the feat.

Among the spectators are women, some apparently mothers. But no one utters a word of protest against this cruel fun. All are satisfied.

Man is nurtured on terror, so he endeavors to inspire others with terror of himself. But he arouses only disgust, the poor, unfortunate wretch!

This torture continues through the whole long night and part of the morning.

Alongside the orchestra is the cage of an elephant. He is an elderly gentleman with a worn, glossy skin. He thrusts his trunk through the grating and swings it with serious mien. He looks at the public, and, good wise animal that he is, he thinks:

«Of course, these scoundrels, swept together by the dirty broom of tedium, are capable of making sport even of their prophets. So I've heard old elephants tell. But I'm sorry for the monkey, anyway. I've heard also that human beings, like jackals and hyenas, sometimes tear one another to pieces. But that's no consolation to the monkey.»

You look at the pair of eyes in which is depicted the grief of a mother powerless to protect her child, and at the eyes of the baby, in which the deep, cold, dread of man has congealed into immobile rigidity. You look at the people capable of deriving amusement from the torture of a living creature, and turning to the monkey, you say:

«Little beast, forgive them! They know not what they do. They will become better in time.»

Thus, when night comes, a fantastic magic city, all of fire, suddenly

blazes up from the ocean. Without consuming, it burns long against the dark background of the sky, its beauty mirrored in the broad, gleaming bosom of the sea.

In the glittering gossamer of its fantastic buildings, tens of thousands of gray people, like patches on the ragged clothes of a beggar, creep along with weary faces and colorless eyes.

Mean panderers to debased tastes unfold the disgusting nakedness of their falsehood, the *naïveté* of their shrewdness, the hypocrisy and insatiable force of their greed. The cold gleam of the dead fire bares the stupidity of it all. Its pompous glitter rests upon everything 'round about the people.

But the precaution has been taken to blind the people, and they drink in the vile poison with silent rapture. The poison contaminates their souls. Boredom whirls about in an idle dance, expiring in the agony of its inanition.

One thing alone is good in the garish city: You can drink in hatred to your soul's content, hatred sufficient to last throughout life, hatred of the power of stupidity!

THE DREGS OF HUMANITY

From (The Lower Depths.) Translated from the original Russian by Laurence Irving. Published by Duffield & Co., New York, and reprinted with their permission.

SATINE — When I'm drunk . . . I like everything. Yes. . . . He — prays? Fine! A man can believe or not believe . . . that's his affair! A man is free . . . he pays for everything himself! . . . for belief, for unbelief, for love, for wisdom. A man pays for everything himself, and therefore is — free! . . . The man — that's the truth! What is man? . . . It's not you, not me, not them — no! It's you, I, them, the old 'un Napoleon, Mahomet . . . in one! [*Draws in the air the face of a man with his finger.*] That's prodigious! In that is the beginning and end of all. All is—in man, all for man! There exists only man, all the rest — is the work of his hands and of his brains! Man! That's magnificent! That sounds . . . mighty. Mankind! You must respect mankind! Not pity him . . . not lower him with pity . . . must respect him! Let's drink to mankind! Baron! [*Gets up.*] It's good — to feel yourself a man! I'm a ticket-of-leave, a murderer, a scoundrel — yes, I am! When I walk the streets people eye me for a crook . . . and they draw away, and they glare after me, and they often say

to me, «Loafer! blackguard! work! work!» Why! to fill my belly? [Laughs.] I've always despised people who worry too much about stuffing themselves. It isn't that, Baron. That isn't it. Man is higher than that. Man is higher than repletion!

The Baron [nodding his head] — You're getting at it . . . that's prime . . . that's the thing to warm one's heart. I haven't got that. . . . I don't know how! [Looks round — then softly, cautiously.] I, brother, I'm afraid . . . sometimes. D'you see? Get in a funk . . . because — what after?

Satine — Rubbish! There's nothing that a man should fear?

The Baron — Yer know . . . from when first I can remember . . . there's been inside my noddle a sort of fog. Never anything have I understood. I'm . . . in some way — I'm clumsy. It seems to me all my life I've done nothing but dress up . . . and why? Went to school — wore the uniform of the Institute for the Sons of the Nobility . . . but what did I learn? Don't remember. . . . Married — in a frock-coat, and an overcoat . . . but I picked out the wrong wife and — why? Don't understand. . . . Squandered all I had, wore some sort of a gray pea-jacket and red trousers . . . but where did it all get to? Never noticed. . . . Entered the Court of Exchequer . . . uniform, and a cap with a cockade . . . made away with some Government money — they put me into the convict's gown . . . then — I got into this lot here. . . . And all . . . like in a dream . . . ah? That's funny. . . .

Satine — Not very. . . . I should say — stupid. . . .

The Baron — Yes . . . and I think it's stupid. . . . But I must have been born for some reason. . . . Eh?

Satine [smiling] — Probably. . . . Man is born for the better man! [Shaking his head.] So . . . it's all right!

The Baron — That . . . Nastya! . . . Where's she run off to? I'll go and see . . . where she is? For after all . . . she . . .

[Goes out. A pause.]

The Actor — Tartar! [Pause.] Prince!

[The Tartar turns his head.]

The Actor — For me . . . pray. . . .

The Tartar — Why?

The Actor — Pray for me. . . .

The Tartar [after a silence] — Pray yerself!

The Actor [gets quickly from the stove, goes to the table, pours himself some vodka with trembling hands, drinks, and almost runs into the passage] — I'm off!

Satine — Hi, you, off where?

[Enter Myedvyedyeff in a wadded woman's jacket, and Boobnoff, both drunk, but not very drunk. In one hand Boobnoff is carrying a packet of cracknels; he has a bottle of vodka in one armpit, and another sticking out of the pocket of his pea-jacket.]

Myedvyedyeff — A camel — it's a kind . . . of a donkey! Only with no ears. . . .

Boobnoff — Chuck it! Yerself — yer a kind of a donkey.

Myedvyedyeff — A camel, it hasn't got no ears at all . . . it — hears with its nostrils. . . .

Boobnoff [to Satine] — Chum! I've been looking for yer in all the trakteers — all the stills! Take the bottle, all my 'ands is full!

Satine — You — put the cracknels on the table, then you'll have one hand free. . . .

Boobnoff — True! You're right. . . . Jumble, look at it all! So there, eh? . . . Wire boy.

Myedvyedyeff — Sharpers . . . they're all clever . . . I know! They 'ave got to be clever. A good man he — may be stupid and good, but a wrong 'un, 'e's bound to 'ave wits. But, about the camel. Yer know . . . yer can get me up on 'im . . . 'e 'asn't no 'orns, nor no teeth. . . .

Boobnoff — Where's everyone? Why's there no one 'ere? 'Ere, get up . . . it's my treat!

Satine — You'll soon drink all you've got, blockhead!

Boobnoff — Soon, yer say? This time I've gathered some capital — a little pile. . . . When! Where's When?

Klesshtsh [going to table] — Not here. . . .

Boobnoff — Ooo-r-r! Yer peacock! Don't bark, don't growl! Drink, be jolly, don't turn yer nose up. . . . I treats everybody! Why, mates, I loves to stand treat! If I was rich . . . I'd . . . I'd build a free trakteer! Yes, my God! With music, and a troupe of singers. . . . Come, drink, eat, listen to the singers . . . glad-den yer 'earts. A man's a sad creature . . . come along to me to my free trakteer! Satine! For you . . . you . . . 'ere, take 'alf of all my capital! This way!

Satine — Give it to me all in a lump!

Boobnoff — The 'ole capital? At once? Right! Then . . . here's a rouble . . . and here's a twenty kopeys . . . a five kopeys . . . a two kopeys . . . all. . . .

Satine — That'll do! It's safer with me. I'll play cards with it!

Myedvyedyeff — I am — a witness . . . the money is placed in your keepin' . . . 'ow much is it?

Boobnoff — You? You're a camel . . . we want no witnesses. . . .

Alyoshka [*comes in barefooted*] — Fellows! my feet are soaking.

Boobnoff — Go and soak yourself . . . only all over! I like you. You sing and you play . . . that's very good! But, drinking — that's a poor game! That does 'arm, brother; drinking does 'arm!

Alyoshka — Why, I look at yer! And it's only when yer drunk yer anythin' like a man. . . . Klesshtsh! My concertina — mended? [*Dances and sings.*]

*If my nozzle weren't so bonny,
Then my gossip wouldn't love me. . . .*

I'm frozen, fellows! Cold!

Myedvyedyeff — Um. . . . If one was to ask: 'Oo is that gossip?

Boobnoff — Keep still. You're no one now, brother. . . . You're no «bobby» in these days. . . . You're done with! No «bobby» nor no uncle. . . .

Alyoshka — You're just — auntie's darling hubby!

Boobnoff — One of yer nieces is — in gaol, the other's dyin' —

Myedvyedyeff [*proudly*] — Yer lie! She's not dyin': she's disappeared without tellin' no one!

[*Satine laughs.*]

Boobnoff — All the same, brother! A man with no niece — 'e's not an uncle!

Alyoshka — Your Excellency! The retired drum-major!

*My gossip — has 'er savings,
And I've not got a penny!
Oh, aren't I a merry boy?
Oh, I am so good!*

It's cold!

[*When enters; then — until the end of the act — some other male and female figures. They undress, get on to the planks, snore.*]

When — Boobnoff? What made yer 'ook it?

Boobnoff — Come 'ere! Sit down . . . let's sing, mate! My beloved . . . eh?

The Tartar — In the night yer must sleep! Sing songs in the day!

Satine — That's all right, Prince. You — come here!

The Tartar — How — all right? There'll be a noise. . . . When there's singing, it means a noise. . . .

Boobnoff [*going to him*] — Prince! 'ow's — yer 'and? 'Ave they cut it off?

When — Means the gutter for you, Hassan! Without a hand — what er yer good for? A man's valued by 'is 'ands and 'is back. . . . No hand — no man! Go and drink! Nothing like it!

[*Kvashnya comes in.*]

Kvashnya — Ah, my dear good people! Out in the yard, out in the yard! The cold, the slush — is my man here? Mannie!

Myedvyedyeff — Me?

Kvashnya — Got on my jacket again . . . and it seems to me . . . a bit on, ah? What d'yer mean by it?

Myedvyedyeff — On account of the birthday . . . Boobnoff . . . and — the cold . . . the slush!

Kvashnya — Look at me . . . the slush! No foolery. . . . Come to bed. . . .

Myedvyedyeff [*going into the kitchen*] — Sleep, yes . . . I will. . . . I want to . . . it's time!

[*Exit.*]

Satine — Why are yer so beastly strict with him?

Kvashnya — It's the only way, my friend. A man like 'im 'as got to be kept strict. We keep 'ouse together, now: I thought 'e would be a 'elp to me . . . seein' as 'e's 'ad discipline, but you — you're a disorderly crew. . . . I've got my woman's view . . . let 'im go gettin' drunk. That don't suit my book!

Satine — You've chosen your help wrong. . . .

Kvashnya — No — better than you . . . you'd never live with me . . . a fellow like you! I'd see yer one week in twenty . . . you'd gamble away me and my very insides!

Satine [*laughs*] — That's true, my girl! I would. . . .

Kvashnya — So now! Alyoshka!

Alyoshka — Yes — here am I!

Kvashnya — What's this you've been saying about me?

Alyoshka — I? No 'arm. I've said, there, I've said, there's a woman! Wonderful woman! Flesh, fat bones — good forty stone, and brains — not a ha'porth!

Kvashnya — And there you're wrong! I've got a deal of brains. No, and why did yer say that I beat my man?

Alyoshka — I thought that was beatin' 'im when you seized 'old of 's 'air. . . .

Kvashnya [*smiling*] — Fool! Then just you don't see! Why do you carry tales out of school? And yer 'urt 'is feelin's too. . . . It's cause of your talk 'e's took to drinkin'.

Alyoshka — Then the sayin's true, then, even a bear likes drink!

[*Klesshtsh and Satine laugh.*]

Kvashnya — You're a pretty sort of man, you are, *Alyoshka*!

Alyoshka — I'm the very first superfine sort of man for any job! I just go where my eyes lead me!

Boobnoff [*by the Tartar's planks*] — Come along! It's no use . . . they'll not let us sleep! Come and drink . . . the night through, When!

When — Drink? Why not? . . .

Alyoshka — And I'll play to yer!

Satine — Let's 'ear yer!

The Tartar — Well, *Boobnoff*, yer devil — fetch the wine! We'll drink, we'll rollick — death comes . . . we've got to die!

Boobnoff — Pour 'im out, *Satine*! When, squat! Ah, pals! Does a man want much? I've drunk a bit and — happy! When! Strike me . . . lad! I'll sing. . . . I'll pay!

When [*sings*]

The sun it rises and it sets . . .

Boobnoff [*going on*]

In my prison all is dark!

[*The door is opened suddenly. Baron on the threshold.*]

The Baron — Hi . . . you! Go . . . go over there! On the waste . . . out there . . . the Actor . . . he's hanged himself!

[*Silence. All look at the Baron. Nastya appears behind his back, and slowly, with wide-opened eyes, goes over to the table.*]

Satine [*in a low voice*] — Ah . . . he's spoiled the song . . . the fool!

THE END

EDMUND GOSSE

(1849-)



EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE, or Edmund Gosse, to give him the name he has of late years adopted, is a Londoner, the son of P. H. Gosse, an English zoölogist of repute. His education did not embrace the collegiate training, but he was brought up amid cultured surroundings, read largely, and when but eighteen was appointed an assistant librarian in the British Museum, at the age of twenty-six receiving the position of translator to the Board of Trade. Gosse is a good example of the cultivated man of letters who fitted himself thoroughly for his profession, though lacking the formal scholastic drill of the university.

He began as a very young man to write for the leading English periodicals, contributing papers and occasional poems to the *Saturday Review*, *Academy*, and *Cornhill Magazine*, and soon gaining critical recognition. In 1872 and 1874 he traveled in Scandinavia and Holland, making literary studies which bore fruit in one of his best critical works. He made his literary bow when twenty-one with the volume 'Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets' (1870), which was well received, winning praise from Tennyson. His essential qualities as a verse-writer appear in it: elegance and care of workmanship, close study of nature, felicity in phrasing, and a marked tendency to draw on literary culture for subject and reference. Other works of poetry, 'On Viol and Flute' (1873), 'New Poems' (1879), 'Firdausi in Exile' (1885), 'In Russet and Gold' (1894), with the dramas 'King Erik' (1876) and 'The Unknown Lover' (1878), show an increasingly firm technique and a broadening of outlook, with some loss of the happy singing quality which characterized the first volume. Gosse as a poet may be described as a lyrist with attractive descriptive powers. Together with his fellow poets Lang and Dobson, he revived in English verse the old French metrical forms, such as the roundel, triolet, and ballade, and he has been very receptive to the new in literary form and thought, while keeping a firm grip on the classic models.

As an essayist, Gosse is one of the most accomplished and agreeable of modern English writers; he has comprehensive culture and catholic sympathy, and commands a picturesque style, graceful and rich without being florid. His 'Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe' (1879) introduced Ibsen and other little-known foreign writers to British readers.

Gosse has been a devoted student of English literature, his series of books in this field including — (Seventeenth-Century Studies) (1883), (From Shakespeare to Pope) (1885), (The Literature of the Eighteenth Century) (1889), (The Jacobean Poets) (1894), (History of Modern English Literature) (1897), to which may be added the volume of contemporaneous studies (Critical Kit-Kats) (1896). Some of these books are based on the lectures delivered by Gosse as Clark Lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has also written biographies of Sir Walter Raleigh, Congreve, Donne, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Coventry Patmore, and Swinburne, and his (Life of Thomas Gray) (1882) and (Works of Thomas Gray) (1884) comprise the best edition and setting-forth of that poet. In such labors as that of the editing of Heinemann's (International Library,) his influence has been salutary in the popularization of the best literature of the world. His interest in Ibsen led him to translate, in collaboration with William Archer, the dramatic critic of London, the Norwegian's play (The Master Builder.) His life of Ibsen was published in 1908.

His (Collected Essays) were issued in five volumes in 1913, and in the same year the French Academy crowned his (Father and Son) (1907), an admirable study of social and religious conditions in England during the time of his youth, chiefly autobiographical in character, but done with a combination of frankness and restraint which makes it a most valuable record without taking away from its value as a work of art.

[The poems are all taken from (On Viol and Flute,) published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.]

FEBRUARY IN ROME

WHEN Roman fields are red with cyclamen,
 And in the palace gardens you may find,
 Under great leaves and sheltering briony-bind,
 Clusters of cream-white violets, oh then
 The ruined city of immortal men
 Must smile, a little to her fate resigned,
 And through her corridors the slow warm wind
 Gush harmonies beyond a mortal ken.
 Such soft favonian airs upon a flute,
 Such shadowy censers burning live perfume,
 Shall lead the mystic city to her tomb;
 Nor flowerless springs, nor autumns without fruit,
 Nor summer mornings when the winds are mute,
 Trouble her soul till Rome be no more Rome.

DESIDERIUM

SIT there for ever, dear, and lean
 In marble as in fleeting flesh,
 Above the tall gray reeds that screen
 The river when the breeze is fresh;
 For ever let the morning light
 Stream down that forehead broad and white,
 And round that cheek for my delight.

Already that flushed moment grows
 So dark, so distant; through the ranks
 Of scented reed the river flows,
 Still murmuring to its willowy banks;
 But we can never hope to share
 Again that rapture fond and rare,
 Unless you turn immortal there.

There is no other way to hold
 These webs of mingled joy and pain;
 Like gossamer their threads enfold
 The journeying heart without a strain,—
 Then break, and pass in cloud or dew,
 And while the ecstatic soul goes through,
 Are withered in the parching blue.

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,
 And Youth, fold up those peacock wings!
 More rapture fills the years that pass
 Than any hope the future brings;
 Some for to-morrow rashly pray,
 And some desire to hold to-day,
 But I am sick for yesterday.

Since yesterday the hills were blue
 That shall be gray for evermore,
 And the fair sunset was shot through
 With color never seen before!
 Tyrannic Love smiled yesterday,
 And lost the terrors of his sway,
 But is a god again to-day.

Ah, who will give us back the past?
 Ah woe, that youth should love to be
 Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast,
 And is so fain to find the sea,—

That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep,
For breakers of the homeless deep.

Then sit for ever, dear, in stone,
As when you turned with half a smile,
And I will haunt this islet lone,
And with a dream my tears beguile;
And in my reverie forget
That stars and suns were made to set;
That love grows cold, or eyes are wet.

LYING IN THE GRASS

BETWEEN two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colors pass.

Before me dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie:
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony.

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing color on bare throat and head,—
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and the fourth am I.

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood,
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Behind the mowers, on the amber air,
A dark-green beech wood rises, still and fair,
A white path winding up it like a stair.

And see that girl, with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her evensong of love is but half said:

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes;
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush-rose;
They climb up where the deepest shadows close.

But though they pass, and vanish, I am there.
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair;
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer.

Ah! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new-mown hay;
Their clear, high voices sound from far away.

They know so little why the world is sad;
They dig themselves warm graves, and yet are glad;
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad!

I long to go and play among them there;
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair.

The happy children! full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies;
What Godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes!

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And colored like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the little gods and Loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests wandering undismayed,
And fluting hymns of pleasure unafraid.

They knew, as I do now, what keen delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender flight
Of little children playing in his sight.

I do not hunger for a well-stored mind;
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind.

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's primrose bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the noiseless grasses, Death
Should come behind and take away my breath,
I should not rise as one who sorroweth;

For I should pass, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and glee,—
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

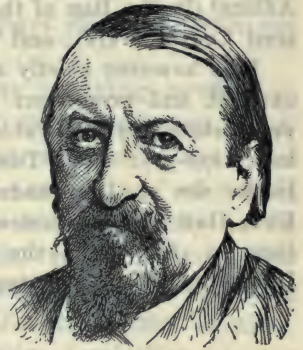
The light is flying; in the silver blue
The young moon shines from her bright window through:
The mowers are all gone, and I go too.

RUDOLF VON GOTTSCHALL

(1823-1909)



RUDOLPH VON GOTTSCHALL was born in Breslau, September 30th, 1823. He was the son of a Prussian artillery officer, and as a lad gave early evidence of extraordinary talent. His father was transferred to the Rhine, and young Gottschall was sent successively to the gymnasiums of Mainz and Coblenz. Even in his school days, and before he entered the university, he had through his cleverness attained a certain degree of eminence. His career at the University of Königsberg, whither he went to pursue the study of jurisprudence, was interrupted by the results attendant upon a youthful ebullition of the spirit of freedom. His sympathy with the revolutionary element was too boldly expressed, and when in 1842 he published 'Lieder der Gegenwart' (Songs of the Present), he found it necessary to leave the university in order to avert impending consequences. In the following year he published 'Censurflüchtlinge' (Fugitives from the Censor), a poem of a kind not in the least likely to conciliate the authorities. He remained for a time with Count Reichenbach in Silesia, and then went to Berlin, where he was allowed to complete his studies. He was however refused the privilege of becoming a university docent, although he had regularly taken his degree of *Dr. Juris*.



R. VON GOTTSCHALL

He now devoted himself wholly to poetry and general literature. For a while he held the position of stage manager in the theatre of Königsberg, and during this period produced the dramas 'Der Blinde von Alcalá' (The Blind Man of Alcalá: 1846), and 'Lord Byron in Italien' (Lord Byron in Italy: 1848). After leaving Königsberg he frequently changed his residence, living in Hamburg and Breslau, and later in Posen, where in 1852 he was editor of a newspaper. In 1853 he went to Italy, and after his return he settled in Leipzig. Here he definitely established himself, and undertook the editing of *Blätter für Litterarische Unterhaltung* (Leaves for Literary Amusement), and also of the monthly periodical *Unsere Zeit* (Our Time). He wrote

profusely, and exerted an appreciable influence upon contemporary literature. He was ennobled by the Emperor in 1877.

As a poet and man of letters, Gottschall possesses unusual gifts, and is a writer of most extraordinary activity. His fecundity is astonishing, and the amount of his published work fills many volumes. His versatility is no less remarkable than his productiveness. Dramatist and critic, novelist and poet,—in all his various fields he is never mediocre. Chief among his dramatic works are the tragedies 'Katharina Howard'; 'King Carl XII.'; 'Bernhard of Weimar'; 'Amy Robsart'; 'Arabella Stuart'; and the excellent comedy 'Pitt and Fox.' Of narrative poems the best known are 'Die Göttin, ein Hohes Lied vom Weibe' (The Goddess, a Song of Praise of Woman), 1852; 'Carlo Zeno,' 1854; and 'Sebastopol,' 1856.

He has published numerous volumes of verses which take a worthy rank in the poetry of the time. His first 'Gedichte' (Poems) appeared in 1849; 'Neue Gedichte' (New Poems) in 1858; 'Kriegslieder' (War Songs) in 1870; and 'Janus' and 'Kriegs und Friedens Gedichte' (Poems of War and Peace) in 1873. In his novels he is no less successful, and of these may be mentioned—'Im Banne des Schwarzen Adlers' (In the Ban of the Black Eagle: 1876); 'Welke Blätter' (Withered Leaves: 1878); and 'Das Goldene Kalb' (The Golden Calf: 1880).

It is however chiefly as critic that his power has been most widely exerted, and prominent among the noteworthy productions of later years stand his admirable 'Porträts und Studien' (Portraits and Studies: 1870-71); and 'Die Deutsche Nationallitteratur in der Ersten Hälfte des 19. Jahrhunderts' (The German National Literature in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century: 1855), continued to the present time in 1892, when the whole appeared as 'The German National Literature of the Nineteenth Century.'

HEINRICH HEINE

From 'Portraits and Studies'

ABOUT no recent poet has so much been said and sung as about Heinrich Heine. The youngest writer, who for the first time tries his pen, does not neglect to sketch with uncertain outlines the portrait of this poet; and the oldest sour-tempered professor of literature, who turns his back upon the efforts of the present with the most distinguished disapproval, lets fall on the picture a few rays of light, in order to prove the degeneration of modern literature in the Mephistophelean features of this its chief. Heine's songs are everywhere at home. They are to

be found upon the music rack of the piano, in the school-books, in the slender libraries of minor officers and young clerks. However difficult it may be to compile an *editio castigata* of his poems, every age, every generation has selected from among them that which has delighted it. Citations from Heine, winged words in verse and prose, buzz through the air of the century like a swarm of insects: splendid butterflies with gayly glistening wings, beautiful day moths and ghostly night moths, tormenting gnats, and bees armed with evil stings. Heine's works are canonical books for the intellectual, who season their judgments with citations from this poet, model their conversation on his style, interpret him, expand the germ cell of his wit to a whole fabric of clever developments. Even if he is not a companion on the way through life, like great German poets, and smaller Brahmins who for every day of our house-and-life calendar give us an aphorism on the road, there are nevertheless, in the lives of most modern men, moods with which Heine's verse harmonize with wondrous sympathy; moments in which the intimacy with this poet is greater than the friendship, even if this be of longer duration, with our classic poets.

It is apparently idle to attempt to say anything new of so much discussed a singer of modern times, since testimony favorable and unfavorable has been drained to exhaustion by friend and foe. Who does not know Heine,—or rather, who does not believe that he knows him? for, as is immediately to be added, acquaintance with this poet extends really only to a few of his songs, and to the complete picture which is delivered over ready-made from one history of literature into another. Nothing, however, is more perilous and more fatal than literary tradition! Not merely decrees and laws pass along by inheritance, like a constitutional infirmity, but literary judgments too. They form at last a subject of instruction like any other; a dead piece of furniture in the spiritual housekeeping, which, like everything that has been learned, is set as completed to one side. We know enough of this sort of fixed pictures, which at last pass along onward as the fixed ideas of a whole epoch, until a later unprejudiced investigation dissolves this rigid-grown wisdom, sets it to flowing, and forms out of a new mixture of its elements a new and more truthful portrait.

It is not to be affirmed however that Heine's picture, as it stands fixed and finished in the literature and the opinion of the

present, is mistaken and withdrawn. It is dead, like every picture; there is lacking the living, changing play of features. We have of Heine only one picture before us; of our great poets several. Goethe in his "storm and stress," in Frankfurt, Strassburg, and Wetzlar,—the ardent lover of a Friedrike of Sesenheim, the handsome, joyous youth, is different in our minds from the stiff and formal Weimar minister; the youthful Apollo different from the Olympic Jupiter. There lies a young development between, that we feel and are curious to know. It is similar with Schiller. The poet of the 'Robbers' with its motto *In tyrannos*, the fugitive from the military school; and the Jena professor, the Weimar court councilor who wrote 'The Homage of the Arts,'—are two different portraits.

But Heine is to our view always the same, always the representative of humor with "a laughing tear" in his escutcheon, always the poetic anomaly, coquetting with his pain and scoffing it away. Young or old, well or ill, we do not know him different.

And yet this poet too had a development, upon which at different times different influences worked. . . .

The first epoch in this course of development may be called the "youthful"; the 'Travel Pictures' and the lyrics contained in it form its brilliant conclusion. This is no storm-and-stress period in the way that, as Schiller and Goethe passed through it, completed works first issued under its clarifying influence. On the contrary, it is characteristic of Heine that we have to thank this youthful epoch for his best and most peculiarly national poems. The wantonness and the sorrows of this youth, in their piquant mixture, created these songs permeated by the breath of original talent, whose physiognomy, more than all that follow later, bears the mark of the kind and manner peculiar to Heine, and which for a long time exercised in our literature through a countless host of imitators an almost epidemic effect. But these lyric pearls, which in their purity and their crystalline polish are a lasting adornment of his poet's crown, and belong to the lyric treasures of our national literature, were also gathered in his first youthful epoch, when he still dived down into the depths of life in the diving-bell of romanticism.

Although Heinrich Heine asserted of himself that he belonged to the "first men of the century," since he was born in the middle of New Year's night, 1800, more exact investigation has

nevertheless shown that truth is here sacrificed to a witticism. Heine is still a child of the eighteenth century, by whose most predominant thoughts his work too is influenced, and with whose European coryphæus, Voltaire, he has an undeniable relationship. He was born, as Strodtmann proves, on the 13th of December, 1799, in Düsseldorf. His father was a plain cloth-merchant; his mother, of the family Von Geldern, the daughter of a physician of repute. The opinion, however, that Heine was the fruit of a Jewish-Christian marriage, is erroneous. The family Von Geldern belonged to the orthodox Jewish confession. One of its early members, according to family tradition, although he was a Jew, had received the patent of nobility from one of the prince electors of Jülich-Kleve-Berg, on account of a service accorded him. As, moreover, Schiller's and Goethe's mothers worked upon their sons an appreciable educational influence, so was this also the case with Heine's mother, who is described as a pupil of Rousseau and an adorer of Goethe's elegies, and thus reached far out beyond the measure of the bourgeois conditions in which she lived. . . .

That which however worked upon his youthful spirit, upon his whole poetical manner, was the French sovereignty in the Rhine-lands at the time of his childhood and youth. The Grand Duchy of Berg, to which Düsseldorf belonged, was ruled in the French manner; a manner which, apart from the violent conscriptions, when compared with the Roman imperial periwig style had great advantages, and in particular granted to Jews complete equal rights with Christians, since the revolutionary principle of equality had outlived the destruction of freedom. Thus the Jews in Düsseldorf in their greater part were French sympathizers, and Heine's father too was an ardent adherent of the new régime. This as a matter of course could not remain without influence upon the son, so much the less as he had French instruction at the lyceum. A vein of the lively French blood is unmistakable in his works. It drew him later on to Paris, where he made the martyr stations of his last years. And of all recent German poets, Heinrich Heine is the best known in France, better known even than our classic poets; for the French feel this vein of related blood. . . .

From his youth springs, too, Heine's enthusiasm for the great Napoleon, which however he has never transmitted to the successors of the *idées Napoléoniennes*. The thirteen-year-old pupil of the gymnasium saw the Emperor in the year 1811, and then

again in May 1812; and later on in the 'Book Legrand' of the 'Travel Pictures' he strikes up the following dithyrambic, which, as is always the case with Heine where the great Cæsar is concerned, tones forth pure and full, with genuine poetic swing, without those dissonances in which his inmost feelings often flow. "What feelings came over me," he exclaims, "when I saw him himself, with my own highly favored eyes, him himself, Hosanna, the Emperor! It was in the avenue of the Court garden in Düsseldorf. As I pushed myself through the gaping people, I thought of his deeds and his battles, and my heart beat the general march—and nevertheless, I thought at the same time of the police regulation that no one under a penalty of five thalers should ride through the middle of the avenue. And the Emperor rode quietly through the middle of the avenue; no policeman opposed him. Behind him, his suite rode proudly on snorting horses and loaded with gold and jewels, the trumpets sounded, and the people shouted with a thousand voices, 'Long live the Emperor!'" To this enthusiasm for Napoleon, Heine not long afterward gave a poetic setting in the ballad 'The Two Grenadiers.'

The Napoleonic remembrances of his youth, which retained that unfading freshness and enthusiasm that are wont to belong to all youthful remembrances, were of vital influence upon Heine's later position in literature; they formed a balance over against the romantic tendency, and hindered him from being drawn into it. Precisely in that epoch when the beautiful patriotism of the Wars of Liberation went over into the weaker feeling of the time of the restoration, and romanticism, grown over-devout, in part abandoned itself to externals, in part became a centre of reactionary efforts, Heine let this Napoleonic lightning play on the sultry heavens of literature, in the most daring opposition to the ruling disposition of the time and a school of poetry from which he himself had proceeded; while he declared war upon its followers. However greatly he imperiled his reputation as a German patriot through these hosannas offered to the hereditary enemy, just as little was it to be construed amiss that the remembrance of historical achievements, and of those principles of the Revolution which even the Napoleonic despotism must represent, were a salutary ventilation in the miasmatic atmosphere of the continually decreasing circle which at that time described German literature. In the prose of Heine, which like Béranger

glorified Cæsar, slumbered the first germs of the political lyric, which led again out of the moonlit magic realm of romanticism into the sunny day of history.

A hopeless youthful love for a charming Hamburg maiden was the Muse of the Heine lyric, whose escutcheon has for a symbol "the laughing tear." With the simplicity of Herodotus the poet himself relates the fact, the experience, in the well-known poem with the final strophe:—

"It is an ancient story,
But still 'tis ever new:
To whomsoe'er it happens
His heart is broken too."

We comprehend from biographical facts the inner genesis of the Heine lyric. Heine was in the position of Werther, but a Werther was for the nineteenth century an anomaly; a lyric of this sort in yellow nankeen breeches would have travestied itself. The content of the range of thought, the circle of world-shaping efforts, had so expanded itself since the French Revolution that a complete dissolution into sentimental extravagance had become an impossibility. The justification of the sentiment was not to be denied; but it must not be regarded as the highest, as the life-determining element. It needed a rectification which should again rescue the freedom of the spirit. Humor alone could accomplish Munchausen's feat, and draw itself by its own hair out of the morass. Heine expressed his feelings with genuine warmth; he formed them into drawn pictures and visions; but then he placed himself on the defensive against them. He is the modern Werther, who instead of loading his pistol with a ball, loads it with humor. Artistic harmony suffered under this triumph of spiritual freedom; but that which appeared in his imitators as voluntary quibbling came from Heine of inner necessity. The subject of his first songs is the necessary expression of a struggle between feeling and spirit, between the often visionary dream life of a sentiment and self-consciousness, soaring free out over the world, which adjudged absorption in a single feeling as one-sided and unjustified. Later on, to be sure, these subjects of youthful inspiration became in Heine himself a satiric-humoristic manner, which regarded as a model worked much evil in literature. In addition to personal necessity through one's own experience, there was for a genius such as Heine's also a literary necessity, which

lay in the development of our literature in that epoch. It was the Indian Summer of romanticism, whose cobwebs at this time flew over the stubble of our poetry. The vigorous onset of the lyricists of the Wars of Liberation had again grown lame; people reveled in the album sentiments of Tiedge and Mahlmann; the spectres of Amadeus Hoffmann and the lovely high-born maidens of knight Fouqué were regarded then as the noblest creations of German fantasy. Less chosen spirits, that is to say, the entire great reading public of the German nation, which ever felt toward its immortals a certain aversion, refreshed itself with the lukewarm water of the poetry of Clauren, from out of which, instead of the Venus Anadyomene, appear a Mimili and other maiden forms, pretty, but drawn with a stuffed-out plasticism. On the stage reigned the "fate tragedies" upon whose lyre the strings were wont to break even in the first scene, and whose ghosts slipped silently over all the German boards. In a word, spirits controlled the poetry of the time more than spirit.

Heine however was a genuine knight of the spirit, and even if he conjured up his lyric spectres, he demanded no serious belief in them—they were dissolving pictures of mist; and if he followed his overflowing feelings, the mawkish sentiments of romanticism occurred to him and disgusted him with the extravagant expression of his love pain, and he mocked himself, the time, and the literature,—dissolved the sweet accords in glaring dissonances, so that they should not be in tune with the sentimental street songs of the poets of the day. In these outer and inner reasons lie the justification and the success of the lyric poetry of Heine. It designates an act of self-consciousness of the German spirit, which courageously lifts itself up out of idle love complainings and fantastic dream life, and at the same time mocks them both. An original talent like Heine's was needed to give to the derided sentiment such a transporting magic, to the derision itself such an Attic grace, that the sphinx of his poetry, with the beautiful face and the rending claws, always produced the impression of a work of art. The signification in literary history of these songs of Heine is not to be underestimated. They indicate the dissolution of romanticism, and with them begins the era of modern German poetry.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' by William
H. Carpenter

JOHN GOWER

(1330-1408)



INCE Caxton, the first printer of 'Confessio Amantis' (The Confession of a Lover), described Gower as a "squier borne in Walys in the tyme of Kyng Richard the second," there has been a diversity of opinion about his birthplace, and he has been classed variously with prosperous Gowers until of late, when the county assigned to him is Kent. His birth-year is placed approximately at 1330. We know nothing of his early life and education. It has been guessed that he went to Oxford, and afterwards traveled in the troubled kingdom of France. Such a course might have been followed by a man of his estate. He had means, for English property records (in this instance the rolls of Chancery, the parchment foundation of English society) still preserve deeds of his holdings in Kent and Essex and elsewhere.

His life lay along with that of Chaucer's, in the time when Edward III. and his son the Black Prince were carrying war into France, and the English Parliament were taking pay in plain speaking for what they granted in supplies, and wresting at the same time promises of reform from the royal hand. But Gower and Chaucer were not only contemporaries: they were of like pursuit, tastes, and residence; they were friends; and when Chaucer under Richard II., the grandson and successor of Edward, went to France upon the mission of which Froissart speaks, he named John Gower as one of his two attorneys while he should be away. Notice of Gower's marriage to Agnes Groundolf late in life—in 1398—is still preserved. Three years after this he became blind,—it was the year 1400, in which Chaucer died,—and in 1408 he died.



JOHN GOWER

"The infirm poet," says Morley, "spent the evening of his life at St. Mary Overies [St. Mary-over-the-River], in retirement from all worldly affairs except pious and liberal support of the advancing building works in the priory, and in the church now known as St. Saviour's [Southwark], to which he bequeathed his body. His will, made not long before death, bequeathed his soul to God,

his body to be buried in St. Mary Overies. The poet bequeathed also 13s. 4d. to each of the four parish churches of Southwark for ornaments and lights, besides 6s. 8d. for prayers to each of their curates. It is not less characteristic that he left also 40s. for prayers to the master of St. Thomas's Hospital, and, still for prayers, 6s. 8d. to each of its priests, 3s. 4d. to each Sister in the hospital, twenty pence to each nurse of the infirm there, and to each of the infirm twelve pence. There were similar bequests to St. Thomas Elsing Spital, a priory and hospital that stood where now stands Sion College. St. Thomas Elsing Spital, founded in 1329 by William Elsing, was especially commended to the sympathies of the blind old poet, as it consisted of a college for a warden, four priests, and two clerks, who had care of one hundred old, blind, and poor persons of both sexes, preference being given to blind, paralytic, and disabled priests. Like legacies were bequeathed also to Bedlam-without-Bishopsgate, and to St. Mary's Hospital, Westminster. Also there were bequests of ten shillings to each of the leper-nurses. Two robes (one of white silk, the other of blue baudekin,—a costly stuff with web of gold and woof of silk), also a new dish and chalice, and a new missal, were bequeathed to the perpetual service of the altar of the chapel of St. John the Baptist, in which his body was to be buried. To the prior and convent he left a great book, a 'Martyrology,' which had been composed and written for them at his expense. To his wife Agnes he left a hundred pounds, three cups, one coverlet, two salt-cellars, and a dozen silver spoons; also all his beds and chests, with the furnishings of hall, pantry, and kitchen; also a chalice and robe for the altar of the chapel of their house; and she was to have for life all rents due to him from his manors of Southwell (in Nottingham) and Moulton (in Suffolk)."

His wife was one of his executors. The will is still preserved at Lambeth Palace.

Gower's tomb and monument may also still be seen at St. Saviour's, where the description Berthelet gave of them in 1532 is, aside from the deadening of the paintings, true:—"Somewhat after the olde ffashion he lyeth ryght sumptuously buryed, with a garland on his head, in token that he in his lyfe dayes flouryshed freshely in literature and science." The head of his stone effigy lies upon three volumes representing Gower's three great works; the hair falls in long curls; the robe is closely buttoned to the feet, which rest upon a lion, and the neck is encircled with a collar, from which a chain held a small swan, the badge of Henry IV. "Besyde on the wall where as he lyeth," continues Berthelet, "there be peynted three virgins, with crownes on theyr heades; one of the which is written *Charitie*, and she holdeth this devise in her hande:—

'En toy qui fitz de Dieu le Pere
Sauve soit que gist souz cest pierre.'

(In thee, who art Son of God the Father,
Be he saved who lieth under this stone.)

"The second is wrytten *Mercye*, which holdeth in her hande this devise:—

'O bone Jesu fait ta mercy
Al alme dont le corps gist icy.'

(O good Jesus, grant thy mercy
To the soul whose body lies here.)

"The thyrd of them is wrytten *Pity*, which holdeth in her hand this devise:—

'Pur ta pite, Jesu regarde,
Et met cest alme en sauve garde.」

(For thy pity, Jesus, see;
And take this soul in thy safe guard.)

The monument was repaired in 1615, 1764, and 1830.

The three works which pillow the head of the effigy indicate Gower's '*Speculum Meditantis*' (The Looking-Glass of One Meditating), which the poet wrote in French; the '*Vox Clamantis*' (The Voice of One Crying), in Latin; and the '*Confessio Amantis*,' in English. In addition to these there are in French two series of Ballades, one, sometimes called the '*Traitié*,' dealing with marriage, and the other, the '*Cinkante Balades*,' dealing with love. There is also a Latin '*Cronica Tripartita*' in hexameters describing the reign of Richard II., shorter Latin pieces on political themes, and a poem (In Praise of Peace,) addressed to Henry IV. The '*Speculum Meditantis*' was first discovered in 1805, the French title being '*Mirour de l'Omme*.' About thirty thousand lines of twelve-line stanzas treat of the Seven Deadly Sins and the corresponding Virtues, the whole forming an allegory of the human soul. The poem closes with an account of the life of the Virgin, who is extolled as the true mediator between sinful man and God. The '*Vox Clamantis*' was the voice of the poet, singing in Latin elegiacs of the terrible evils which led to the rise of the commons and their march to London under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw in 1381. It is doubtless a true picture of the excesses and miseries of the day. The remedy, the poet says, is in reform — right living and love of England. Simony in the prelates, avarice and drunkenness in the libidinous priests, wealth and luxury in the mendicant orders, mis-carrying of justice in the courts, enrichment of individuals by excessive taxes, — these are the subjects of the voice crying in the wilderness.

Gower's greatest work, however, is the '*Confessio Amantis*.' In form it is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor, who is a priest of Venus. In substance it is a setting-forth, with moralizings which are at times touching and elevated, of one hundred and twelve different stories, from sources so different as the Bible, Ovid,

Josephus, the 'Gesta Romanorum,' Valerius Maximus, Statius, Boccaccio, etc. Thirty thousand eight-syllabled rhymed lines make up the work. There are different versions. The first was dedicated to Richard II., and the second to his successor, Henry of Lancaster. Besides these large works, a number of French ballades, and also English and Latin short poems, are preserved. "They have real and intrinsic merit," says Todd: "they are tender, pathetic, and poetical, and place our old poet Gower in a more advantageous point of view than that in which he has heretofore been usually seen."

Estimates of Gower's writings are various; but even his most hostile judges admit the pertinence of the epithet with which Chaucer hails him in his dedication of 'Troilus and Creseide':—

«O moral Gower, this book I directe
To thee, and to the philosophical Strode,
To vouchen sauf, ther nede is, to corecte,
Of your benigneites and zeles gode.»

Then Skelton the laureate, in his long song upon the death of Philip Sparrow (which recalls the exquisite gem of Catullus in a like threnody), takes occasion to say:—

«Gower's englysshè is olde,
And of no valúe is tolde;
His mattér is worth gold,
And worthy to be enrold.»

And again:—

«Gower that first garnishèd our English rude.»

Old Puttenham also bears this testimony:—"But of them all [the English poets] particularly this is myne opinion, that Chaucer, with Gower, Lidgate, and Harding, for their antiquitie ought to have the first place."

Taine dismisses him with little more than a fillip, and Lowell, while discoursing appreciatively on Chaucer, says:—

"Gower has positively raised tediousness to the precision of science; he has made dullness an heirloom for the students of our literary history. As you slip to and fro on the frozen levels of his verse, which give no foothold to the mind; as your nervous ear awaits the inevitable recurrence of his rhyme, regularly pertinacious as the tick of an eight-day clock, and reminding you of Wordsworth's

'Once more the ass did lengthen out
The hard dry seesaw of his horrible bray,'

you learn to dread, almost to respect, the powers of this indefatigable man. He is the undertaker of the fair mediæval legend, and his style has the hateful gloss, the seemingly unnatural length, of a coffin."

Yet hear Morley:—

"To this day we hear among our living countrymen, as was to be heard in Gower's time and long before, the voice passing from man to man, that in spite of admixture with the thousand defects incident to human character, sustains the keynote of our literature, and speaks from the soul of our history the secret of our national success. It is the voice that expresses the persistent instinct of the English mind to find out what is unjust among us and undo it, to find out duty to be done and do it, as God's bidding. . . . In his own Old English or Anglo-Saxon way he tries to put his soul into his work. Thus in the 'Vox Clamantis' we have heard him asking that the soul of his book, not its form, be looked to; and speaking the truest English in such sentences as that 'the eye is blind and the ear deaf, that convey nothing down to the heart's depth; and the heart that does not utter what it knows is as a live coal under ashes. If I know little, there may be another whom that little will help. . . . But to the man who believes in God, no power is unattainable if he but rightly feels his work; he ever has enough, whom God increases.' This is the old spirit of Cædmon and of Bede; in which are laid, while the earth lasts, the strong foundations of our literature. It was the strength of such a temper in him that made Gower strong. 'God knows,' he says again, 'my wish is to be useful; that is the prayer that directs my labor.' And while he thus touches the root of his country's philosophy, the form of his prayer—that what he has written may be what he would wish it to be—is still a thoroughly sound definition of good English writing. His prayer is that there may be no word of untruth, and that 'each word may answer to the thing it speaks of, pleasantly and fitly; that he may flatter in it no one, and seek in it no praise above the praise of God.'"

The part of Gower's writing here brought before the reader is the quaintly told and charming story of Petronella, from 'Liber Primus' of the 'Confessio.' It may be evidence that all the malediction upon the poet above quoted is not deserved.

The standard edition of Gower's works is that by G. C. Macaulay, in four volumes, Oxford, 1899-1902, with elaborate notes, critical apparatus, and biography. This completely supersedes the older and minor publications. For the 'Confessio Amantis,' see especially the volume of (Selections) edited by Macaulay, with condensed introduction, glossary, and notes (Oxford, 1903). The account of Gower's life by Sir Sidney Lee in the (Dictionary of National Biography) may also be recommended.

PETRONELLA

From the 'Confessio Amantis.'

A KING whilom was yonge and wise,
 The which set of his wit great prise.
 Of depe ymaginations
 And straunge interpretations,
 Problemes and demaundès eke
 His wisdom was to finde and seke;
 Wherof he wolde in sondry wise
 Opposen hem that weren wise.
 But none of hem it mightè bere
 Upon his word to yive answére;¹
 Out taken one, which was a knight:
 To him was every thing so light,
 That also sone as he hem herde
 The kingès wordès he answerde,
 What thing the king him axè wolde,
 Whereof anone the trouth he tolde.
 The king somdele had an envie,
 And thought he wolde his wittès plie
 To setè some conclusion,
 Which shuldè be confusion
 Unto this knight, so that the name
 And of wisdom the highè fame
 Towárd him selfe he woldè winne.
 And thus of all his wit withinne
 This king began to studie and muse
 What straungè matér he might use
 The knightès wittès to confounde;
 And atè last he hath it founde,
 And for the knight anon he sente,
 That he shall tellè what he mente.
 Upon three points stood the matére,
 Of questions as thou shaltè here.
 The firstè pointè of all thre
 Was this: what thing in his degre
 Of all this world hath nedè lest,
 And yet men helpe it allthermost.
 The second is: what moste is worth
 And of costáge is lest put forth.

¹No one could solve his puzzles.

The thrid is: which is of most cost,
And lest is worth, and goth to lost.

The king these thre demaundès axeth.
To the knight this law he taxeth:
That he shall gone, and comen ayein
The thriddè weke, and tell him pleine
To every point, what it amounteth.
And if so be that he miscounteth
To make in his answère a faile,
There shall none other thinge availe,
The king saith, but he shall be dede
And lese his goodès and his hede.
This knight was sory of this thinge,
And wolde excuse him to the kinge;
But he ne wolde him nought forbere,
And thus the knight of his answère
Goth home to take avisement.
But after his entendement
The more he cast his wit about,
The more he stant thereof in doubte.
Tho¹ wist he well the kingès herte,
That he the deth ne shulde asterte,²
And suche a sorroe to him hath take
That gladship he hath all forsake.
He thought first upon his life,
And after that upon his wife,
Upon his children eke also,
Of whichè he had doughteres two.
The yongest of hem had of age
Fourtene yere, and of visage
She was right faire, and of stature
Lich to an hevenlich figure,
And of manér and goodly speche,
Though men wolde all landès seche,
They shulden nought have founde her like.
She sigh³ her fader sorroe and sike,⁴
And wist nought the causè why.
So cam she to him prively,
And that was wher he made his mone
Within a gardin all him one.⁵
Upon her knees she gan down falle
With humble herte, and to him calle

¹For.⁴Sigh.²Escape.⁵Own.³Saw.

And saidè:—"O good fader dere,
 Why makè ye thus hevye chere,¹
 And I wot nothings how it is?
 And well ye knowè, fader, this,
 What ádvēturè that you felle
 Ye might it sauflý to me telle;
 For I have oftè herd you saide,
 That ye such truste have on me laide,
 That to my suster ne to my brother
 In all this worlde ne to none other
 Ye durstè telle a privete
 So well, my fader, as to me.
 Forthy,² my fader, I you praie
 Ne casteth nought that hert³ awaie,
 For I am she that woldè kepe
 Your honour." And with that to wepe
 Her eye may nought be forbore;⁴
 She wisheth for to ben unbore,⁵
 Er⁶ that her fader so mistriste
 To tellen her of that he wiste.
 And ever among mercy⁷ she cride,
 That he ne shulde his counseil hide
 From her, that so wolde him good
 And was so nigh flesshe and blood.
 So that with weping, atè laste
 His chere upon his childe he caste,
 And sorroefully to that she praide⁸
 He tolde his tale, and thus he saide:—
 "The sorroe, doughter, which I make
 Is nought all only for my sake,
 But for the bothe and for you alle.
 For suche a chaunce is me befallè,
 That I shall er this thriddè day
 Lese all that ever I lesè may,
 My life and all my good therto.
 Therefore it is I sorroe so."

"What is the cause, alas," quod she,
 "My fader, that ye shulden be
 Dede and destrued in suche a wise?"

¹ Care.

² Therefore.

³ Heart.

⁴ Cannot endure it.

⁵ Unborn.

⁶ Ere.

⁷ In the midst of pity (for him).

⁸ In answer to her prayer.

And he began the points devise,
Which as the king tolde him by mouthe,
And said her plainly, that he couthe
Answeren to no point of this.
And she, that hereth howe it is,
Her counseil yaf¹ and saide tho²:—

“My fader, sithen it is so,
That ye can se none other weie,
But that ye must nedès deie,
I wolde pray you of o³ thinge,—
Let me go with you to the kinge,
And ye shall make him understonde,
How ye, my wittès for to fonde,
Have laid your answeure upon me,
And telleth him in such degre
Upon my worde ye wol abide
To life or deth, what so betide.
For yet perchaunce I may purchase
With some good word the kingès grace,
Your life and eke your good to save.
For oftè shall a woman have
Thing, whiche a man may nought areche.”

The fader herd his daughters speche,
And thought there was no reson in,
And sigh his ownè life to winne
He couthè done himself no cure.⁴
So better him thought in aventure
To put his life and all his good,
Than in the manner as it stood,
His life incertein for to lese.
And thus thenkend he gan to chese
To do the counseil of this maid,
And toke the purpose which she said.

The day was comen, and forth they gone;
Unto the court they come anone,
Where as the kinge in his jugement
Was set and hath this knight assent.
Arraièd in her bestè wise,
This maiden with her wordès wise
Her fader leddè by the honde
Into the place,⁵ where he fonde

¹Gave.²Thus.³One.⁴Saw that he could do nothing to save his own life.⁵Palace.

The king with other which he wolde;
 And to the king knelend he tolde
 As he enformèd was to-fore,
 And praith the king, that he therfore
 His doughters wordès woldè take;
 And saith, that he woll undertake
 Upon her wordès for to stonde.
 Tho was ther great merveile on honde,
 That he, which was so wise a knight,
 His life upon so yonge a wight
 Besettè wolde in jeopartie,
 And many it helden for folie.
 But at the lastè, netheles,
 The king commaundeth ben in pees,
 And to this maide he cast his chere,¹
 And saide he wolde her talè here,
 And bad her speke; and she began:—

“My legè lord, so as I can,”

Quod she, “the pointès which I herde,
 They shull of reson ben answerde.
 The first I understonde is this:
 What thinge of all the worlde it is,
 Which men most helpe and hath lest nede.
 My legè lord, this wolde I rede:
 The erthe it is, which evermo
 With mannès labour is bego
 As well in winter as in maie.
 The mannès honde doth what he may
 To helpe it forth and make it riche,
 And forthy men it delve and diche,
 And even it with strength of plough,
 Wher it hath of him self inough
 So that his nede is atè leste.
 For every man, birdè, and beste
 Of flour and gras and roote and rinde
 And every thing by way of kinde
 Shall sterve, and erthe it shall become
 As it was out of erthè nome,²
 It shall be therthe torne ayein.³
 And thus I may by reson sein
 That erthè is the most nedeles
 And most men helpe it netheles;

¹ Turned his attention.

² Taken.

³ Shall turn thereto again.

So that, my lord, touchend of this
I have answerde how that it is.

That other point I understood,
Which most is worth, and most is good,
And costeth lest a man to kepe:
My lorde, if ye woll takè kepe,¹
I say it is humilité,
Through whichè the high Trinitè
As for desertè of pure love
Unto Mariè from above,
Of that he knewe her humble entente,
His ownè Sone adown he sente
Above all other, and her he chese
For that vertu, which bodeth pees.
So that I may by reson calle
Humilité most worthe of alle,
And lest it costeth to mainteine
In all the worlde, as it is seine.
For who that hath humblesse on honde,
He bringeth no werres into londe,
For he desireth for the best
To setten every man in reste.
Thus with your highè reverence
Me thenketh that this evidence
As to this point is suffisaunt.

And touchend of the remenaunt,
Which is the thridde of your axinges,
What lest is worth of allè thinges,
And costeth most, I telle it pride,
Which may nought in the heven abide.
For Lucifer with hem that felle
Bar pridè with him into helle.
There was pride of to grete cost
Whan he for pride hath heven lost;
And after that in Paradise
Adam for pridè lost his prise
In middel-erth. And eke also
Pride is the cause of allè wo,
That all the world ne may suffice
To staunche of pridè the reprise.
Pride is the heved² of all sinne,
Which wasteth all and may nought winne;

¹ Heed.² Head.

Pride is of every mis¹ the pricke²;
 Pride is the worstè of all wicke,
 And costeth most and lest is worth
 In placè where he hath his forth.

Thus have I said that I woll say
 Of min answère, and to you pray,
 My legè lorde, of your office,
 That ye such grace and suche justice
 Ordeignè for my fader here,
 That after this, whan men it here,
 The world therof may spechè good."

The king, which reson understood,
 And hath all herde how she hath said,
 Was inly glad, and so well paid,
 That all his wrath is over go.
 And he began to lokè tho
 Upon this maiden in the face,
 In which he found so mochel grace,
 That all his prise on her he laide
 In audience, and thus he saide:—

"My fairè maidè, well the³ be
 Of thin answère, and eke of the
 Me liketh well, and as thou wilte,
 Foryivè be thy faders gilte.
 And if thou were of such lignage,
 That thou to me were of parage,
 And that thy fader were a pere,
 As he is now a bachelere,
 So siker as I have a life,
 Thou sholdest thannè be my wife.
 But this I saiè netheles,
 That I woll shapè thin encrease;
 What worldès good that thou wolt crave
 Are of my yift, and thou shalt have."

And she the king with wordès wise,
 Knelende, thanketh in this wise:—

"My legè lord, god mot you quite.⁴
 My fader here hath but a lite
 Of warison,⁵ and that he wende
 Had all be⁶ lost, but now amende
 He may well through you noble grace."

¹ Mischief.

² Core.

³ Thee.

⁴ May God requite you.

⁵ Has had but little reward.

⁶ Been.

With that the king right in his place
 Anon forth in that freshe hete
 An erldome, which than of eschete
 Was late falle into his honde,
 Unto this knight with rent and londe
 Hath yove, and with his chartre sesed,
 And thus was all the noise appesed.
 This maiden, which sate on her knees
 To-fore the kinges charitees,
 Commendeth and saith evermore:—

“My legè lord, right now to-fore
 Ye saide, and it is of recorde,
 That if my fader were a lorde
 And pere unto these other grete,
 Ye wolden for nought ellès lette,
 That I ne sholdè be your wife.
 And thus wote every worthy life
 A kinges worde mot nede be holde.
 Forthy my lord, if that ye wolde
 So great a charitè fulfille,
 God wotè it were well my wille.
 For he which was a bachelere,
 My fader, is now made a pere;
 So whan as ever that I cam,
 An erlès doughter nowè I am.”

This yongè king, which peisè¹ all
 Her beautè and her wit withall,
 As he, which was with lovè hente,²
 Anone therto gaf his assente.
 He might nought the place asterte,
 That she nis lady of his herte.
 So that he toke her to his wife
 To holdè, while that he hath life.
 And thus the king towàrd his knight
 Accordeth him, as it is right.
 And over this good is to wite³
 In the cronique as it is write,
 This noble kinge, of whom I tolde,
 Of Spainè by tho daiès olde
 The kingdom had in governaunce,
 And as the boke maketh remembraunce,
 Alphonse was his propre name.

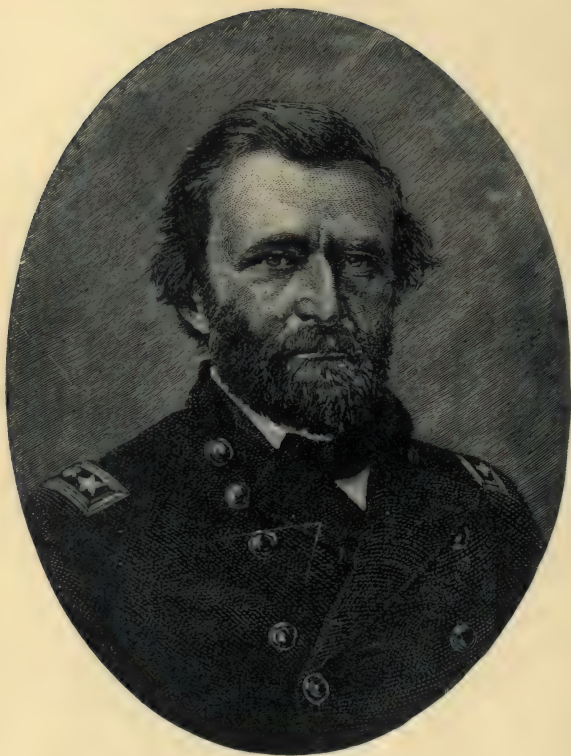
¹ Poised — weighed.

² Seized.

³ Know.

The knight also, if I shall name,
 Danz Petro high, and as men telle,
 His daughter wisè Petronelle
 Was clepèd, which was full of grace.
 And that was sene in thilkè place,
 Where she her fader out of tene¹
 Hath brought and made her selfe a quene,
 Of that she hath so well desclosed
 The points whereof she was opposed.

¹Destruction.



ULYSSES S. GRANT

ULYSSES S. GRANT

(1822-1885)

BY HAMLIN GARLAND



ULYSSES GRANT was born on the 27th of April, 1822, in a small two-room cabin situated in Point Pleasant, a village in southern Ohio, about forty miles above Cincinnati. His father, Jesse R. Grant, was a powerful, alert, and resolute man, ready of speech and of fair education for the time. His family came from Connecticut, and was of the earliest settlers in New England. Hannah Simpson, his wife, was of strong American stock also. The Simpsons had been residents, for several generations, of southeastern Pennsylvania. The Grants and the Simpsons had been redoubtable warriors in the early wars of the republic. Hannah Simpson was a calm, equable, self-contained young woman, as reticent and forbearing as her husband was disputatious and impetuous.

Their first child was named Hiram Ulysses Grant. Before the child was two years of age, Jesse Grant, who was superintending a tannery in Point Pleasant, removed to Georgetown, Brown County, Ohio, and set up in business for himself. Georgetown was a village in the deep woods, and in and about this village Ulysses Grant grew to be a sturdy, self-reliant boy. He loved horses, and became a remarkable rider and teamster at a very early age. He was not notable as a scholar, but it was soon apparent that he had inherited the self-poise, the reticence, and the modest demeanor of his mother. He took part in the games and sports of the boys, but displayed no military traits whatever. At the age of seventeen he was a fair scholar for his opportunities, and his ambitious father procured for him an appointment to the Military Academy at West Point. He reported at the adjutant's desk in June 1839, where he found his name on the register "Ulysses S. Grant" through a mistake of his Congressman, Thomas L. Hamer. Meanwhile, to escape ridicule on the initials of his name, which spelled "H,U,G," he had transposed his name to Ulysses H. Grant, and at his request the adjutant changed the S to an H; but the name on record in Washington was Ulysses S., and so he remained "U. S. Grant" to the government and U. H. Grant to his friends and relatives.

His record at West Point was a good one in mathematics and fair in most of his studies. He graduated at about the middle of his

class, which numbered thirty-nine. He was much beloved and respected as an upright, honorable, and loyal young fellow. At the time of his graduation he was president of the only literary society of the academy; W. S. Hancock was its secretary.

He remained markedly unmilitary throughout his course, and was remembered mainly as a good comrade, a youth of sound judgment, and the finest horseman in the academy. He asked to be assigned to cavalry duty, but was brevetted second lieutenant of the 4th Infantry, and ordered to Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. Here he remained till the spring of 1844, when his regiment was ordered to a point on the southwestern frontier, near the present town of Natchitoches, Louisiana. Here he remained till May 1845, when the Mexican War opened, and for the next three years he served with his regiment in every battle except Buena Vista. He was twice promoted for gallant conduct, and demonstrated his great coolness, resource, and bravery in the hottest fire. He was regimental quartermaster much of the time, and might honorably have kept out of battle, but he contrived to be in the forefront with his command.

In the autumn of 1848 he married Miss Julia Dent of St. Louis, and as first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster, with a brevet of captain, he served at Sackett's Harbor and Detroit alternately till June 1852, when he was ordered to the coast. This was a genuine hardship, for he was unable to take his wife and child with him; but he concluded to remain in the army, and went with his command, sailing from New York and passing by the way of the Isthmus. On the way across the Isthmus the regiment encountered cholera, and all Grant's coolness, resource, and bravery were required to get his charge safely across. "He seemed never to think of himself, and appeared to be a man of iron," his companions said.

He was regimental quartermaster at Fort Vancouver, near Portland, Oregon, for one year. In 1853 he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to Fort Humboldt, near Eureka in California. In 1854, becoming disheartened by the never-ending vista of barrack life, and despairing of being able to have his wife and children with him, he sent in his resignation, to take effect July 31st, 1854. He had lost money by unfortunate business ventures, and so returned forlorn and penniless to New York. Thence he made his way to St. Louis to his wife and children, and began the world again as a farmer, without a house or tools or horses.

His father-in-law, Mr. Frederick Dent, who lived about ten miles out of the city, set aside some sixty or eighty acres of land for his use, and thereon he built with his own hands a log cabin, which he called "Hardscrabble." For nearly four years he lived the life of a

farmer. He plowed, hoed, cleared the land, hauled wood and props to the mines, and endured all the hardships and privations of a small farmer. In 1858 his health gave way, and he moved to St. Louis in the attempt to get into some less taxing occupation. He tried for the position of county engineer, and failed. He went into the real estate business with a friend, and failed in that. He secured a place in the customs office, but the collector died and he was thrown out of employment.

In the spring of 1860, despairing of getting a foothold in St. Louis, he removed to Galena, Illinois, where his father had established a leather store, a branch of his tannery in Covington, Kentucky. Here he came in touch again with his two brothers, Simpson and Orvil Grant. He became a clerk at a salary of six hundred dollars per annum. At this time he was a quiet man of middle age, and his manner and mode of life attracted little attention till in 1861, when Sumter was fired upon and Lincoln called for volunteers. Galena at once held a war meeting to raise a company. Captain Grant, because of his military experience, was made president of the meeting, and afterward was offered the captaincy of the company, which he refused, saying, "I have been a captain in the regular army. I am fitted to command a regiment."

He wrote at once a patriotic letter to his father-in-law, wherein he said, "I foresee the doom of slavery." He accompanied the company to Springfield, where his military experience was needed. Governor Richard Yates gave him work in the adjutant's office, then made him drill-master at Camp Yates; and as his efficiency became apparent he was appointed governor's aide, with rank of colonel. He mustered in several regiments, among them the 7th Congressional regiment at Mattoon. He made such an impression on this regiment that they named their camp in his honor, and about the middle of June sent a delegation of officers to ask that he be made colonel. Governor Yates reluctantly appointed him, and at the request of General John C. Frémont, the commander of the Department of the West, Grant's regiment (known as the 21st Illinois Volunteers) was ordered to Missouri. Colonel Grant marched his men overland, being the first commander of the State to decline railway transportation. His efficiency soon appeared, and he was given the command of all the troops in and about Mexico, Missouri. At this point he received a dispatch from E. B. Washburne, Congressman for his district, that President Lincoln had made him brigadier-general. He was put in command at Ironton, Missouri, and was proceeding against Colonel Hardee, when he was relieved from command by B. M. Prentiss and ordered to Jefferson City, Missouri. He again brought order out of chaos, and was ready for a campaign, when he

was again relieved, and by suggestion of President Lincoln placed in command of a district with headquarters at Cairo, Illinois.

This was his first adequate command, and with clear and orderly activity he organized his command of nearly ten thousand men. On the 6th of September, learning that the Confederates were advancing on Paducah, he took the city without firing a gun, and issued an address to the people of Kentucky which led Lincoln to say, "The man who can write like that is fitted to command in the West." Early in November, in obedience to a command from Frémont, he fought the battle of Belmont, thus preventing General Polk from reinforcing Price in Missouri. This was neither a victory nor a defeat, as the purpose was not to hold Belmont.

In February 1862, with an army of twenty thousand men and accompanied by Commander Foote's flotilla, he took Fort Henry and marched on Fort Donelson. On the 16th of the same month he had invested Donelson and had beaten the enemy within their works. General Simon Buckner, his old classmate and comrade, was in command. He wrote to Grant, asking for commissioners to agree upon terms. Grant replied: "*No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.*" Buckner surrendered, and Grant's sturdy words flamed over the land, making him "Unconditional Surrender Grant." The whole nation thrilled with the surprise and joy of this capture, and the obscure brigadier-general became the hero of the day. He was made major-general, and given the command of the District of Western Tennessee.

On the 6th and 7th of April he fought the terrible battle of Shiloh, and won it, though with great loss, owing to the failure of part of his reinforcements to arrive. Immediately after this battle, General H. W. Halleck, who had relieved General Frémont as commander in the West, took command in person, and by a clever military device deprived Grant of all command; and for six weeks the army timidly advanced on Corinth. Corinth was evacuated by the enemy before Halleck dared to attack, and Grant had no hand in any important command until late in the year.

Halleck went to Washington in July, leaving Grant again in command; but his forces were so depleted that he could do little but defend his lines and stores. In January 1863 he began to assemble his troops to attack Vicksburg, but high water kept him inactive till the following April. His plan, then fully developed, was to run the battery with gunboats and transports, march his troops across the peninsula before the city, and flank the enemy from below. This superbly audacious plan involved cutting loose from his base of supplies and all communications. He was obliged to whip two armies in detail,—Johnston at Jackson, Mississippi, and Pemberton in command

at Vicksburg. This marvelous campaign was executed to the letter, and on the third day of July, Pemberton surrendered the largest body of troops ever captured on this continent up to that time, and Grant became the "man of destiny" of the army. All criticism was silenced. The world's markets rose and fell with his daily doings. Lincoln wrote him a letter of congratulation. The question of making "the prop-hauler of the Gravois" general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States was raised, and all the nation turned to him as the savior of the republic.

He was made commander of all the armies of the Mississippi, and proceeded to Chattanooga to rescue Rosecrans and his beleaguered army. In a series of swift and dramatic battles he captured Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. Wherever he went, victory seemed to follow. His calm demeanor never changed. He was bent on "whipping out the Rebellion." He was seen to be a warrior of a new sort. He was never malignant, or cruel, or ungenerous to his enemies; but he fought battles to win them, and the country now clamored for him to lead the armies of the Potomac against Lee, the great Southern general against whom no Northern general seemed able to prevail.

Early in March of 1864, Hon. E. B. Washburne introduced into Congress a bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General. It was passed by both houses with some discussion, and Lincoln conferred the title and all it implied upon Grant. He called him to Washington, and placed the whole conduct of the war in his hands. "I don't want to know your plans," he said. Grant became absolutely chief in command, and set forth at once to direct the Army of the Potomac in person, and to encompass Lee as he had captured the armies of Buckner and Pemberton. His aim was not to whip Lee, but to destroy his army and end the war. He began an enormous encircling movement which never for one moment relaxed. The Army of the Potomac retreated no more. It had a commander who never knew when he was beaten.

He fought one day in the Wilderness, sustaining enormous losses; but when the world expected retreat, he ordered an advance. He fought another day, and on the third day ordered an advance. Lincoln said, "At last I have a general." Grant never rested. After every battle he advanced, inexorably closing around Lee. It took him a year, but in the end he won. He captured Lee's army, and ended the war on the 9th of April, 1865. His terms with the captured general of the Southern forces were so chivalrous and generous that it gained for him the respect and even admiration of the Southern people. They could not forget that he was conqueror, but they acknowledged his greatness of heart. He had no petty revenges.

Nothing in human history exceeds the contrasts in the life of Ulysses Grant. When Lee surrendered to him, he controlled a battle line from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, composed of a million men. His lightest command had almost inconceivable power; and yet he was the same man who had hauled wood in St. Louis and sold awls and shoe-pegs in Galena,—he had been developed by opportunity. Personally he remained simple to the point of inconspicuousness. His rusty blouse, his worn hat, his dusty boots, his low and modest voice, gave no indication of his exalted position and his enormous power. At the grand review of the armies in Washington in May, he sat with musing eyes while the victorious legions passed him, so unobtrusive in the throng that his troops could hardly distinguish his form and face; and when he returned to Galena, his old home, he carried no visible sign of the power and glory to which he had won his way step by step, by sheer power of doing things so well that other and greater duties were intrusted to his keeping.

He presented a new type of soldier to the world. He was never vengeful, never angry in battle. When others swore and uttered ferocious cries, Grant remained master of himself and every faculty, uttering no oaths, giving his commands in full, clear, simple, dignified phrases. He hated conflict. He cared nothing for the pomp and circumstance of war; it was not glorious to him; and when it was all over he said, "I never want to see a soldier's uniform again."

He was the chief citizen of the republic at the close of the war, and when Lincoln was assassinated he was the mainstay of the republic. Every eye was turned upon him, and his calmness was most salutary upon the nation. He became inevitably a candidate for President, and was elected with great enthusiasm in 1868. In 1872 he was re-elected, and during his two terms his one great purpose was to reconstruct the nation. He did all that he could to heal the scars of war. He stood between the malignants of the North and the helpless people of the South, always patient and sympathetic. His administrations ran in turbulent times, and corruption was abroad in official circles, but there is no evidence that he was touched by it. His administration was attacked; he was acquitted.

In 1878, two years after his second term had ended, he went on a trip around the world, visiting all the great courts and kings of the leading nations. He received the most extraordinary honors ever tendered to one human being by his fellows, but he returned to Galena and to his boyhood home, the same good neighbor, just as democratic in his intercourse as ever. He never forgot a face, whether of the man who shod his horses or of the man who nominated him for President, though he looked upon more people than any other man in the history of the world.

In 1880, his friends who sought his nomination for a third term, were defeated in political convention. Shortly after this he moved to New York City, and became a nominal partner in the firm of Grant & Ward. His name was used in the business; he had little connection with it, for he was growing old and failing in health.

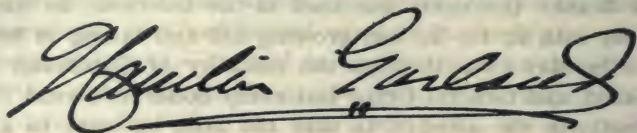
In May 1884, through the rascality of Ferdinand Ward, the firm failed, and General Grant lost every dollar he owned. Just before the crash, in the attempt to save the firm, he went to a wealthy friend and borrowed a large sum of money. After the failure the grim old commander turned over to his creditor every trophy, every present which had been given him by his foreign friends, even the jeweled favors of kings and queens and the swords presented to him by his fellow-citizens and by his soldiers; he reserved nothing. He became so poor that his pew rent became a burden, and the question of earning a living came to him with added force, for he was old and lame, and attacked by cancer of the tongue.

Now came the most heroic year of his life. Suffering almost ceaseless pain, with the death shadow on him, he sat down to write his autobiography for the benefit of his wife. He complained not at all, and allowed nothing to stand in the way of his work. He wrote on steadily, up to the very day of his death, long after the power of speech was gone, revising his proofs, correcting his judgments of commanders as new evidence arose, and in the end producing a book which was a marvel of simple sincerity and modesty of statement, and of transparent clarity of style. It took rank at once as one of the great martial biographies of the world. It redeemed his name and gave his wife a competency. It was a greater deed than the taking of Vicksburg.

In this final illness his thoughts dwelt much upon the differences between the North and the South. From Mt. McGregor, where he was taken in June 1885 to escape the heat of the city, he sent forth repeated messages of good-will to the South. In this hour the two mighty purposes of his life grew clearer in men's minds. He had put down the Rebellion, and from the moment of Lee's surrender had set himself the task of reuniting the severed nation. "Let us have peace," he said; and the saying had all the effect of a benediction.

He died on July 23d, 1885, at the age of sixty-three; and at his grave the North and the South stood side by side in friendship, and the great captains of opposing armies walked shoulder to shoulder, bearing his body to its final rest on the bank of the Hudson River. The world knew his faults, his mistakes, and his weaknesses; but they were all forgotten in the memory of his great deeds as a warrior, and of his gentleness, modesty, candor, and purity as a man. Since then it becomes increasingly more evident that he is to take

his place as one of three or four figures of the first class in our national history. He was a man of action, and his deeds were of the kind which mark epochs in history.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Ulysses S. Grant". The signature is written in a cursive style with a prominent, sweeping "U" at the beginning and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right. The name "Grant" is written in a more compact, cursive script.

EARLY LIFE

From 'Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant.' Copyright by Ulysses S. Grant, and reprinted by permission of the family of General Grant

IN JUNE 1821 my father, Jesse R. Grant, married Hannah Simpson. I was born on the 27th of April, 1822, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. In the fall of 1823 we moved to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, the adjoining county east. This place remained my home until at the age of seventeen, in 1839, I went to West Point.

The schools at the time of which I write were very indifferent. There were no free schools, and none in which the scholars were classified. They were all supported by subscription, and a single teacher—who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much, even if they imparted all they knew—would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the infant learning the A B C's up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty, studying the highest branches taught—the three R's, "Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic." I never saw an algebra or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, in Georgetown, until after I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work on algebra, in Cincinnati; but having no teacher, it was Greek to me.

My life in Georgetown was uneventful. From the age of five or six until seventeen, I attended the subscription schools of the village, except during the winters of 1836-7 and 1838-9. The former period was spent in Maysville, Kentucky, attending the school of Richardson and Rand; the latter in Ripley, Ohio, at a private school. I was not studious in habit, and probably did not make progress enough to compensate for the outlay for board and tuition. At all events, both winters were spent in going

over the same old arithmetic which I knew every word of before, and repeating, "A noun is the name of a thing," which I had also heard my Georgetown teachers repeat until I had come to believe it—but I cast no reflections upon my old teacher Richardson. He turned out bright scholars from his school, many of whom have filled conspicuous places in the service of their States. Two of my contemporaries there—who I believe never attended any other institution of learning—have held seats in Congress, and one, if not both, other high offices; these are Wadsworth and Brewster.

My father was from my earliest recollection in comfortable circumstances, considering the times, his place of residence, and the community in which he lived. Mindful of his own lack of facilities for acquiring an education, his greatest desire in maturer years was for the education of his children. Consequently, as stated before, I never missed a quarter from school, from the time I was old enough to attend till the time of leaving home. This did not exempt me from labor. In my early days every one labored more or less, in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used. We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year, choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelvemonth. When I was seven or eight years of age, I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time; but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload. When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there was never any scolding or punishing by my parents; no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer, taking a horse and

visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county, fifteen miles off, skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground.

While still quite young I had visited Cincinnati, forty-five miles away, several times, alone; also Maysville, Kentucky,—often,—and once Louisville. The journey to Louisville was a big one for a boy of that day. I had also gone once with a two-horse carriage to Chillicothe, about seventy miles, with a neighbor's family who were removing to Toledo, Ohio, and returned alone; and had gone once in like manner to Flat Rock, Kentucky, about seventy miles away. On this latter occasion I was fifteen years of age. While at Flat Rock, at the house of a Mr. Payne, whom I was visiting with his brother, a neighbor of ours in Georgetown, I saw a very fine saddle horse which I rather coveted; and proposed to Mr. Payne, the owner, to trade him for one of the two I was driving. Payne hesitated to trade with a boy, but asking his brother about it, the latter told him that it would be all right; that I was allowed to do as I pleased with the horses. I was seventy miles from home, with a carriage to take back, and Mr. Payne said he did not know that his horse had ever had a collar on. I asked to have him hitched to a farm wagon, and we would soon see whether he would work. It was soon evident that the horse had never worn harness before; but he showed no viciousness, and I expressed a confidence that I could manage him. A trade was at once struck, I receiving ten dollars difference.

The next day, Mr. Payne of Georgetown and I started on our return. We got along very well for a few miles, when we encountered a ferocious dog that frightened the horses and made them run. The new animal kicked at every jump he made. I got the horses stopped, however, before any damage was done, and without running into anything. After giving them a little rest, to quiet their fears, we started again. That instant the new horse kicked, and started to run once more. The road we were on struck the turnpike within half a mile of the point where the second runaway commenced, and there was an embankment twenty or more feet deep on the opposite side of the pike. I got the horses stopped on the very brink of the precipice. My new horse was terribly frightened, and trembled like an aspen; but he was not half so badly frightened as my companion Mr. Payne, who deserted me after this last experience, and took passage on

a freight wagon for Maysville. Every time I attempted to start, my new horse would commence to kick. I was in quite a dilemma for a time. Once in Maysville, I could borrow a horse from an uncle who lived there; but I was more than a day's travel from that point. Finally I took out my bandanna—the style of handkerchief in universal use then—and with this blindfolded my horse. In this way I reached Maysville safely the next day, no doubt much to the surprise of my friend. Here I borrowed a horse from my uncle, and the following day we proceeded on our journey.

About half my school days in Georgetown were spent at the school of John D. White, a North-Carolinian, and the father of Chilton White, who represented the district in Congress for one term during the Rebellion. Mr. White was always a Democrat in politics, and Chilton followed his father. He had two older brothers,—all three being schoolmates of mine at their father's school,—who did not go the same way. The second brother died before the Rebellion began; he was a Whig, and afterwards a Republican. His oldest brother was a Republican and brave soldier during the Rebellion. Chilton is reported as having told of an earlier horse trade of mine. As he told the story, there was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt which I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt, that after the owner left I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted I was to offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, to give the twenty-five. I at once mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him, "Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five." It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. This story is nearly true. I certainly showed very plainly that I had come for the colt and meant to have him. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heart-burning. The story got out among the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. Boys enjoy the misery of their companions,—at least village boys in that day

did, and in later life I have found that all adults are not free from the peculiarity. I kept the horse until he was four years old, when he went blind, and I sold him for twenty dollars. When I went to Maysville to school, in 1836, at the age of fourteen, I recognized my colt as one of the blind horses working on the tread-wheel of the ferry-boat.

I have described enough of my early life to give an impression of the whole. I did not like to work; but I did as much of it, while young, as grown men can be hired to do in these days, and attended school at the same time. I had as many privileges as any boy in the village, and probably more than most of them. I have no recollection of ever having been punished at home, either by scolding or by the rod. But at school the case was different. The rod was freely used there, and I was not exempt from its influence. I can see John D. White, the school-teacher, now, with his long beech switch always in his hand. It was not always the same one, either. Switches were brought in bundles from a beech wood near the schoolhouse, by the boys for whose benefit they were intended. Often a whole bundle would be used up in a single day. I never had any hard feelings against my teacher, either while attending the school or in later years when reflecting upon my experience. Mr. White was a kind-hearted man, and was much respected by the community in which he lived. He only followed the universal custom of the period, and that under which he had received his own education. . . .

In the winter of 1838-9 I was attending school at Ripley, only ten miles distant from Georgetown, but spent the Christmas holidays at home. During this vacation my father received a letter from the Honorable Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it he said to me, "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment." "What appointment?" I inquired.—"To West Point; I have applied for it." "But I won't go," I said. He said he thought I would, *and I thought so too, if he did*. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the acquirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing.

GRANT'S COURTSHIP

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AT WEST POINT I had a classmate,—in the last year of our studies he was room-mate also,—F. T. Dent, whose family resided some five miles west of Jefferson Barracks. Two of his unmarried brothers were living at home at that time, and as I had taken with me from Ohio my horse, saddle, and bridle, I soon found my way out to White Haven, the name of the Dent estate. As I found the family congenial, my visits became frequent. There were at home, besides the young men, two daughters, one a school-miss of fifteen, the other a girl of eight or nine. There was still an older daughter of seventeen, who had been spending several years at a boarding-school in St. Louis, but who, though through school, had not yet returned home. She was spending the winter in the city with connections, the family of Colonel John O'Fallon, well known in St. Louis. In February she returned to her country home. After that I do not know but my visits became more frequent: they certainly did become more enjoyable. We would often take walks, or go on horseback to visit the neighbors, until I became quite well acquainted in that vicinity. Sometimes one of the brothers would accompany us, sometimes one of the younger sisters. If the 4th Infantry had remained at Jefferson Barracks it is possible, even probable, that this life might have continued for some years without my finding out that there was anything serious the matter with me; but in the following May a circumstance occurred which developed my sentiment so palpably that there was no mistaking it.

The annexation of Texas was at this time the subject of violent discussion in Congress, in the press, and by individuals. The administration of President Tyler, then in power, was making the most strenuous efforts to effect the annexation, which was indeed the great and absorbing question of the day. During these discussions the greater part of the single rifle regiment in the army—the 2d Dragoons, which had been dismounted a year or two before, and designated "Dismounted Rifles"—was stationed at Fort Jessup, Louisiana, some twenty-five miles east of the Texas line, to observe the frontier. About the first of May the 3d Infantry was ordered from Jefferson Barracks to Louisiana, to go

into camp in the neighborhood of Fort Jessup, and there await further orders. The troops were embarked on steamers, and were on their way down the Mississippi within a few days after the receipt of this order. About the time they started I obtained a leave of absence for twenty days to go to Ohio to visit my parents. I was obliged to go to St. Louis to take a steamer for Louisville or Cincinnati, or the first steamer going up the Ohio River to any point. Before I left St. Louis, orders were received at Jefferson Barracks for the 4th Infantry to follow the 3d. A messenger was sent after me to stop my leaving; but before he could reach me I was off, totally ignorant of these events. A day or two after my arrival at Bethel I received a letter from a classmate and fellow lieutenant in the 4th, informing me of the circumstances related above, and advising me not to open any letter postmarked St. Louis or Jefferson Barracks until the expiration of my leave, and saying that he would pack up my things and take them along for me. His advice was not necessary, for no other letter was sent to me. I now discovered that I was exceedingly anxious to get back to Jefferson Barracks, and I understood the reason without explanation from any one. My leave of absence required me to report for duty at Jefferson Barracks at the end of twenty days. I knew my regiment had gone up the Red River, but I was not disposed to break the letter of my leave; besides, if I had proceeded to Louisiana direct, I could not have reached there until after the expiration of my leave. Accordingly, at the end of the twenty days I reported for duty to Lieutenant Ewell, commanding at Jefferson Barracks, handing him at the same time my leave of absence. After noticing the phraseology of the order—leaves of absence were generally worded, "at the end of which time he will report for duty with his proper command"—he said he would give me an order to join my regiment in Louisiana. I then asked for a few days' leave before starting, which he readily granted. This was the same Ewell who acquired considerable reputation as a Confederate general during the Rebellion. He was a man much esteemed, and deservedly so, in the old army, and proved himself a gallant and efficient officer in two wars—both in my estimation unholy.

I immediately procured a horse and started for the country, taking no baggage with me, of course. There is an insignificant creek, the Gravois, between Jefferson Barracks and the place to which I was going, and at that day there was not a bridge

over it from its source to its mouth. There is not water enough in the creek at ordinary stages to run a coffee-mill, and at low water there is none running whatever. On this occasion it had been raining heavily, and when the creek was reached I found the banks full to overflowing, and the current rapid. I looked at it a moment to consider what to do. One of my superstitions had always been when I started to go anywhere, or do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished. I have frequently started to go to places where I had never been and to which I did not know the way, depending upon making inquiries on the road, and if I got past the place without knowing it, instead of turning back, I would go on until a road was found turning in the right direction, take that, and come in by the other side. So I struck into the stream, and in an instant the horse was swimming and I being carried down by the current. I headed the horse towards the other bank and soon reached it, wet through and without other clothes on that side of the stream. I went on, however, to my destination and borrowed a dry suit from my (future) brother-in-law. We were not of the same size, but the clothes answered every purpose until I got more of my own.

Before I returned I mustered up courage to make known, in the most awkward manner imaginable, the discovery I had made on learning that the 4th Infantry had been ordered away from Jefferson Barracks. The young lady afterwards admitted that she too, although until then she had never looked upon me other than as a visitor whose company was agreeable to her, had experienced a depression of spirits she could not account for when the regiment left. Before separating, it was definitely understood that at a convenient time we would join our fortunes, and not let the removal of a regiment trouble us. This was in May 1844. It was the 22d of August, 1848, before the fulfillment of this agreement. My duties kept me on the frontier of Louisiana with the Army of Observation during the pendency of Annexation; and afterwards I was absent through the war with Mexico provoked by the action of the army, if not by the annexation itself. During that time there was a constant correspondence between Miss Dent and myself, but we only met once in the period of four years and three months. In May 1845 I procured a leave for twenty days, visited St. Louis, and obtained the consent of the parents for the union, which had not been asked for before.

A TEXAN EXPERIENCE

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I HAD never been a sportsman in my life; had scarcely ever gone in search of game, and rarely seen any when looking for it. On this trip there was no minute of time while traveling between San Patricio and the settlements on the San Antonio River, from San Antonio to Austin, and again from the Colorado River back to San Patricio, when deer or antelope could not be seen in great numbers. Each officer carried a shotgun, and every evening after going into camp, some would go out and soon return with venison and wild turkeys enough for the entire camp. I however never went out, and had no occasion to fire my gun; except, being detained over a day at Goliad, Benjamin and I concluded to go down to the creek—which was fringed with timber, much of it the pecan—and bring back a few turkeys. We had scarcely reached the edge of the timber when I heard the flutter of wings overhead, and in an instant I saw two or three turkeys flying away. These were soon followed by more, then more and more, until a flock of twenty or thirty had left from just over my head. All this time I stood watching the turkeys to see where they flew, with my gun on my shoulder, and never once thought of leveling it at the birds. When I had time to reflect upon the matter, I came to the conclusion that as a sportsman I was a failure, and went back to the house. Benjamin remained out, and got as many turkeys as he wanted to carry back.

After the second night at Goliad, Benjamin and I started to make the remainder of the journey alone. We reached Corpus Christi just in time to avoid "absence without leave." We met no one, not even an Indian, during the remainder of our journey, except at San Patricio. A new settlement had been started there in our absence of three weeks, induced possibly by the fact that there were houses already built, while the proximity of troops gave protection against the Indians. On the evening of the first day out from Goliad we heard the most unearthly howling of wolves, directly in our front. The prairie grass was tall and we could not see the beasts, but the sound indicated that they were near. To my ear it appeared that there must have been enough of them to devour our party, horses and all,

at a single meal. The part of Ohio that I hailed from was not thickly settled, but wolves had been driven out long before I left. Benjamin was from Indiana, still less populated, where the wolf yet roamed over the prairies. He understood the nature of the animal, and the capacity of a few to make believe there was an unlimited number of them. He kept on towards the noise; unmoved. I followed in his trail, lacking moral courage to turn back and join our sick companion. I have no doubt that if Benjamin had proposed returning to Goliad, I would not only have "seconded the motion," but have suggested that it was very hard-hearted in us to leave Augur sick there in the first place; but Benjamin did not propose turning back. When he did speak it was to ask, "Grant, how many wolves do you think there are in that pack?" Knowing where he was from, and suspecting that he thought I would overestimate the number, I determined to show my acquaintance with the animal by putting the estimate below what possibly could be correct, and answered, "Oh, about twenty," very indifferently. He smiled and rode on. In a minute we were close upon them, and before they saw us. There were just *two* of them. Seated upon their haunches, with their mouths close together, they had made all the noise we had been hearing for the past ten minutes. I have often thought of this incident since, when I have heard the noise of a few disappointed politicians who had deserted their associates. There are always more of them before they are counted.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE

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WARS produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed to be true. The War of the Rebellion was no exception to this rule, and the story of the apple-tree is one of those fictions based on a slight foundation of fact. As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road, which at one point ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels of vehicles had on that side cut off the roots of this tree, leaving a little embankment. General Babcock, of my staff, reported to me that when he first

met General Lee he was sitting upon this embankment with his feet in the road below and his back resting against the tree. The story had no other foundation than that. Like many other stories, it would be very good if it was only true.

I had known General Lee in the old army, and had served with him in the Mexican War: but did not suppose, owing to the difference in our age and rank, that he would remember me; while I would more naturally remember him distinctly, because he was the chief of staff of General Scott in the Mexican War.

When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback on the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. I had my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause,—though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse. I do not question, however, the sincerity of the great mass of those who were opposed to us.

General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different sword from the one that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me very well in the old army; and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered him perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages), I had thought it very likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval. Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged. He said that he had so understood my letter.

Then we gradually fell off again into conversation about matters foreign to the subject which had brought us together. This continued for some little time, when General Lee again interrupted the course of the conversation by suggesting that the terms I had proposed to give his army ought to be written out. I called to General Parker, secretary on my staff, for writing materials, and commenced writing out the following terms:—

APPOMATTOX C. H., VA., April 9th, 1865.

Gen. R. E. Lee, Comd'g C. S. A.

GEN.:—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th inst., I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of N. Va. on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate. One copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to

their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT,

Lt. Gen.

When I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word that I should make use of in writing the terms. I only knew what was in my mind, and I wished to express it clearly, so that there could be no mistaking it. As I wrote on, the thought occurred to me that the officers had their own private horses and effects, which were important to them but of no value to us; also that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to call upon them to deliver their side-arms.

No conversation, not one word, passed between General Lee and myself, either about private property, side-arms, or kindred subjects. He appeared to have no objections to the terms first proposed; or if he had a point to make against them, he wished to wait until they were in writing to make it. When he read over that part of the terms about side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, he remarked—with some feeling, I thought—that this would have a happy effect upon his army.

Then, after a little further conversation, General Lee remarked to me again that their army was organized a little differently from the army of the United States (still maintaining by implication that we were two countries); that in their army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses: and he asked if he was to understand that the men who so owned their horses were to be permitted to retain them. I told him that as the terms were written they would not; that only the officers were permitted to take their private property. He then, after reading over the terms a second time, remarked that that was clear.

I then said to him that I thought this would be about the last battle of the war—I sincerely hoped so; and I said further, I took it that most of the men in the ranks were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter

without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them; and I would therefore instruct the officers I left behind to receive the paroles of his troops to let every man of the Confederate army who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect.

He then sat down and wrote out the following letter:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 9th, 1865.

GENERAL:—I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

R. E. LEE,
General.

Lieut.-General U. S. Grant.

While duplicates of the two letters were being made, the Union generals present were severally presented to General Lee.

The much-talked-of surrendering of Lee's sword and my handing it back, this and much more that has been said about it is the purest romance. The word sword or side-arms was not mentioned by either of us until I wrote it in the terms. There was no premeditation, and it did not occur to me until the moment I wrote it down. If I had happened to omit it, and General Lee had called my attention to it, I should have put it in the terms, precisely as I acceded to the provision about the soldiers retaining their horses.

General Lee, after all was completed and before taking his leave, remarked that his army was in a very bad condition for want of food, and that they were without forage; that his men had been living for some days on parched corn exclusively, and that he would have to ask me for rations and forage. I told him "Certainly," and asked for how many men he wanted rations. His answer was "About twenty-five thousand"; and I authorized him to send his own commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, two or three miles away, where he could have, out of the trains we had stopped, all the provisions wanted. As for

forage, we had ourselves depended almost entirely upon the country for that.

Generals Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt were designated by me to carry into effect the paroling of Lee's troops before they should start for their homes,—General Lee leaving Generals Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton for them to confer with in order to facilitate this work. Lee and I then separated as cordially as we had met, he returning to his own lines, and all went into bivouac for the night at Appomattox.

HENRY GRATTAN

(1746-1820)

HENRY GRATTAN, eminent among Irish orators and statesmen, was born in Dublin, July 3d, 1746. He graduated from Trinity College in 1767, became a law student of the Middle Temple, London, and was admitted to the bar in 1772. He soon became drawn into open political life, entering the Irish Parliament in 1775.

In Parliament he espoused the popular cause. His memorable displays of oratory followed fast and plentifully. On April 19th, 1780, he attacked the right of England to legislate for Ireland. With that address his reputation was made. He became incessant in his efforts to remove oppressive legislation. By his eloquence he quickened into life a national spirit, to culminate in a convention at Dungannon on February 15th, 1782, where resolutions in favor of legislative independence were stormily adopted. Presently, after a speech of surpassing power from him, the Declaration of Rights Bill was passed unanimously by both houses, with an unwilling enactment from England. The idol now of Ireland, Grattan was voted by its Parliament a grant of £50,000 "as a testimony of national gratitude for great national services." The next eighteen years



HENRY GRATTAN

saw him resolute to secure for Ireland liberal laws, greater commercial freedom, better conditions for the peasantry, the wiping out of Parliamentary corruption, and especially the absolute emancipation of the Roman Catholics. After the Union he lived in retirement, devoting himself to the study of the classics and to the education of his children until 1805. Then at the request of Fox he entered the imperial Parliament, making his first speech in favor of Fox's motion for a committee on the Roman Catholic Petition, an address described as "one of the most brilliant speeches ever made within the walls of Parliament." In 1806 he was elected a member for Dublin, which city he represented until his decease. His last speech was made on May 5th, 1819, in favor of Roman Catholic emancipation. It is to be noted that he was by profession and conviction a Protestant. He died in

1820. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the graves of Chatham and Fox.

In spite of great natural drawbacks, Grattan achieved the highest rank as an orator; and his passionate eloquence has rarely been equaled in fervor and originality.

ON THE CHARACTER OF CHATHAM

THE Secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No State chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sank him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous.

France sank beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded with the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England and the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by order and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which render life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulty, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, and so authoritative astonished a corrupt age; and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined indeed that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the Senate; peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly

expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not, like Murray, conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation, nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by flashings of the mind, which like those of his eye were felt but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was something in this man that could create, subvert, or reform: an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world which should resound throughout the universe.

OF THE INJUSTICE OF DISQUALIFICATION OF CATHOLICS

From the Speech of May 31st, 1811

WHATEVER belongs to the authority of God, or to the laws of nature, is necessarily beyond the province and sphere of human institution and government. The Roman Catholic, when you disqualify him on the ground of his religion, may with great justice tell you that you are not his God, that he cannot mold or fashion his faith by your decrees. You may inflict penalties, and he may suffer them in silence; but if Parliament assume the prerogative of Heaven, and enact laws to impose upon the people a different religion, the people will not obey such laws. If you pass an act to impose a tax or regulate a duty, the people can go to the roll to learn what are the provisions of the law. But whenever you take upon yourselves to legislate for God, though there may be truth in your enactments, you have no authority to enforce them. In such a case, the people will not go to the roll of Parliament, but to the Bible, the testament of God's will, to ascertain his law and their duty. When once man goes out of his sphere, and says he will legislate for God, he in fact makes himself God. But this I do not charge upon the Parliament, because in none of the Penal Acts has the

Parliament imposed a religious creed. It is not to be traced in the qualification oath, nor in the declaration required. The qualifying oath, as to the great number of offices and seats in Parliament, scrupulously evades religious distinctions; a Dissenter of any class may take it, a Deist, an atheist, may likewise take it. The Catholics are alone excepted; and for what reason? Certainly not because the internal character of the Catholic religion is inherently vicious; not because it necessarily incapacitates those who profess it to make laws for their fellow-citizens. If a Deist be fit to sit in Parliament, it can hardly be urged that a Christian is unfit. If an atheist be competent to legislate for his country, surely this privilege cannot be denied to the believer in the divinity of our Savior. But let me ask you if you have forgotten what was the faith of your ancestors, or if you are prepared to assert that the men who procured your liberties are unfit to make your laws? Or do you forget the tempests by which the Dissenting classes of the community were at a former period agitated, or in what manner you fixed the rule of peace over that wild scene of anarchy and commotion? If we attend to the present condition and habits of these classes, do we not find their controversies subsisting in full vigor? and can it be said that their jarring sentiments and clashing interests are productive of any disorder in the State; or that the Methodist himself, in all his noisy familiarity with his Maker, is a dangerous or disloyal subject? Upon what principle can it be argued that the application of a similar policy would not conciliate the Catholics, and promote the general interests of the empire? I can trace the continuance of their incapacities to nothing else than a political combination; a combination that condemned the Catholic religion, not as a heresy, but as a symptom of a civil alienation. By this doctrine, the religion is not so much an evil in itself as a perpetual token of political disaffection. In the spirit of this liberal interpretation, you once decreed to take away their arms, and on another occasion ordered all Papists to be removed from London. In the whole subsequent course of administration, the religion has continued to be esteemed the infallible symptom of a propensity to rebel. Known or suspected Papists were once the objects of the severest jealousy and the bitterest enactments. Some of these statutes have been repealed, and the jealousy has since somewhat abated; but the same suspicions, although in a less degree, pervade your councils. Your imaginations are still infected with

apprehensions of the proneness of the Catholics to make cause with a foreign foe. A treaty has lately been made with the King of the Two Sicilies. May I ask: Is his religion the evidence of the warmth of his attachment to your alliance? Does it enter into your calculation as one of the motives that must incline him to our friendship, in preference to the friendship of the State professing his own faith? A similar treaty has been recently entered into with the Prince Regent of Portugal, professing the Roman Catholic religion; and one million granted last year and two millions this session, for the defense of Portugal. Nay, even in the treaty with the Prince Regent of Portugal, there is an article which stipulates that we shall not make peace with France unless Portugal shall be restored to the house of Braganza. And has the Prince of Brazil's religion been considered evidence of his connection with the enemy? You have not one ally who is not Catholic; and will you continue to disqualify Irish Catholics, who fight with you and your allies, because their religion is evidence of disaffection?

But if the Catholic religion be this evidence of repugnance, is Protestantism the proof of affection to the Crown and government of England? For an answer, let us look at America. In vain did you send your armies there; in vain did you appeal to the ties of common origin and common religion. America joined with France, and adopted a connection with a Catholic government. Turn to Prussia, and behold whether her religion has had any effect on her political character. Did the faith of Denmark prevent the attack on Copenhagen? It is admitted on all sides that the Catholics have demonstrated their allegiance in as strong a manner as the willing expenditure of blood and treasure can evince. And remember that the French go not near so far in their defense of Catholicism, as you in your hatred of it in your own subjects and your reverence for it in your allies. They have not scrupled to pull down the ancient fabrics of superstition in the countries subjected to their arms. Upon a review of these facts, I am justified in assuming that there is nothing inherent in Catholicism which either proves disaffection, or disqualifies for public trusts. The immediate inference is that they have as much right as any dissentient sect to the enjoyment of civil privileges and a participation of equal rights; that they are as fit morally and politically to hold offices in the State or seats in Parliament. Those who dispute the conclusion will find it

their duty to controvert the reasoning on which it is founded. I do not believe the Church is in any danger; but if it is, I am sure that we are in a wrong way to secure it. If our laws will battle against Providence, there can be no doubt of the issue of the conflict between the ordinances of God and the decrees of man: transient must be the struggle, rapid the event. Let us suppose an extreme case, but applicable to the present point: Suppose the Thames were to inundate its banks, and suddenly swelling, enter this House during our deliberations (an event which I greatly deprecate, from my private friendship with many members who might happen to be present, and my sense of the great exertions which many of them have made for the public interest), and a motion of adjournment being made, should be opposed, and an address to Providence moved that it would be graciously pleased to turn back the overflow and direct the waters into another channel. This, it will be said, would be absurd; but consider whether you are acting upon a principle of greater intrinsic wisdom, when after provoking the resentments you arm and martialize the ambition of men, under the vain assurance that Providence will work a miracle in the constitution of human nature; and dispose it to pay injustice with affection, oppression with cordial support. This is in fact the true character of your expectations; nothing less than that the Author of the Universe should subvert his laws to ratify your statutes, and disturb the settled course of nature to confirm the weak, the base expedients of man. What says the Decalogue? Honor thy father. What says the penal law? Take away his estate! Again, says the Decalogue, Do not steal. The law, on the contrary, proclaims, You may rob a Catholic!

ON THE DOWNFALL OF BONAPARTE

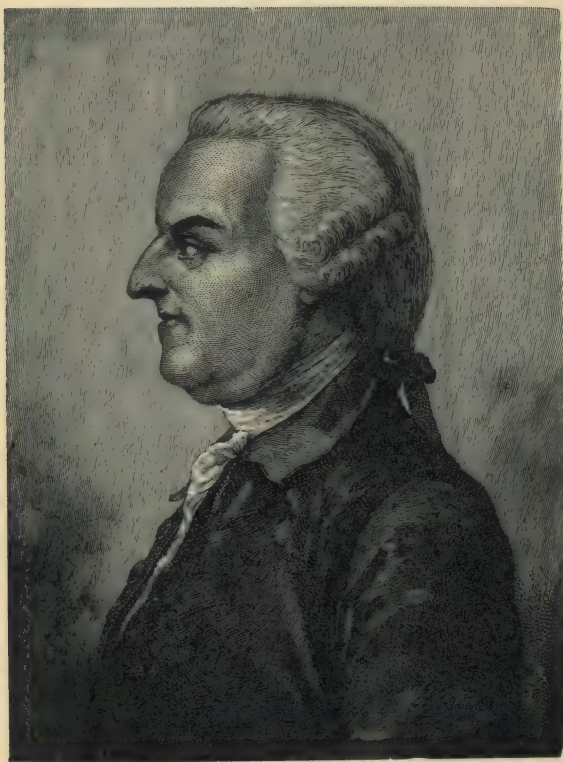
From the Speech of May 25th, 1815

THE French government is war; it is a stratocracy, elective, aggressive, and predatory; her armies live to fight, and fight to live; their constitution is essentially war, and the object of that war the conquest of Europe. What such a person as Bonaparte at the head of such a constitution will do, you may judge by what he has done: and first he took possession of a greater part of Europe; he made his son King of Rome; he

made his son-in-law Viceroy of Italy; he made his brother King of Holland; he made his brother-in-law King of Naples; he imprisoned the King of Spain; he banished the Regent of Portugal, and formed his plan to take possession of the Crown of England. England had checked his designs; her trident had stirred up his empire from its foundation. He complained of her tyranny at sea; but it was her power at sea which arrested his tyranny on land,—the navy of England saved Europe. Knowing this, he knew the conquest of England became necessary for the accomplishment of the conquest of Europe, and the destruction of her marine necessary for the conquest of England. Accordingly, besides raising an army of 60,000 men for the invasion of England, he applied himself to the destruction of her commerce, the foundation of her naval power. In pursuit of this object and on his plan of a Western empire, he conceived and in part executed the design of consigning to plunder and destruction the vast regions of Russia. He quits the genial clime of the temperate zone; he bursts through the narrow limits of an immense empire; he abandons comfort and security, and he hurries to the Pole to hazard them all, and with them the companions of his victories and the fame and fruits of his crimes and his talents, on speculation of leaving in Europe, throughout the whole of its extent, no one free or independent nation. To oppose this huge conception of mischief and despotism, the great potentate of the north from his gloomy recesses advances to defend himself against the voracity of ambition, amid the sterility of his empire. Ambition is omnivorous; it feasts on famine and sheds tons of blood, that it may starve in ice in order to commit a robbery on desolation. The power of the north, I say, joins another prince, whom Bonaparte had deprived of almost the whole of his authority,—the King of Prussia; and then another potentate, whom Bonaparte had deprived of the principal part of his dominions,—the Emperor of Austria. These three powers, physical causes, final justice, the influence of your victories in Spain and Portugal, and the spirit given to Europe by the achievements and renown of your great commander [the Duke of Wellington], together with the precipitation of his own ambition, combine to accomplish his destruction; Bonaparte is conquered. He who said, "I will be like the Most High," he who smote the nations with a continual stroke,—this short-lived son of the morning, Lucifer,—falls, and the earth is at rest; the

phantom of royalty passes on to nothing, and the three kings to the gates of Paris: there they stand, the late victims of his ambition, and now the disposers of his destiny and the masters of his empire. Without provocation he had gone to their countries with fire and sword; with the greatest provocation they came to his country with life and liberty: they do an act unparalleled in the annals of history, such as nor envy, nor time, nor malice, nor prejudice, nor ingratitude can efface; they give to his subjects liberty, and to himself life and royalty. This is greater than conquest! The present race must confess their virtues, and ages to come must crown their monuments, and place them above heroes and kings in glory everlasting. . . .

Do you wish to confirm this military tyranny in the heart of Europe,—a tyranny founded on the triumph of the army over the principles of civil government, tending to universalize throughout Europe the domination of the sword,—and to reduce to paper and parchment, Magna Charta and all our civil constitutions? An experiment such as no country ever made and no good country would ever permit: to relax the moral and religious influences; to set heaven and earth adrift from one another, and make God Almighty a tolerated alien in his own creation; an insurrectionary hope to every bad man in the community, and a frightful lesson to profit and power, vested in those who have pandered their allegiance from king to emperor, and now found their pretensions to domination on the merit of breaking their oaths and deposing their sovereign. Should you do anything so monstrous as to leave your allies in order to confirm such a system; should you forget your name, forget your ancestors, and the inheritance they have left you of morality and renown; should you astonish Europe by quitting your allies to render immortal such a composition, would not the nations exclaim: "You have very providently watched over our interests, and very generously have you contributed to our service,—and do you falter now? In vain have you stopped in your own person the flying fortunes of Europe; in vain have you taken the eagle of Napoleon and snatched *invincibility* from his standard, if now, when confederated Europe is ready to march, you take the lead in the desertion and preach the penitence of Bonaparte and the poverty of England."



THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY

(1716-1771)

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

THE fame of Thomas Gray is unique among English poets, in that, although world-wide and luminous, it springs from a single poem, a flawless masterpiece,—the 'Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard.' This is the one production by which he is known to the great mass of readers and will continue to be known to coming generations; yet in his own time his other poems were important factors, in establishing the high repute accorded to him then and still maintained in the esteem of critics. Nevertheless, living to be nearly fifty-five and giving himself exclusively to letters, the whole of the work that he left behind him amounted only to some fourteen hundred lines.

His value to literature and to posterity, therefore, is to be measured not by the quantity of his literary contributions or by any special variety in their scope, but by a certain wholesome and independent influence which he exerted upon the language of poetry, and by a rare quality of intense yet seemingly calm and almost repressed genius, which no one among his commentators has been able to define clearly. The most comprehensive thing ever written about him—wise, just, witty, yet sympathetic and penetrating—is the essay by James Russell Lowell in his final volume of criticism.

"It is the rarest thing," says Lowell, "to find genius and dilettantism united in the same person (as for a time they were in Goethe): for genius implies always a certain fanaticism of temperament, which, if sometimes it seem fitful, is yet capable of intense energy on occasion; while the main characteristic of the dilettante is that sort of impartiality which springs from inertia of mind, admirable for observation, incapable of turning it to practical account. Yet we have, I think, an example of this rare combination of qualities in Gray; and it accounts both for the kind of excellence to which he attained, and for the way in which he disappointed expectation. . . . He is especially interesting as an artist in words and phrases, a literary type far less common among writers of English than it is in France or Italy, where perhaps the traditions of Latin culture were never wholly lost. . . . When so many have written so much, we shall the more readily pardon the man who has written too little or just enough."

He was born in London, December 26th, 1716, the son of a money scrivener who had dissipated most of his inherited property, but was skilled in music, and perhaps transmitted to the son that musical element which gives beauty and strength to his poetry. Gray's mother was a woman of character, who with his aunt set up an India warehouse and supported herself; also sending the young man to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, after his studies at Eton. Leaving college without a degree, he traveled on the Continent of Europe with Horace Walpole in 1739; then returned to Cambridge and passed the remainder of his life in the university, as a bachelor of civil law nominally,—not practicing, but devoting himself to study and to excursions through rural England. He had a profound and passionate love for nature, a kind of religious exaltation in the contemplation of it and in mountain worship, which was at variance with the prevailing eighteenth-century literary mood and prefigured the feeling of Wordsworth. His mother having retired to Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire, he often made visits there; and the church-yard of his deathless 'Elegy' is generally believed to be that of the parish church at Stoke Poges. It was here that he was laid to rest in the same tomb with his mother and his aunt, after his death, July 24th, 1771.

The 'Elegy' was finished in 1749. He had begun writing it seven years before. This has sometimes been alluded to as an instance in point of Horace's advice, that a poem should be matured for seven years. The length of time given to the 'Elegy,' however, may be accounted for partly by Gray's dilatory habits of writing, and partly by the parallel of Tennyson's long delay in perfecting the utterance of his meditations on the death of his friend Hallam through 'In Memoriam.' Gray's dearest friend, Richard West, died in 1742; and it was apparently under the stress of that sorrow that he began the 'Elegy,' which was completed only in 1749. Two years later it was published. It won the popular heart immediately, and passed through four editions in the first twelvemonth.

Of Gray's other poems, those which have left the deepest impression are his 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' 'The Progress of Poesy,' and 'The Bard.' The last two are somewhat Pindaric in style, but also suggest the influence of the Italian canzone. In the Eton College ode, his first published piece, occurs the phrase since grown proverbial, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." It is a curious fact that while most readers know Gray only as the author of the 'Elegy,' every one is familiar with certain lines coined by him, but unaware of their source. For instance, in 'The Progress of Poesy,' he speaks of

"The unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame."

It is in the same place that he describes Milton as "blasted with excess of light," and in alluding to Dryden, evolves the image of

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

His, too, in 'The Bard,' is the now well-known line—

"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm."

Many of his finest expressions are in part derived from classic or other poets; but he showed undeniable genius in his adaptation, transformation, or new creation from these suggestive passages.

Gray was small and delicate in person, handsome and refined, fond of fashionable dress, and preferred to be known as a "gentleman" rather than a poet. He was very reticent, somewhat melancholy, and an invalid; a man also of vast erudition, being learned not only in literature but in botany, zoölogy, antiquities, architecture, art, history, and philosophy as well. He enjoyed the distinction of refusing the post of poet laureate, after the death of Cibber. On the other hand, he coveted the place of professor of modern literature and languages at Cambridge University, to which he was appointed in 1769; but he never performed any of the duties of his professorship beyond that of drawing the salary.

He brought forth nothing in the special kinds of knowledge which he had acquired in such large measure; and the actual ideas conveyed in his poetry were not original, but savored rather of the commonplace. Lowell says of the 'Elegy' that it won its popularity "not through any originality of thought, but far more through originality of sound." There must, however, be some deeper reason than this for the grasp which it has upon the minds and hearts of all classes. Two elements of power and popularity it certainly possessed in the highest degree. One is the singular simplicity of its language (a result of consummate art), which makes it understandable by everybody. The other is the depth and the sincerity of the emotion with which it imbues thoughts, sentiments, and reflections that are common to the whole of mankind. The very unproductiveness of Gray's mind in other directions probably helped this one product. The quintessence of all his learning, his perceptive faculty, and his meditations was infused into the life-blood of this immortal poem.

George Parsons Lathrop

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of Power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:

[The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

[The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to Innocence their safety owe,
Than Power and Genius e'er conspired to bless.]

[Hark, how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,

In still, small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.]

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:—
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove:
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:

Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

["There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."]

THE EPITAPH

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)—
The Bosom of his Father and his God.

[The stanzas included in brackets were omitted by Gray in the first edition of the 'Elegy,' and as sanctioned by him or by later editors are (except as to the third one) of infrequent appearance in the poem.]

ODE ON THE SPRING

L O! WHERE the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Fair Venus's train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardor of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
 The panting herds repose:
 Yet hark! how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect-youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honeyed spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon;
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gayly gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man;
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began:
 Alike the Busy and the Gay
 But flutter through life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colors drest;
 Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply:
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?
 A solitary fly!
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display:
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

YE DISTANT spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames,—for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margin green,
 The paths of pleasure trace,—
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labors ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare desery;
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when posset;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast:
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigor born;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond to-day:
 Yet see, how all around them wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murtherous band!
 Ah! tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart;
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness's altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,—

The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their Paradise.
 No more: where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

THE BARD

A PINDARIC ODE

"**R**UIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait!
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,—
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)

And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
 "Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main;
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
 The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries.
 No more I weep: they do not sleep;
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit; they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land;
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
 Give ample room, and verge enough,
 The characters of hell to trace;
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing King!
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
 Low on his funeral couch he lies!
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes:
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl!
 The rich repast prepare!
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn:
 In yon bright track that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold,
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty appear.
 In the midst a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line;
 Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air;
 What strains of vocal transport round her play!
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear!
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings.

"The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskined measures move
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, thinkest thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me; with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign;
 Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
 To triumph and to die are mine."
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY TALCOTT WILLIAMS



THE greater monuments of Greece all men know, the incomparable peaks of the chain; and the chain lasted seventeen hundred years, nor ever sank to the dead level about. The steadfast sight of these great Greek originals warps and dwarfs our conception of Greek life. We behold the Parthenon; we forget that each village shrine had its sense of proportion and subtle curve. The Venus of Melos we remember, and the Victory is poised forever on its cliff; but Tanagra figurines tell as much, and reveal more, of Greek life. Nor is it otherwise in letters. The great names all know. For a brief span they stood close together, and the father who heard Æschylus might have told his experience to his long-lived son who read Aristotle, while between the two stood all the greatest genius that makes Greece Greek,—save only Homer. So brief was the noonday,—and it is at high noon, and high noon only, that men have agreed to take the sun; but this uplift was gained in the ascent of nigh two hundred years from the first written Greek literature that still lives. The descent, to the last of the Greek verse which still remained poetry, ran through thirteen centuries. Over all this prodigious span of fifteen hundred years stretches the Greek Anthology, a collection of 4,063 short Greek poems, two to eight lines long for the most part, collected and re-collected through more than a thousand years. The first of these poets, Mimnermus, was the contemporary of Jeremiah, and dwelt in cities that shuddered over tidings of Babylonian invasion. The last, Cometas, was the contemporary of Edward the Confessor, and dreaded Seljuk and Turk.

As the epic impulse faded, and before Greek genius for tragedy rose, the same race and dialect which had given epic narrative the proud, full verse that filled like a sail to zephyr and to storm alike, devised the elegiac couplet. With its opening even flow, its swifter rush in the second line, and its abrupt pause, it was a medium in which not narrative but man spoke, whether personal in passion, or impersonal in the dedication of a statue, or in epitaph. This verse had conventions as rigorous and restrained as the sonnet, and was briefer. It served as well for the epitaph of Thermopylæ as for the cradle-bier of a child, dead new-born; and lent itself as gracefully to the gift of a bunch of roses as it swelled with some sonorous blast

of patriotism. It could sharpen to a gibe, or sink to a wail at untoward fate. Through a period twice as long as the life of English letters, these short poems set forth the vision of life, the ways and works of men, the love and death of mortals. These lines of weight, of moment, always of grace and often of inspiration, stood on milestones; they graced the base of statues; they were inscribed on tombs; they stood over doorways; they were painted on vases. The rustic shrines held them, and on the front of the great temple they were borne. In this form, friend wrote to friend and lover to lover. Four or five of the best express the emotion of the passing Greek traveler at the statue of Memnon on the Nile. The quality of verse that fills the inn album to-day we all know; but Greek life was so compact of form and thought that even this unknown traveler's verse, scrawled with a stylus, still thrills, still rings, as the statue still sounds its ancient note.

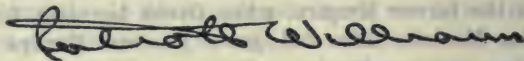
In this long succession of short poems is delineated the Greek character, not of Athens but of the whole circle of the Mediterranean. The sphered life of the race is in its subjects. Each great Greek victory has its epigrams. In them, statues have an immortal life denied to marble and to bronze. The critical admiration of the Hellene for his great men of letters stands recorded here; his early love for the heroes of his brief-lived freedom, and his sedulous flattery of the Roman lords of his slavery. Here too is his domestic life, its joy and its sorrow. In this epigram, the maid dedicates her dolls to Artemis; and in that, the mother, mother and priestess both, lays down a life overflowing in good deeds and fruited with honorable offspring. The splendid side of Greek life is painted elsewhere. Here is its homely simplicity. The fisher again spreads his nets and the sailor his peaked lateen sail. The hunter sets his snares and tracks his game in the light snow. The caged partridge stretches its weary wings in its cage, and the cat has for it a modern appetite. Men gibe and jest. They see how hollow life is, and also how truth rings true. Love is here, sacred and revered, in forms pure and holy; and not less, that foul pool decked with beauty in which Greek manhood lost its masculine virtue.

Half a century before Christ, when Greek life overspread the eastern Mediterranean, and in every market-place Greek was the tongue of trade, of learning, and of gentle breeding, Greek letters grew conscious of its own riches. For six centuries and more, or as long as separates us from Chaucer, men had been writing these brief epigrams. The first had the brevity of Simonides, the next Alexandrian luxuriance. Many were carved by those who wrote much; more by those who composed but two or three. In Syrian Gadara there dwelt a Greek, Meleager, whose poetry is the very flower of fervent Greek

verse. Yet so near did he live to the great change which was to overturn the gods he loved, and substitute morality for beauty as the mainspring of life, that some who knew him must also, a brief span of years later, have known Jesus the Christ. Meleager was the first who gathered Greek epigrams in an Anthology, prefacing it with such apt critical utterance as has been the despair of all critics called since to weigh verse in ruder scales and with a poise less perfect. He had the wide round of the best of Greek to pick from, and he chose with unerring taste. To his collection Philippus of Thessalonica, working when Paul was preaching in Jason's house, added the work of the Roman period, the fourth development of the epigram. Other collections between have perished, one in the third or Byzantine period, in which this verse had a renaissance under Justinian. In the tenth century a Byzantine scholar, Constantinos Cephalas, rearranged his predecessors' collections,—Meleager's included,—and brought together the largest number which has come down to us. The collection is known to-day as the 'Palatine Anthology,' from the library which long owned it. His work was in the last flare of life in the Lower Empire, when Greek heroism, for the last time, stemmed the Moslem tide and gave Eastern Europe breathing-space. When his successor Maximus Planudes, of the century of Petrarch,—monk, diplomat, theologian, and phrase-maker,—addressed himself to the last collection made, the shadow of new Italy lay over Greek life, and the Galilean had recast the minds of men. He excluded much that Greeks, from Meleager to Cephalas, had freely admitted, and which modern lovers of the Anthology would be willing to see left out of all copies but their own. The collection of Planudes long remained alone known (first edition Florence, 1594). That of Cephalas survived in a single manuscript of varied fortune, seen in 1606 by Salmasius at eighteen,—happy boy, and happy manuscript!—lost to learning for a century and a half in the Vatican, published by Brunck, 1776, and finally edited by Frederic Jacobs, 1794–1803, five volumes of text and three of comment, usually bound in eight. The text has been republished by Tauchnitz, and the whole work has its most convenient and familiar form for scholars in the edition of both the collections of Planudes and Cephalas, with epigrams from all other sources prepared by Frederic Dübner for Didot's 'Bibliotheca Scriptorum Græcorum,' 1864–1872, three volumes.

The Loeb edition has a translation by W. R. Paton on pages parallel with the text. About one-third of the poems have a prose translation by George Burges in the 'Greek Anthology,' 1832, of Bohn's series, with versions in verse by many hands. The first English translation of selections appeared anonymously, 1791. Others have succeeded: Robert Bland and John Herman

Merivale, 1806; Robert Bland, 1813; Richard Garnett, 1864; Sir Edwin Arnold, 1869; John Addington Symonds, 1873; J. W. Mackail, 1890; Lilla Cabot Perry, 1891. A collection of selected translations edited by Graham R. Tomson was published in 1889. Of these partial versions, the only one which approaches the incommunicable charm of the original is Mr. Mackail's, an incomparable translation. His versions are freely used in the selections which follow. All the metrical versions, except those by Mrs. Perry, are from Miss Tomson's collection. But no translation equals the sanity, the brevity, the clarity of the Greek original, qualities which have made these epigrams consummate models of style to the modern world. In all the round of literature, the only exact analogue of the Greek epigram is the Japanese "ode," with its thirty syllables, its single idea, and its constant use of all classes as an universal medium of familiar poetic expression. Of like nature, used alike for epigraph, epitaph, and familiar personal expression, is the rhymed Arabic Makotta, brief poems written in one form for eighteen hundred years, and still written.



ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD AT PLATÆA

SIMONIDES (556-467 B. C.)

IF to die nobly is the chief part of excellence, to us out of all men Fortune gave this lot; for hastening to set a crown of freedom on Greece, we lie possessed of praise that grows not old.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

ON THE LACEDÆMONIAN DEAD AT PLATÆA

SIMONIDES

THESE men, having set a crown of imperishable glory on their own land, were folded in the dark clouds of death; yet being dead they have not died, since from on high their excellence raises them gloriously out of the house of Hades.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

ON A SLEEPING SATYR

PLATO (429-347 B. C.)

THIS satyr Diodorus engraved not, but laid to rest; your touch
will wake him; the silver is asleep.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

A POET'S EPITAPH

SIMMIAS OF THEBES (405 B. C.)

QUIETLY, o'er the tomb of Sophocles,
Quietly, ivy, creep with tendrils green;
And roses, ope your petals everywhere,
While dewy shoots of grape-vine peep between,
Upon the wise and honeyed poet's grave,
Whom Muse and Grace their richest treasures gave.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

WORSHIP IN SPRING

THEÆTETUS (Fourth Century B. C.)

NOW at her fruitful birth-tide the fair green field flowers out
in blowing roses; now on the boughs of the colonnaded
cypresses the cicada, mad with music, lulls the binder of
sheaves; and the careful mother swallow, having finished houses
under the eaves, gives harborage to her brood in the mud-
plastered cells; and the sea slumbers, with zephyr-wooing calm
spread clear over the broad ship-tracks, not breaking in squalls
on the sternposts, not vomiting foam upon the beaches. O sailor,
burn by the altars the glittering round of a mullet, or a cuttle-
fish, or a vocal scarus, to Priapus, ruler of ocean and giver of
anchorage; and so go fearlessly on thy seafaring to the bounds
of the Ionian Sea.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

SPRING ON THE COAST

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM (Third Century B. C.)

Now is the season of sailing; for already the chattering swallow
 is come, and the gracious west wind; the meadows flower,
 and the sea, tossed up with waves and rough blasts, has
 sunk to silence. Weigh thine anchors and unloose thine hawsers,
 O mariner, and sail with all thy canvas set: this I, Priapus of
 the harbor, bid thee, O man, that thou mayest set forth to all
 thy trafficking.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

A YOUNG HERO'S EPITAPH.

DIOSCORIDES (Third Century B. C.)

HOME to Petana comes Thrasybulus lifeless on his shield, seven
 Argive wounds before. His bleeding boy the father Tyn-
 nichos lays on the pyre, to say:—"Let your wounds weep.
 Tearless I bury you, my boy—mine and my country's."

Translation of Talcott Williams.

LOVE

POSIDIPPUS (Third Century B. C.)

JAR of Athens, drip the dewy juice of wine, drip, let the feast
 to which all bring their share be wetted as with dew; be
 silenced the swan-sage Zeno, and the Muse of Cleanthes, and
 let bitter-sweet Love be our concern.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

SORROW'S BARREN GRAVE

HERACLEITUS (Third Century B. C.)

KEEP off, keep off thy hand, O husbandman,
 Nor through this grave's calm dust thy plowshare
 drive;

These very sods have once been mourned upon,
 And on such ground no crop will ever thrive,
 Nor corn spring up with green and feathery ears,
 From earth that has been watered by such tears.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

TO A COY MAIDEN

ASCLEPIADES (286 B. C.)

BELIEVE me love, it is not good
 To hoard a mortal maidenhood;
 In Hades thou wilt never find,
 Maiden, a lover to thy mind;
 Love's for the living! presently
 Ashes and dust in death are we!

Translation of Andrew Lang.

THE EMPTIED QUIVER

MNESALCUS (Second Century B. C.)

THIS bending bow and emptied quiver, Promachus hangs as a
 gift to thee, Phoëbus. The swift shafts men's hearts hold,
 whom they called to death in the battle's rout.

Translation of Talcott Williams.

THE TALE OF TROY

ALPHEUS (First Century B. C.)

STILL we hear the wail of Andromache, still we see all Troy
 toppling from her foundations, and the battling Ajax, and
 Hector, bound to the horses, dragged under the city's crown
 of towers,—through the Muse of Mæonides, the poet with whom
 no one country adorns herself as her own, but the zones of both
 worlds.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

HEAVEN HATH ITS STARS

MARCUS ARGENTARIUS (First Century B. C.)

FEASTING, I watch with westward-looking eye
 The flashing constellations' pageantry,
 Solemn and splendid; then anon I wreathe
 My hair, and warbling to my harp I breathe
 My full heart forth, and know the heavens look down
 Pleased, for they also have their Lyre and Crown.

Translation of Richard Garnett.

PAN OF THE SEA-CLIFF

ARCHIAS (First Century B. C.)

ME, PAN, the fishermen placed upon this holy cliff,—Pan of the sea-shore, the watcher here over the fair anchorages of the harbor: and I take care now of the baskets and again of the trawlers off this shore. But sail thou by, O stranger, and in requital of this good service of theirs I will send behind thee a gentle south wind.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

ANACREON'S GRAVE

ANTIPATER OF SIDON (First Century B. C.)

O STRANGER who passeth by the humble tomb of Anacreon, if thou hast had aught of good from my books, pour libation on my ashes, pour libation of the jocund grape, that my bones may rejoice, wetted with wine; so I, who was ever deep in the wine-steeped revels of Dionysus, I who was bred among drinking-tunes, shall not even when dead endure without Bacchus this place to which the generation of mortals must come.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

REST AT NOON

MELEAGER (First Century B. C.)

VOICEFUL cricket, drunken with drops of dew, thou playest thy rustic music that murmurs in the solitude, and perched on the leaf edges shrillest thy lyre-tune with serrated legs and swart skin. But, my dear, utter a new song for the tree-nymphs' delight, and make thy harp-notes echo to Pan's, that escaping Love I may seek out sleep at noon, here, lying under the shady plane.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY"

MELEAGER

Now the white iris blossoms, and the rain-loving narcissus,
 And now again the lily, the mountain-roaming, blows.
 Now too, the flower of lovers, the crown of all the springtime,
 Zenophila the winsome, doth blossom with the rose.
 O meadows, wherefore vainly in your radiant garlands laugh ye?
 Since fairer is the maiden than any flower that grows!

Translation of Alma Strettell.

MELEAGER'S OWN EPITAPH

MELEAGER

Read softly, O stranger; for here an old man sleeps among
 the holy dead, lulled in the slumber due to all; Meleager
 son of Eucrates, who united Love of the sweet tears and
 the Muses with the joyous Graces; whom god-begotten Tyre
 brought to manhood, and the sacred land of Gadara, but lovely
 Cos nursed in old age among the Meropes. But if thou art a
 Syrian, say "Salam," and if a Phœnician, "Naidios," and if a
 Greek, "Hail": they are the same.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

EPILOGUE

PHILODEMUS (60 B. C.)

I was in love once; who has not been? I have reveled; who is
 uninitiated in revels? Nay, I was mad; at whose prompting
 but a god's? Let them go; for now the silver hair is fast
 replacing the black, a messenger of wisdom that comes with age.
 We too played when the time of playing was; and now that it is
 no longer, we will turn to worthier thoughts.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

DOCTOR AND DIVINITY

NICARCHUS

Marcus the doctor called yesterday on the marble Zeus; though
 marble, and though Zeus, his funeral is to-day.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

STRATO (First Century A. D.)

WHO may know if a loved one passes the prime, while ever with him and never left alone? Who may not satisfy to-day who satisfied yesterday? and if he satisfy, what should befall him not to satisfy to-morrow?

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

AS THE FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

STRATO

IF THOU boast in thy beauty, know that the rose too blooms, but quickly being withered, is cast on the dunghill; for blossom and beauty have the same time allotted to them, and both together envious time withers away.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

SUMMER SAILING

ANTIPHILUS (First Century A. D.)

MINE be a mattress on the poop, and the awnings over it, sounding with the blows of the spray, and the fire forcing its way out of the hearthstones, and a pot upon them with empty turmoil of bubbles; and let me see the boy dressing the meat, and my table be a ship's plank covered with a cloth; and a game of pitch-and-toss, and the boatswain's whistle: the other day I had such fortune, for I love common life.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE GREAT MYSTERIES

CRINAGORAS (First Century A. D.)

THOUGH thy life be fixed in one seat, and thou sailest not the sea nor treadest the roads on dry land, yet by all means go to Attica, that thou mayest see those great nights of the worship of Demeter; whereby thou shalt possess thy soul without care among the living, and lighter when thou must go to the place that awaiteth all.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

TO PRIAPUS OF THE SHORE

MÆCIUS (Roman period)

PRIAPUS of the sea-shore, the trawlers lay before thee these gifts by the grace of thine aid from the promontory, having imprisoned a tunny shoal in their nets of spun hemp in the green sea entrances: a beechen cup, and a rude stool of heath, and a glass cup holding wine, that thou mayest rest thy foot, weary and cramped with dancing, while thou chasest away the dry thirst.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE COMMON LOT

AMMIANUS (Second Century A. D.)

THOUGH thou pass beyond thy landmarks even to the pillars of Heracles, the share of earth that is equal to all men awaits thee, and thou shalt lie even as Irus, having nothing more than thine obelus moldering into a land that at last is not thine.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

"TO-MORROW, AND TO-MORROW"

MACEDONIUS (Third Century A. D.)

"TO-MORROW I will look on thee,"—but that never comes for us, while the accustomed putting-off ever grows and grows. This is all thy grace to my longing; and to others thou bearest other gifts, despising my faithful service. "I will see thee at evening." And what is the evening of a woman's life?—old age, full of a million wrinkles.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE PALACE GARDEN

ARABIUS (527-567 A. D.)

I AM filled with waters, and gardens, and groves, and vineyards, and the joyousness of the bordering sea; and fisherman and farmer from different sides stretch forth to me the pleasant gifts of sea and land: and them who abide in me, either a bird singing or the sweet cry of the ferrymen lulls to rest.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE YOUNG WIFE

JULIANUS ÆGYPTIUS (532 A. D.)

IN SEASON the bride-chamber held thee, out of season the grave took thee, O Anastasia, flower of the blithe Graces; for thee a father, for thee a husband pours bitter tears; for thee haply even the ferryman of the dead weeps; for not a whole year didst thou accomplish beside thine husband, but at sixteen years old, alas! the tomb holds thee.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

A NAMELESS GRAVE

PAULUS SILENTIARIUS

MY NAME, my country, what are they to thee?
 What, whether proud or bare my pedigree?
 Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
 Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
 Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
 Thou knowest its use. It hides—no matter whom.

Translation of William Cowper.

RESIGNATION

JOANNES BARBUCALLUS (Sixth Century A. D.)

GAZING upon my husband as my last thread was spun, I praised the gods of death, and I praised the gods of marriage,—those, that I left my husband alive, and these, that he was even such an one; but may he remain, a father for our children.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE HOUSE OF THE RIGHTEOUS

MACEDONIUS (Sixth Century A. D.)

RIGHTEOUSNESS has raised this house from the first foundation even to the lofty roof; for Macedonius fashioned not his wealth by heaping up from the possessions of others with plundering sword, nor has any poor man here wept over his vain

and profitless toil, being robbed of his most just hire; and as rest from labor is kept inviolate by the just man, so let the works of pious mortals endure.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

LOVE'S FERRIAGE

AGATHIAS (527-565 A. D.)

SINCE she was watched and could not kiss me closely,
 Divine Rhodanthe cast her maiden zone
 From off her waist, and holding it thus loosely
 By the one end, she put a kiss thereon;
 Then I—Love's stream as through a channel taking—
 My lips upon the other end did press
 And drew the kisses in, while ceaseless making,
 Thus from afar, reply to her caress.
 So the sweet girdle did beguile our pain,
 Being a ferry for our kisses twain.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

[The following are undetermined in date.]

ON A FOWLER

ISIDORUS

WITH reeds and bird-lime from the desert air
 Eumelus gather'd free though scanty fare.
 No lordly patron's hand he deign'd to kiss,
 Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
 Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
 His reeds bequeathed, his bird-lime, and his snares.

Translation of William Cowper.

YOUTH AND RICHES

ANONYMOUS

I WAS young, but poor; now in old age I am rich: alas, alone of all men pitiable in both, who then could enjoy when I had nothing, and now have when I cannot enjoy.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE SINGING REED

ANONYMOUS

I THE reed was a useless plant; for out of me grow not figs,
nor apple, nor grape cluster: but man consecrated me a
daughter of Helicon, piercing my delicate lips and making
me the channel of a narrow stream; and thenceforth whenever I
sip black drink, like one inspired I speak all words with this
voiceless mouth.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

FIRST LOVE AGAIN REMEMBERED

ANONYMOUS

WHILE yet the grapes were green thou didst refuse me;
When they were ripe, didst proudly pass me by:
But do not grudge me still a single cluster,
Now that the grapes are withering and dry.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

SLAVE AND PHILOSOPHER

ANONYMOUS

I EPICTETUS was a slave while here,
Deformed in body, and like Irus poor,
Yet to the gods immortal I was dear.

Translation of Lilla Cabot Perry, by permission of the American Publishers'
Corporation.

GOOD-BY TO CHILDHOOD

ANONYMOUS

HER tambourines and pretty ball, and the net that confined her
hair, and her dolls and dolls' dresses, Timareta dedicates
before her marriage to Artemis of Limnæ,—a maiden to a
maiden, as is fit; do thou, daughter of Leto, laying thine hand
over the girl Timareta, preserve her purely in her purity.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

WISHING

ANONYMOUS

IT'S oh! to be a wild wind, when my lady's in the sun:
 She'd just unbind her neckerchief, and take me breathing in.
 It's oh! to be a red rose, just a faintly blushing one,
 So she'd pull me with her hand, and to her snowy breast I'd win.

Translation of William M. Hardinge.

HOPE AND EXPERIENCE

ANONYMOUS

WHOSO has married once and seeks a second wedding, is
 a shipwrecked man who sails twice through a difficult
 gulf.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE SERVICE OF GOD

ANONYMOUS

ME, CHELIDON, priestess of Zeus, who knew well in old age
 how to make offering on the altars of the immortals,
 happy in my children, free from grief, the tomb holds;
 for with no shadow in their eyes the gods saw my piety.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE PURE IN HEART

ANONYMOUS

HE WHO enters the incense-filled temple must be holy; and
 holiness is to have a pure mind.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

THE WATER OF PURITY

ANONYMOUS

HALLOWED in soul, O stranger, come even into the precinct of a pure god, touching thyself with the virgin water: for the good a few drops are set; but a wicked man the whole ocean cannot wash in its waters.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.

ROSE AND THORN

ANONYMOUS

THE rose is at her prime a little while; which once past, thou wilt find when thou seekest, no rose, but a thorn.

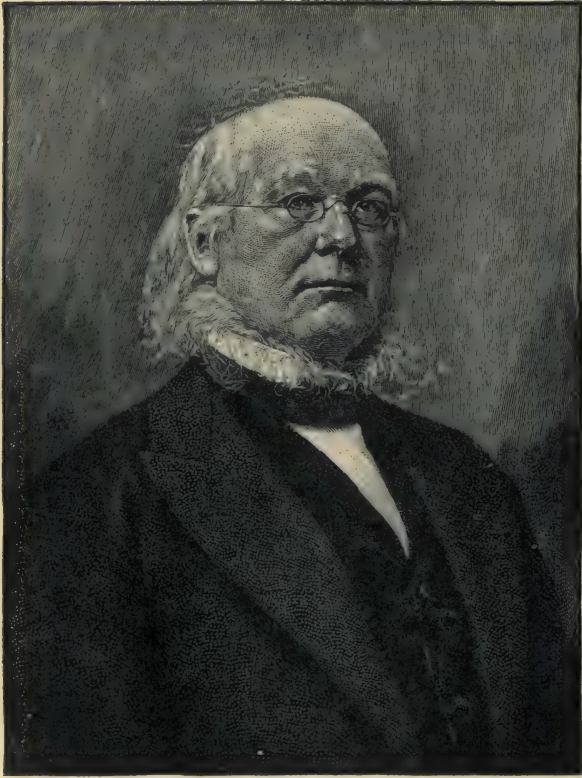
Translation of J. W. Mackail.

A LIFE'S WANDERING

ANONYMOUS

KNOW ye the flowery fields of the Cappadocian nation? Thence I was born of good parents: since I left them I have wandered to the sunset and the dawn; my name was Glaphyrus, and like my mind. I lived out my sixtieth year in perfect freedom; I know both the favor of fortune and the bitterness of life.

Translation of J. W. Mackail.



HORACE GREELEY

HORACE GREELEY

(1811-1872)

BY CLARENCE CLOUGH BUEL

TWENTY-FIVE years after his death, Horace Greeley's name remains at the head of the roll of American journalists. Successors in the primacy of current discussion may surpass him, as doubtless some of them already have, in consistency and learning, but hardly in the chief essentials of a journalistic style; others may exert a more salutary influence, if not so personally diffused: but in the respect of high ideals, courage, intellectual force, and personal magnetism, the qualities which impel a man of letters to be also a man of action, Horace Greeley was of heroic mold. He was no popgun journalist firing from a sky-sanctum, but a face-to-face champion in the arena of public affairs, laying about him with pen and speech like an ancient Bayard with his sword. The battles he fought for humanity, and the blows he gave and received, have made him for all time the epic figure of the American press.

Born in rural New Hampshire, of English and Scotch-Irish descent, he epitomized his heritage and his attainment in the dedication of his autobiography "To our American boys, who, born in poverty, cradled in obscurity, and early called from school to rugged labor, are seeking to convert obstacle into opportunity, and wrest achievement from difficulty."

Though physically a weak child, his intellect was strong, and when near his tenth year his father removed to Vermont, the boy took with him the reputation of a mental prodigy; so, with little schooling and much reading, he was thought when fourteen to be a fit apprentice to a printer, setting forth four years later as a journeyman. His parents had moved to western Pennsylvania, and he followed; but after a desultory practice of his art he came to the metropolis on August 17th, 1831, with ten dollars in his pocket, and so rustic in dress and manners as to fall under suspicion of being a runaway apprentice. Later in life, at least, his face and his figure would have lent distinction to the utmost elegance of style: but his dress was so careless even after the long period of comparative poverty was passed, that the peculiarity became one of his distinguishing features as a public character; and to the last there were friends of little discernment who thought this eccentricity was studied affectation: but

manifestly his dress, like his unkempt handwriting, was the unconscious expression of a spirit so concentrated on the intellectual interests of its life as to be oblivious to mere appearances.

After eighteen months of dubious success as a journeyman in the city, in his twenty-first year he joined a friend in setting up a modest printing-office, which on March 22d, 1834, issued the *New-Yorker*, a literary weekly in the general style of Willis's *Mirror*, under the firm name of H. Greeley & Co. For four years the young printer showed his editorial aptitude to such good effect that in 1838 he was asked to conduct the *Jeffersonian*, a Whig campaign paper. This was so effective that in 1840 he was encouraged to edit and publish the *Log-Cabin*, a weekly which gained a circulation of 80,000, brought him reputation as a political writer, and active participation in politics with the Whig leaders, Governor Seward and Thurlow Weed. It contributed much to the election of General Harrison, but very little to the purse of the ambitious editor. On April 10th of the following year, 1841, he issued the first number of the *New York Tribune*, as a Whig daily of independent spirit. He was still editing the *New-Yorker* and the *Log-Cabin*, both of which were soon discontinued, the *Weekly Tribune* in a way taking their place. Though the *New-Yorker* had brought him literary reputation, it had not been profitable, because of uncollectible bills which at the end amounted to \$10,000. Still, at the outset of the *Tribune* he was able to count \$2,000 to his credit in cash and material. He was then thirty years of age, and for thirty years thereafter the paper grew steadily in circulation, influence, and profit, until, a few weeks after his death, a sale of the majority interest indicated that the "good-will" of the *Tribune*, aside from its material and real estate, was held to be worth about a million dollars. The Greeley interest was then small, since he had parted with most of it to sustain his generous methods of giving and lending.

He had great capacity for literary work, and when absent for travel or business was a copious contributor to his paper. To his rather delicate physical habit was perhaps due his distaste for all stimulants, alcoholic or otherwise, and his adherence through life to the vegetarian doctrines of Dr. Graham; another follower of the latter being his wife, Mary Young Cheney, also a writer, whom he married in 1836. His moderate advocacy of temperance in food and drink, coupled with his then unorthodox denial of eternal punishment, helped to identify him in the public mind with most of the "isms" of the time, including Fourierism and spiritualism; when in fact his mind and his paper were merely open to free inquiry, and were active in exposing vagaries of opinion wherever manifested. Protection to American industry, and abolitionism, were the only

varieties which he accepted without qualification; and while the pro-slavery party detested him as a dangerous agitator, it is possible at this day even from their point of view to admire the moderation, the candor, and the gentle humanity of his treatment of the slavery question. In all issues concerning the practical affairs of life, like marriage and divorce, he was guided by rare common-sense, and usually his arguments were scholarly and moderate; but in matters of personal controversy he was distinctly human, uniting with a taste for the intellectual fray a command of facts, and a force and pungency of presentation, which never seem admirable in an opponent.

He was in great demand as a lecturer and as a speaker at agricultural fairs, his addresses always being distinguished by a desire to be helpful to working humanity and by elevated motives. Though not a jester, genial humor and intellectual exchange were characteristic of his social intercourse. His books, with one or two exceptions, were collections of his addresses and newspaper articles. His first book, 'Hints Toward Reforms,' appeared in 1850, and was followed by 'Glances at Europe' (1851); 'A History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction' (1856); 'The Overland Journey to California' (1859); 'An Address on Success in Business' (1867); 'Recollections of a Busy Life,' formed on a series of articles in the New York Ledger (1869); 'Essays Designed to Elucidate the Science of Political Economy' (1870); 'Letters from Texas and the Lower Mississippi, and an Address to the Farmers of Texas' (1871); 'What I Know of Farming' (1871); and 'The American Conflict,' written as a book, the first volume appearing in 1864 and the second in 1867. This work on the Civil War is remarkable, when considered in the light of his purpose to show "the inevitable sequence whereby ideas proved the germ of events"; but it was hastily prepared, and while strikingly accurate in the large sense, will not bear scrutiny in some of the minor details of war history.

Neither his political friends, nor his party, nor the causes he espoused, could hold him to a course of partisan loyalty contrary to his own convictions of right and duty. As a member of the Seward-Weed-Greeley "triumvirate," he was often a thorn in the flesh of the senior members; his letter of November 11th, 1854, dissolving "the political firm," being one of the frankest documents in the history of American politics. During the Civil War he occasionally embarrassed Mr. Lincoln's administration by what seemed then to be untimely cries of "On to Richmond!" immediate emancipation, and peace. On the whole, his influence for the Union cause was powerful; but when, the war being over, he advocated general amnesty, and finally as an object lesson went on the bail bond of Jefferson Davis, he lost the support of a large body of his most ardent antislavery admirers.

The clamor against him called forth a characteristic defiance in his letter to members of the Union League Club, who were seeking to discipline him. Having further alienated the Republican party by his general attitude in "reconstruction" matters, he became the logical candidate for the Presidency, in 1872, of the Democrats at Baltimore and the Liberal Republicans at Cincinnati, in opposition to a second term for General Grant. Though personally he made a brilliant canvass, the influences at work in his favor were inharmonious and disintegrating, and the result was a most humiliating defeat. This he appeared to bear with mental buoyancy, despite the affliction of his wife's death, which occurred a week before the election, he having left the stump in September to watch unremittingly at her bedside. On November 6th, the day after his defeat, he resumed the editorship of the Tribune, which six months before he had relinquished to Whitelaw Reid. Thereafter he contributed to only four issues of the paper, for the strain of his domestic and political misfortunes had aggravated his tendency to insomnia: on the 12th he was seriously ill, and on the 29th he succumbed to inflammation of the brain. The last few months of his eventful career supplied most of the elements essential to a Greek tragedy. On December 23d, the Tribune having been reorganized with Mr. Reid in permanent control, there first appeared at the head of the editorial page the line "Founded by Horace Greeley," as a memorial to the great journalist and reformer. A bronze statue was erected in the portal of the new Tribune office, and another statue in the angle made by Broadway and Sixth Avenue, appropriately named "Greeley Square," after the man who was second to no other citizen in establishing the intellectual ascendancy of the metropolis.

Clarence Clough Bond

THE UNITED STATES JUST AFTER THE REVOLUTION

From 'The American Conflict.' Reprinted by permission of O. D. Case & Co., publishers, Hartford, Connecticut

THE difficulties which surrounded the infancy and impeded the growth of the thirteen original or Atlantic States were less formidable, but kindred, and not less real. Our fathers emerged from their arduous, protracted, desolating Revolutionary struggle, rich indeed in hope, but poor in worldly goods. Their

country had for seven years been traversed and wasted by contending armies, almost from end to end. Cities and villages had been laid in ashes. Habitations had been deserted and left to decay. Farms, stripped of their fences and deserted by their owners, had for years produced only weeds. Camp fevers, with the hardships and privations of war, had destroyed many more than the sword; and all alike had been subtracted from the most effective and valuable part of a population always, as yet, quite inadequate. Cripples and invalids, melancholy mementoes of the yet recent struggle, abounded in every village and township. Habits of industry had been unsettled and destroyed by the anxieties and uncertainties of war. The gold and silver of ante-Revolutionary days had crossed the ocean in exchange for arms and munitions. The Continental paper, which for a time more than supplied (in volume) its place, had become utterly worthless. In the absence of a tariff, which the Confederate Congress lacked power to impose, our ports, immediately after peace, were glutted with foreign luxuries,—gewgaws which our people were eager enough to buy, but for which they soon found themselves utterly unable to pay. They were almost exclusively an agricultural people, and their products, save only tobacco and indigo, were not wanted by the Old World, and found but a very restricted and inconsiderable market even in the West Indies, whose trade was closely monopolized by the nations to which they respectively belonged. Indian corn and potatoes, the two principal edibles for which the poor of the Old World are largely indebted to America, were consumed to a very limited extent, and not at all imported, by the people of the Eastern Hemisphere. The wheat-producing capacity of our soil, at first unsurpassed, was soon exhausted by the unskillful and thriftless cultivation of the eighteenth century. Though one third of the labor of the country was probably devoted to the cutting of timber, the axe-helve was but a pudding-stick, while the plow was a rude structure of wood, clumsily pointed and shielded with iron. A thousand bushels of corn (maize) are now grown on our Western prairies at a cost of fewer days' labor than were required for the production of a hundred in New York or New England eighty years ago. And though the settlements of that day were nearly all within a hundred miles of tide-water, the cost of transporting bulky staples, for even that distance, over the execrable roads that then existed, was about equal to the present

charge for transportation from Illinois to New York. Industry was paralyzed by the absence or uncertainty of markets. Idleness tempted to dissipation, of which the tumult and excitement of civil war had long been the school. Unquestionably, the moral condition of our people had sadly deteriorated through the course of the Revolution. Intemperance had extended its ravages; profanity and licentiousness had overspread the land; a coarse and scoffing infidelity had become fashionable, even in high quarters; and the letters of Washington and his compatriots bear testimony to the wide-spread prevalence of venality and corruption, even while the great issue of independence or subjugation was still undecided.

The return of peace, though it arrested the calamities, the miseries, and the desolations of war, was far from ushering in that halcyon state of universal prosperity and happiness which had been fondly and sanguinely anticipated. Thousands were suddenly deprived by it of their accustomed employment and means of subsistence, and were unable at once to replace them. Those accepted though precarious avenues to fame and fortune in which they had found at least competence were instantly closed, and no new ones seemed to open before them. In the absence of aught that could with justice be termed a currency, trade and business were even more depressed than industry. Commerce and navigation, unfettered by legislative restriction, ought to have been, or ought soon to have become, most flourishing, if the dicta of the world's accepted political economists had been sound; but the facts were deplorably at variance with their inculcations. Trade, emancipated from the vexatious trammels of the custom-house marker and gauger, fell tangled and prostrate in the toils of the usurer and the sheriff. The common people, writhing under the intolerable pressure of debt for which no means of payment existed, were continually prompting their legislators to authorize and direct those baseless issues of irredeemable paper money, by which a temporary relief is achieved at the cost of more pervading and less curable disorders. In the year 1786 the Legislature of New Hampshire, then sitting at Exeter, was surrounded, evidently by preconcert, by a gathering of angry and desperate men, intent on overawing it into an authorization of such an issue. In 1786 the famous Shay's Insurrection occurred in western Massachusetts, wherein fifteen hundred men, stung to madness by the snow-shower of writs to

which they could not respond and executions which they had no means of satisfying, undertook to relieve themselves from intolerable infestation and save their families from being turned into the highways, by dispersing the courts and arresting the enforcement of legal process altogether. That the seaboard cities, depending entirely on foreign commerce, neither manufacturing themselves nor having any other than foreign fabrics to dispose of, should participate in the general suffering and earnestly scan the political and social horizon in quest of sources and conditions of comprehensive and enduring relief, was inevitable. And thus industrial paralysis, commercial embarrassment, and political disorder combined to overbear inveterate prejudice, sectional jealousy, and the ambition of local magnates, in creating that more perfect Union whereof the foundations were laid and pillars erected by Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, and their compeers in the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution.

Yet it would not be just to close this hasty and casual glance at our country under the old federation, without noting some features which tend to relieve the darkness of the picture. The abundance and excellence of the timber, which still covered at least two-thirds of the area of the then States, enabled the common people to supply themselves with habitations which, however rude and uncomely, were more substantial and comfortable than those possessed by the masses of any other country on earth. The luxuriant and omnipresent forests were likewise the sources of cheap and ample supplies of fuel, whereby the severity of our northern winters was mitigated, and the warm bright fireside of even the humblest family, in the long winter evenings of our latitude, rendered centres of cheer and enjoyment. Social intercourse was more general, less formal, more hearty, more valued, than at present. Friendships were warmer and deeper. Relationship, by blood or by marriage, was more profoundly regarded. Men were not ashamed to own that they loved their cousins better than their other neighbors, and their neighbors better than the rest of mankind. To spend a month in the dead of winter in a visit to the dear old homestead, and in interchanges of affectionate greetings with brothers and sisters married and settled at distances of twenty to fifty miles apart, was not deemed an absolute waste of time, nor even an experiment in fraternal civility and hospitality. And though cultivation was far less effective than now, it must not be inferred that food was scanty

or hunger predominant. The woods were alive with game, and nearly every boy and man between fifteen and sixty years of age was a hunter. The larger and smaller rivers, as yet unobstructed by the dams and wheels of the cotton-spinner and power-loom weaver, abounded in excellent fish, and at seasons fairly swarmed with them. The potato, usually planted in the vegetable mold left by recently exterminated forests, yielded its edible tubers with a bounteous profusion unknown to the husbandry of our day. Hills the most granitic and apparently sterile, from which the wood was burned one season, would the next year produce any grain in ample measure, and at a moderate cost of labor and care. Almost every farmer's house was a hive, wherein the "great wheel" and the "little wheel"—the former kept in motion by the hands and feet of all the daughters ten years old and upward, the latter plied by their not less industrious mother—hummed and whirled from morning till night. In the back room, or some convenient appendage, the loom responded day by day to the movements of the busy shuttle, whereby the fleeces of the farmer's flock and the flax of his field were slowly but steadily converted into substantial though homely cloth, sufficient for the annual wear of the family, and often with something over, to exchange at the neighboring merchant's for his groceries and wares. A few bushels of corn, a few sheep, a fattened steer, with perhaps a few saw-logs or loads of hoop-poles, made up the annual surplus of the husbandman's products, helping to square accounts with the blacksmith, the wheelwright, the minister, and the lawyer, if the farmer was so unfortunate as to have any dealings with the latter personage. His life during peace was passed in a narrower round than ours, and may well seem to us tame, limited, monotonous: but the sun which warmed him was identical with ours; the breezes which refreshed him were like those we gladly welcome; and while his roads to mill and to meeting were longer and rougher than those we daily traverse, he doubtless passed them unvexed by apprehensions of a snorting locomotive, at least as contented as we, and with small suspicion of his ill fortune in having been born in the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century.

The illusion that the times that were are better than those that are, has probably pervaded all ages. Yet a passionately earnest assertion which many of us have heard from the lips of the old men of thirty to fifty years ago, that the days of their youth

were sweeter and happier than those we have known, will doubtless justify us in believing that they were by no means intolerable. It is not too much to assume that the men by whose valor and virtue American independence was achieved, and who lived to enjoy for half a century thereafter the gratitude of their country and the honest pride of their children, saw wealth as fairly distributed, and the labor of freemen as adequately rewarded, as those of almost any other country or of any previous generation.

POLITICAL COMPROMISES AND POLITICAL 'LOG-ROLLING'

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POLITICAL compromises, though they have been rendered unsavory by abuse, are a necessary incident of mixed or balanced governments; that is, of all but simple, unchecked despotisms. Wherever liberty exists, there diversities of judgment will be developed; and unless one will dominates over all others, a practical mean between widely differing convictions must sometimes be sought. If for example a legislature is composed of two distinct bodies or houses, and they differ, as they occasionally will, with regard to the propriety or the amount of an appropriation required for a certain purpose, and neither is disposed to give way,—a partial concession on either hand is often the most feasible mode of practical adjustment. Where the object contemplated is novel, or non-essential to the general efficiency of the public service,—such as the construction of a new railroad, canal, or other public work,—the repugnance of either house should suffice entirely to defeat or at least to postpone it; for neither branch has a right to exact from the other conformity with its views on a disputed point, as the price of its own concurrence in measures essential to the existence of the government. The attempt therefore of the Senate of February–March, 1849, to dictate to the House, "You shall consent to such an organization of the Territories as we prescribe, or we will defeat the Civil Appropriation Bill, and thus derange if not arrest the most vital machinery of the government,"—was utterly unjustifiable. Yet this should not blind us to the fact that differences of opinion are at times developed on questions of decided moment, where the rights of each party are equal, and where an ultimate concurrence in one

common line of action is essential. Without some deference to adverse convictions, no confederation of the insurgent colonies was attainable—no Union of the States could have been effected. And where the executive is, by according him the veto, clothed with a limited power over the making of laws, it is inevitable that some deference to his views, his convictions, should be evinced by those who fashion and mature those laws. Under this aspect, compromise in government is sometimes indispensable and laudable.

But what is known in State legislation as *log-rolling* is quite another matter. A has a bill which he is intent on passing, but which has no intrinsic worth that commends it to his fellow members. But B, C, D, and the residue of the alphabet, have each his "little bill"; not perhaps specially obnoxious or objectionable, but such as could not be passed on its naked merits. All alike must fail, unless carried by that reciprocity of support suggested by their common need and peril. An understanding is effected between their several backers, so that A votes for the bills of B, C, D, etc., as the indispensable means of securing the passage of his own darling; and thus a whole litter of bills become laws, whereof no single one was demanded by the public interest, or could have passed without the aid of others as unworthy as itself. Such is substantially the process whereby our statute-books are loaded with acts which subserve no end but to fill the pockets of the few, at the expense of the rights or the interests of the many.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

(1837-1883)

HEAN STANLEY, on reading one of Green's first literary productions, said: "I see you are in danger of becoming picturesque. Beware of it. I have suffered from it." Though Green was then at an age when advice from such a source might well have had some influence, his natural bent was even then too strong to be affected by the warning. Born in Oxford in 1837, he entered Jesus College, where he showed the same remarkable power of reconstructing the life of the past that marked his historical writings in after years, and where his preference for historical chronicles over the classics, and his lack of verbal memory, puzzled his tutor and prevented his winning especial distinction in the studies of his college course. On graduating in 1859 he entered the Church, and in 1866 became vicar of Stepney in East London. Here, besides preaching and visiting, he was a leader in the movement for improving the condition of the East Side, and in the organization of an effective system of charitable relief. Nearly the whole of his meagre income being expended on his parish, he was obliged to make up the deficit by writing articles for the *Saturday Review*. These were mainly brief historical reviews and essays, but some were of a light character dealing with social topics. Hastily written, but incisive and original, many of them have permanent value, and they were emended and published in a separate volume under the title of 'Stray Studies in England and Italy,' after his 'Short History of the English People' had made him famous.

His health was fast breaking under the strain of his parish work; and this, combined with the growing spirit of skepticism, induced him to withdraw from active clerical work and accept an appointment as librarian at Lambeth, where he was able to give much of his time to historical study. He had at first planned a treatise on the Angevin kings, but was urged by his friends to undertake something of wider scope and more general interest. Accordingly he set to work



JOHN R. GREEN

on his 'Short History of the English People.' The task before him was difficult. He wished to make a book that would entertain the general reader and at the same time be suggestive and instructive to the scholar, and to compress it all within the limits of an "outline,"—a term usually associated with those bare, crabbed summaries which are sometimes inflicted by teachers upon the young and defenseless, but are avoided by general reader and scholar alike. How far he succeeded appears from the fact that with the exception of Macaulay's work, no treatise on English history has ever met with such prompt and complete success among all classes of readers. The vivid, picturesque style made it exceedingly popular, while the originality of method and of interpretation won for it the praise of men like Freeman and Stubbs. As to its accuracy, there is some difference of opinion. When the book first came out (1874), sharp reviewers caught the historian in many slips, usually of a kind not to affect his general conclusions, but serious enough to injure his reputation for accuracy. Most of these errors were corrected in later editions, and are not to be found in the longer 'History of the English People' (4 vols.), which contains the material of the earlier work in an expanded, but as some think, in a less interesting form.

His next work was in a field in which none could refuse him credit for original research. The 'Making of England,' dealing with the early part of the Anglo-Saxon period, and the 'Conquest of England,' which carried the narrative down to 1052, show extraordinary skill in handling the scanty historical materials of those times. He was at work on the 'Conquest' at the time of his death, which occurred in 1883. During the last years of his life his illness had frequently interrupted his work; and but for the aid of his wife in historical research as well as in the mechanical labor of amanuensis, he would not have accomplished what he did. As it is, his friends regard his actual achievements as slight compared to what his talents promised had he lived. Still, these achievements entitle him to a high place among modern historians. In accuracy he has many superiors; but in brilliancy of style, in human sympathy, and above all in the power to make the past present and real, he has few equals. "Fiction," he once said, "is history that didn't happen." His own books have the interest of novels without departing in essentials from the truth.

Besides writing the works above mentioned, he issued a selection of 'Readings from English History' (1879), and wrote with his wife a 'Short Geography of the British Isles' (1881).

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

From 'History of the English People'

ON THE fourteenth of October, William led his men at dawn along the higher ground that leads from Hastings to the battle-field which Harold had chosen. From the mound of Telham the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left, the most exposed part of the position, the hus-carles or body-guard of Harold, men in full armor and wielding huge axes, were grouped round the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the Standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics, who had flocked at Harold's summons to the fight with the stranger. It was against the centre of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks. A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle; in front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again, while he chanted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade, behind which the English warriors plied axe and javelin with fierce cries of "Out! out!" and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valor that spurred him over the slopes of Val-ès-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible faculty of resource, which shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder; and as panic spread through the army, a cry arose that the duke was slain. William tore off his helmet: "I live," he shouted, "and by God's help I will conquer yet!" Maddened by a fresh repulse, the duke spurred right at the Standard; unhorsed, his terrible mace struck down Gyrth, the King's brother; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amidst the roar and tumult of the battle, he turned the

flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay, till William by a feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won; at six the fight still raged around the Standard, where Harold's hus-carles stood stubbornly at bay, on a spot marked afterwards by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the duke at last brought his archers to the front. Their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses crowded around the King, and as the sun went down, a shaft pierced Harold's right eye. He fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate melée over his corpse.

THE RISING OF THE BARONAGE AGAINST KING JOHN

From 'History of the English People'

THE open resistance of the northern barons nerved the rest of their order to action. The great houses who had cast away their older feudal traditions for a more national policy were drawn by the crisis into close union with the families which had sprung from the ministers and councilors of the two Henrys. To the first group belonged such men as Saher de Quinci, the Earl of Winchester; Geoffrey of Mandeville, Earl of Essex; the Earl of Clare, Fulk Fitz-Warin; William Mallet; the house of Fitz-Alan and Gant. Among the second group were Henry Bohun and Roger Bigod, the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk; the younger William Marshal; and Robert de Vere. Robert Fitz-Walter, who took the command of their united force, represented both parties equally, for he was sprung from the Norman house of Brionne, while the Justiciar of Henry the Second, Richard de Lucy, had been his grandfather. Secretly, and on the pretext of pilgrimage, these nobles met at St. Edmundsbury, resolute to bear no longer with John's delays. If he refused to restore their liberties, they swore to make war on him till he confirmed them by charter under the King's seal; and they parted to raise forces

with the purpose of presenting their demands at Christmas. John, knowing nothing of the coming storm, pursued his policy of winning over the Church by granting it freedom of election, while he embittered still more the strife with his nobles by demanding scutage from the northern nobles who had refused to follow him to Poitou. But the barons were now ready to act; and early in January in the memorable year 1215 they appeared in arms to lay, as they had planned, their demands before the King.

John was taken by surprise. He had asked for a truce till Easter-tide, and spent the interval in fevered efforts to avoid the blow. Again he offered freedom to the Church, and took vows as a Crusader against whom war was a sacrilege, while he called for a general oath of allegiance and fealty from the whole body of his subjects. But month after month only showed the King the uselessness of further resistance. Though Pandulf was with him, his vassalage had as yet brought little fruit in the way of aid from Rome; the commissioners whom he sent to plead his cause at the shire courts brought back news that no man would help him against the charter that the barons claimed; and his efforts to detach the clergy from the league of his opponents utterly failed. The nation was against the King. He was far indeed from being utterly deserted. His ministers still clung to him.

But cling as such men might to John, they clung to him rather as mediators than adherents. Their sympathies went with the demands of the barons when the delay which had been granted was over, and the nobles again gathered in arms at Brackley in Northamptonshire to lay their claims before the King. Nothing marks more strongly the absolutely despotic idea of his sovereignty which John had formed, than the passionate surprise which breaks out in his reply. "Why do they not ask for my kingdom?" he cried. "I will never grant such liberties as will make me a slave!" The imperialist theories of the lawyers of his father's court had done their work. Held at bay by the practical sense of Henry, they had told on the more headstrong nature of his sons. Richard and John both held with Glanvill that the will of the prince was the law of the land; and to fetter that will by the customs and franchises which were embodied in the barons' claims seemed to John a monstrous usurpation of his rights. But no imperialist theories had touched the minds of

his people. The country rose as one man at his refusal. At the close of May, London threw open her gates to the forces of the barons, now arrayed under Robert Fitz-Walter as "Marshal of the Army of God and Holy Church." Exeter and Lincoln followed the example of the capital; promises of aid came from Scotland and Wales; the northern barons marched hastily under Eustace de Vesci to join their comrades in London. Even the nobles who had as yet clung to the King, but whose hopes of conciliation were blasted by his obstinacy, yielded at last to the summons of the "Army of God." Pandulf indeed, and Archbishop Langton, still remained with John; but they counseled, as Earl Ranulf and William Marshal counseled, his acceptance of the Charter. None in fact counseled its rejection save his new Justiciar, the Poitevin Peter des Roches, and other foreigners who knew the barons purposed driving them from the land. But even the number of these was small: there was a moment when John found himself with but seven knights at his back, and before him a nation in arms. Quick as he was, he had been taken utterly by surprise. It was in vain that in the short respite he had gained from Christmas to Easter he had summoned mercenaries to his aid, and appealed to his new suzerain the Pope. Summons and appeal were alike too late. Nursing wrath in his heart, John bowed to necessity and called the barons to a conference on an island in the Thames, between Windsor and Staines, near a marshy meadow by the river-side, the meadow of Runnymede. The King encamped on one bank of the river, the barons covered the flat of Runnymede on the other. Their delegates met on the 15th of July on the island between them, but the negotiations were a mere cloak to cover John's purpose of unconditional submission. The Great Charter was discussed and agreed to in a single day.

Copies of it were made and sent for preservation to the cathedrals and churches; and one copy may still be seen in the British Museum, injured by age and fire, but with the royal seal still hanging from the brown shriveled parchment. It is impossible to gaze without reverence on the earliest monument of English freedom which we can see with our own eyes and touch with our own hands, the great Charter to which from age to age men have looked back as the groundwork of English liberty. But in itself the Charter was no novelty, nor did it claim to establish any new constitutional principles. The Charter of Henry the

First formed the basis of the whole, and the additions to it are for the most part formal recognitions of the judicial and administrative changes introduced by Henry the Second. What was new in it was its origin. In form, like the Charter on which it was based, it was nothing but a royal grant. In actual fact it was a treaty between the whole English people and its King. In it, England found itself for the first time since the Conquest a nation bound together by common national interests, by a common national sympathy. In words which almost close the Charter, the "community of the whole land" is recognized as the great body from which the restraining power of the baronage takes its validity. There is no distinction of blood or class, of Norman or not Norman, of noble or not noble. All are recognized as Englishmen, the rights of all are owned as English rights. Bishops and nobles claimed and secured at Runnymede the rights not of baron and churchman only, but those of freeholder and merchant, of townsman and villein. The provisions against wrong and extortion which the barons drew up as against the King for themselves, they drew up as against themselves for their tenants. Based too as it professed to be on Henry's Charter, it was far from being a mere copy of what had gone before. The vague expressions of the old Charter were now exchanged for precise and elaborate provisions. The bonds of unwritten custom which the older grant did little more than recognize had proved too weak to hold the Angevins; and the baronage set them aside for the restraints of written and defined law. It is in this way that the Great Charter marks the transition from the age of traditional rights, preserved in the nation's memory and officially declared by the Primate, to the age of written legislation, of parliaments and statutes, which was to come.

Its opening indeed is in general terms. The Church had shown its power of self-defense in the struggle over the interdict, and the clause which recognized its rights alone retained the older and general form. But all vagueness ceases when the Charter passes on to deal with the rights of Englishmen at large, their right to justice, to security of person and property, to good government. "No freeman," ran a memorable article that lies at the base of our whole judicial system, "shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or in any way brought to ruin; we will not go against any man nor send against him, save by legal judgment of his peers or by the law

of the land." "To no man will we sell," runs another, "or deny, or delay, right or justice." The great reforms of the past reigns were now formally recognized; judges of assize were to hold their circuits four times in the year, and the King's court was no longer to follow the King in his wanderings over the realm, but to sit in a fixed place. But the denial of justice under John was a small danger compared with the lawless exactions both of himself and his predecessor. Richard had increased the amount of the scutage which Henry the Second had introduced, and applied it to raise funds for his ransom. He had restored the Danegeld, or land-tax, so often abolished, under the new name of "carucage"; had seized the wool of the Cistercians and the plate of the churches, and rated movables as well as land. John had again raised the rate of scutage, and imposed aids, fines, and ransoms at his pleasure without counsel of the baronage. The Great Charter met this abuse by a provision on which our constitutional system rests. "No scutage or aid [other than the three customary feudal aids] shall be imposed in our realm save by the common council of the realm;" and to this Great Council it was provided that prelates and the greater barons should be summoned by special writ, and all tenants in chief through the sheriffs and bailiffs, at least forty days before. The provision defined what had probably been the common usage of the realm; but the definition turned it into a national right, a right so momentous that on it rests our whole Parliamentary life. Even the baronage seem to have been startled when they realized the extent of their claim; and the provision was dropped from the later issue of the Charter at the outset of the next reign. But the clause brought home to the nation at large their possession of a right which became dearer as years went by. More and more clearly the nation discovered that in these simple words lay the secret of political power. It was the right of self-taxation that England fought for under Earl Simon as she fought for it under Hampden. It was the establishment of this right which established English freedom.

ENGLAND'S GROWTH IN COMMERCE AND COMFORT UNDER
ELIZABETH

From 'History of the English People'

A MIDDLE class of wealthier land-owners and merchants was fast rising into importance. "The wealth of the meaner sort," wrote one to Cecil, "is the very fount of rebellion, the occasion of their indolence, of the contempt of the nobility, and of the hatred they have conceived against them." But Cecil and his mistress could watch the upgrowth of national wealth with cooler eyes. In the country its effect was to undo much of the evil which the diminution of small holdings had done. Whatever social embarrassment it might bring about, the revolution in agriculture which Latimer deplored undoubtedly favored production. Not only was a larger capital brought to bear upon the land, but the mere change in the system of cultivation introduced a taste for new and better modes of farming; the breed of horses and of cattle was improved, and a far greater use made of manure and dressings. One acre under the new system produced, it was said, as much as two under the old. As a more careful and constant cultivation was introduced, a greater number of hands came to be required on every farm; and much of the surplus labor which had been flung off the land in the commencement of the new system was thus recalled to it.

A yet more efficient agency in absorbing the unemployed was found in the development of manufactures. The linen trade was as yet of small value, and that of silk-weaving was only just introduced. But the woolen manufacture was fast becoming an important element in the national wealth. England no longer sent her fleeces to be woven in Flanders and to be dyed at Florence. The spinning of yarn, the weaving, fulling, and dyeing of cloth, were spreading rapidly from the towns over the country-side. The worsted trade, of which Norwich was the centre, extended over the whole of the Eastern counties. Farmers' wives began everywhere to spin their wool from their own sheeps' backs into a coarse "homespun." The South and the West, however, still remained the great seats of industry and of wealth, for they were the homes of mining and manufacturing activity. The iron manufactures were limited to Kent and Sussex, though their prosperity in this quarter was already

threatened by the growing scarcity of the wood which fed their furnaces, and by the exhaustion of the forests of the Weald. Cornwall was then, as now, the sole exporter of tin; and the exportation of its copper was just beginning. The broadcloths of the West claimed the palm among the woolen stuffs of England. The Cinque Ports held almost a monopoly of the commerce of the Channel. Every little harbor from the Foreland to the Land's End sent out its fleets of fishing-boats, manned with bold seamen who were to furnish crews for Drake and the Buccaneers. Northern England still lagged far behind the rest of the realm in its industrial activity. But in the reign of Elizabeth the poverty and inaction to which it had been doomed for so many centuries began at last to be broken. We see the first sign of the revolution which has transferred English manufactures and English wealth to the north of the Mersey and of the Humber, in the mention which now meets us of the friezes of Manchester, the coverlets of York, the cutlery of Sheffield, and the cloth trade of Halifax.

Elizabeth lent a ready patronage to the new commerce; she shared in its speculations, she considered its extension and protection as a part of public policy, and she sanctioned the formation of the great merchant companies which could alone secure the trader against wrong or injustice in distant countries. The Merchant-Adventurers of London, a body which had existed long before, and had received a charter of incorporation under Henry the Seventh, furnished a model for the Russia Company and the company which absorbed the new commerce to the Indies. But it was not wholly with satisfaction that either the Queen or her ministers watched the social change which wealth was producing around them. They feared the increased expenditure and comfort which necessarily followed it, as likely to impoverish the land and to eat out the hardihood of the people. "England spendeth more on wines in one year," complained Cecil, "than it did in ancient times in four years." In the upper classes the lavishness of a new wealth combined with the lavishness of life, a love of beauty, of color, of display, to revolutionize English dress. Men "wore a manor on their backs." The Queen's three thousand robes were rivaled in their bravery by the slashed velvets, the ruffs, the jeweled purpoints of the courtiers around her. But signs of the growing wealth were as evident in the lower class as in the higher. The disuse of salt fish and the

greater consumption of meat marked the improvement which had taken place among the country folk. Their rough and wattled farm-houses were being superseded by dwellings of brick and stone. Pewter was replacing the wooden trenchers of the early yeomanry, and there were yeomen who could boast of a fair show of silver plate. It is from this period indeed that we can first date the rise of a conception which seems to us now a peculiarly English one,—the conception of domestic comfort. The chimney-corner, so closely associated with family life, came into existence with the general introduction of chimneys, a feature rare in ordinary houses at the beginning of this reign. Pillows, which had before been despised by the farmer and the trader as fit only "for women in childbed," were now in general use. Carpets superseded the filthy flooring of rushes. The loftier houses of the wealthier merchants, their parapeted fronts and costly wainscoting, their cumbrous but elaborate beds, their carved staircases, their quaintly figured gables, not only contrasted with the squalor which had till then characterized English towns, but marked the rise of a new middle class which was to play its part in later history.

A transformation of an even more striking kind marked the extinction of the feudal character of the noblesse. Gloomy walls and serried battlements disappeared from the dwellings of the gentry. The strength of the mediæval fortress gave way to the pomp and grace of the Elizabethan hall. Knole, Longleat, Burleigh, and Hatfield, Hardwick, and Audley End, are familiar instances of a social as well as an architectural change which covered England with buildings where the thought of defense was abandoned for that of domestic comfort and refinement. We still gaze with pleasure on their picturesque line of gables, their fretted fronts, their gilded turrets and fanciful vanes, their castellated gateways, the jutting oriels from which the great noble looked down on his new Italian garden, on its stately terraces and broad flights of steps, its vases and fountains, its quaint mazes, its formal walks, its lines of yews cut into grotesque shapes in hopeless rivalry of the cypress avenues of the South. Nor was the change less within than without. The life of the Middle Ages concentrated itself in the vast castle hall, where the baron looked from his upper daïs on the retainers who gathered at his board. But the great households were fast breaking up; and the whole feudal economy disappeared when the lord of

the household withdrew with his family into his "parlor" or "withdrawing-room" and left the hall to his dependants. The Italian refinement of life which told on pleasance and garden told on the remodeling of the house within, raised the principal apartments to an upper floor,—a change to which we owe the grand staircases of the time,—surrounded the quiet courts by long "galleries of the presence," crowned the rude hearth with huge chimney-pieces adorned with fauns and Cupids, with quaintly interlaced monograms and fantastic arabesques, hung tapestries on the walls, and crowded each chamber with quaintly carved chairs and costly cabinets. The prodigal use of glass became a marked feature in the domestic architecture of the time, and one whose influence on the general health of the people can hardly be over-rated. Long lines of windows stretched over the fronts of the new manor halls. Every merchant's house had its oriel. "You shall have sometimes," Lord Bacon grumbled, "your houses so full of glass that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold."

What Elizabeth contributed to this upgrowth of national prosperity was the peace and social order from which it sprang. While autos-da-fé were blazing at Rome and Madrid, while the Inquisition was driving the sober traders of the Netherlands to madness, while Scotland was tossing with religious strife, while the policy of Catharine secured for France but a brief respite from the horrors of civil war, England remained untroubled and at peace. Religious order was little disturbed. Recusants were few. There was little cry as yet for freedom of worship. Freedom of conscience was the right of every man. Persecution had ceased. It was only as the tale of a darker past that men recalled how, ten years back, heretics had been sent to the fire. Civil order was even more profound than religious order. The failure of the northern revolt proved the political tranquillity of the country. The social troubles from vagrancy and evictions were slowly passing away. Taxation was light. The country was firmly and steadily governed. The popular favor which had met Elizabeth at her accession was growing into a passionate devotion. Of her faults indeed, England beyond the circle of her court knew little or nothing. The shiftings of her diplomacy were never seen outside the royal closet. The nation at large could only judge her foreign policy by its main outlines, by its temperance and good sense, and above all by its success. But

every Englishman was able to judge Elizabeth in her rule at home, in her love of peace, her instinct of order, the firmness and moderation of her government, the judicious spirit of conciliation and compromise among warring factions, which gave the country an unexampled tranquillity at a time when almost every other country in Europe was torn with civil war. Every sign of the growing prosperity, the sight of London as it became the mart of the world, of stately mansions as they rose on every manor, told, and justly told, in the Queen's favor. Her statue in the centre of the London Exchange was a tribute on the part of the merchant class to the interest with which she watched and shared personally in its enterprises. Her thrift won a general gratitude. The memories of the Terror and of the martyrs threw into bright relief the aversion from bloodshed which was conspicuous in her earlier reign, and never wholly wanting through its fiercer close. Above all, there was a general confidence in her instinctive knowledge of the national temper. Her finger was always on the public pulse. She knew exactly when she could resist the feeling of her people, and when she must give way before the new sentiment of freedom which her policy unconsciously fostered. But when she retreated, her defeat had all the grace of victory; and the frankness and unreserve of her surrender won back at once the love that her resistance lost. Her attitude at home, in fact, was that of a woman whose pride in the well-being of her subjects and whose longing for their favor was the one warm touch in the coldness of her natural temper. If Elizabeth could be said to love anything, she loved England. "Nothing," she said to her first Parliament in words of unwonted fire, "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects." And the love and good-will which were so dear to her she fully won.

WILLIAM PITT

From 'History of the English People'

OUT of the union of these two strangely contrasted leaders, in fact, rose the greatest, as it was the last, of the purely Whig administrations. But its real power lay from beginning to end in Pitt himself. Poor as he was,—for his income was little more than two hundred a year,—and springing as he

did from a family of no political importance, it was by sheer dint of genius that the young cornet of horse, at whose youth and inexperience Walpole had sneered, seized a power which the Whig houses had ever since the Revolution kept in their grasp. The real significance of his entry into the ministry was that the national opinion entered with him. He had no strength save from his "popularity"; but this popularity showed that the political torpor of the nation was passing away, and that a new interest in public affairs and a resolve to have weight in them was becoming felt in the nation at large. It was by the sure instinct of a great people that this interest and resolve gathered themselves round William Pitt. If he was ambitious, his ambition had no petty aim. "I want to call England," he said, as he took office, "out of that enervate state in which twenty thousand men from France can shake her." His call was soon answered. He at once breathed his own lofty spirit into the country he served, as he communicated something of his own grandeur to the men who served him. "No man," said a soldier of the time, "ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in." Ill combined as were his earlier expeditions, and many as were his failures, he roused a temper in the nation at large which made ultimate defeat impossible. "England has been a long time in labor," exclaimed Frederick of Prussia as he recognized a greatness like his own, "but she has at last brought forth a man."

It is this personal and solitary grandeur which strikes us most as we look back to William Pitt. The tone of his speech and action stands out in utter contrast with the tone of his time. In the midst of a society critical, polite, indifferent, simple even to the affectation of simplicity, witty and amusing but absolutely prosaic, cool of heart and of head, skeptical of virtue and enthusiasm, skeptical above all of itself, Pitt stood absolutely alone. The depth of his conviction, his passionate love for all that he deemed lofty and true, his fiery energy, his poetic imaginativeness, his theatrical airs and rhetoric, his haughty self-assumption, his pompousness and extravagance, were not more puzzling to his contemporaries than the confidence with which he appealed to the higher sentiments of mankind, the scorn with which he turned from a corruption which had till then been the great engine of politics, the undoubting faith which he felt in himself, in the grandeur of his aims, and in his power to carry them out.

"I know that I can save the country," he said to the Duke of Devonshire on his entry into the ministry, "and I know no other man can." The groundwork of Pitt's character was an intense and passionate pride; but it was a pride which kept him from stooping to the level of the men who had so long held England in their hands. He was the first statesman since the Restoration who set the example of a purely public spirit. Keen as was his love of power, no man ever refused office so often, or accepted it with so strict a regard to the principles he professed. "I will not go to court," he replied to an offer which was made him, "if I may not bring the Constitution with me." For the corruption about him he had nothing but disdain. He left to Newcastle the buying of seats and the purchase of members. At the outset of his career, Pelham appointed him to the most lucrative office in his administration, that of Paymaster of the Forces; but its profits were of an illicit kind, and poor as he was, Pitt refused to accept one farthing beyond his salary. His pride never appeared in loftier and nobler form than in his attitude towards the people at large. No leader had ever a wider popularity than "the great commoner," as Pitt was styled; but his air was always that of a man who commands popularity, not that of one who seeks it. He never bent to flatter popular prejudice. When mobs were roaring themselves hoarse for "Wilkes and liberty," he denounced Wilkes as a worthless profligate; and when all England went mad in its hatred of the Scots, Pitt haughtily declared his esteem for a people whose courage he had been the first to enlist on the side of loyalty. His noble figure, the hawk-like eye which flashed from the small thin face, his majestic voice, the fire and grandeur of his eloquence, gave him a sway over the House of Commons far greater than any other minister has possessed. He could silence an opponent with a look of scorn, or hush the whole House with a single word. But he never stooped to the arts by which men form a political party, and at the height of his power his personal following hardly numbered half a dozen members.

His real strength indeed lay not in Parliament, but in the people at large. His title of "the great commoner" marks a political revolution. "It is the people who have sent me here," Pitt boasted with a haughty pride when the nobles of the Cabinet opposed his will. He was the first to see that the long political inactivity of the public mind had ceased, and that the

progress of commerce and industry had produced a great middle class, which no longer found its representatives in the legislature. "You have taught me," said George the Second when Pitt sought to save Byng by appealing to the sentiment of Parliament, "to look for the voice of my people in other places than within the House of Commons." It was this unrepresented class which had forced him into power. During his struggle with Newcastle, the greater towns backed him with the gift of their freedom and addresses of confidence. "For weeks," laughs Horace Walpole, "it rained gold boxes." London stood by him through good report and evil report; and the wealthiest of English merchants, Alderman Beckford, was proud to figure as his political lieutenant.

The temper of Pitt indeed harmonized admirably with the temper of the commercial England which rallied round him, with its energy, its self-confidence, its pride, its patriotism, its honesty, its moral earnestness. The merchant and the trader were drawn by a natural attraction to the one statesman of their time whose aims were unselfish, whose hands were clean, whose life was pure and full of tender affection for wife and child. But there was a far deeper ground for their enthusiastic reverence, and for the reverence which his country has borne Pitt ever since. He loved England with an intense and personal love. He believed in her power, her glory, her public virtue, till England learned to believe in herself. Her triumphs were his triumphs, her defeats, his defeats. Her dangers lifted him high above all thought of self or party spirit. "Be one people," he cried to the factions who rose to bring about his fall: "forget everything but the public! I set you the example!" His glowing patriotism was the real spell by which he held England. But even the faults which checkered his character told for him with the middle classes. The Whig statesmen who preceded him had been men whose pride expressed itself in a marked simplicity and absence of pretense. Pitt was essentially an actor, dramatic in the cabinet, in the House, in his very office. He transacted business with his clerks in full dress. His letters to his family, genuine as his love for them was, are stilted and unnatural in tone. It was easy for the wits of his day to jest at his affectation, his pompous gait, the dramatic appearance which he made on great debates with his limbs swathed in flannel and his crutch by his side. Early in life Walpole sneered at him for bringing into the House of Commons "the gestures and emotions of the stage."

But the classes to whom Pitt appealed were classes not easily offended by faults of taste, and saw nothing to laugh at in the statesman who was borne into the lobby amidst the tortures of the gout, or carried into the House of Lords to breathe his last in a protest against national dishonor.

Above all, Pitt wielded the strength of a resistless eloquence. The power of political speech had been revealed in the stormy debates of the Long Parliament, but it was cramped in its utterance by the legal and theological pedantry of the time. Pedantry was flung off by the age of the Revolution; but in the eloquence of Somers and his rivals we see ability rather than genius, knowledge, clearness of expression, precision of thought, the lucidity of the pleader or the man of business, rather than the passion of the orator. Of this clearness of statement Pitt had little or none. He was no ready debater like Walpole, no speaker of set speeches like Chesterfield. His set speeches were always his worst, for in these his want of taste, his love of effect, his trite quotations and extravagant metaphors came at once to the front. That with defects like these he stood far above every orator of his time was due above all to his profound conviction, to the earnestness and sincerity with which he spoke. "I must sit still," he whispered once to a friend; "for when once I am up everything that is in my mind comes out." But the reality of his eloquence was transfigured by a large and poetic imagination, an imagination so strong that—as he said himself—"most things returned to him with stronger force the second time than the first," and by a glow of passion which not only raised him high above the men of his own day, but set him in the front rank among the orators of the world. The cool reasoning, the wit, the common-sense of his age made way for a splendid audacity, a sympathy with popular emotion, a sustained grandeur, a lofty vehemence, a command over the whole range of human feeling. He passed without an effort from the most solemn appeal to the gayest raillery, from the keenest sarcasm to the tenderest pathos. Every word was driven home by the grand self-consciousness of the speaker. He spoke always as one having authority. He was in fact the first English orator whose words were a power,—a power not over Parliament only, but over the nation at large. Parliamentary reporting was as yet unknown, and it was only in detached phrases and half-remembered outbursts that the voice of Pitt reached beyond the walls of St. Stephen's. But it was

especially in these sudden outbursts of inspiration, in these brief passionate appeals, that the might of his eloquence lay. The few broken words we have of him stir the same thrill in men of our day which they stirred in the men of his own.

ATTEMPT ON THE FIVE MEMBERS: PREPARATIONS FOR WAR

From 'History of the English People'

THE brawls of the two parties, who gave each other the nick-names of "Roundheads" and "Cavaliers," created fresh alarm in the Parliament; but Charles persisted in refusing it a guard. "On the honor of a King," he engaged to defend them from violence as completely as his own children; but the answer had hardly been given when his Attorney appeared at the bar of the Lords and accused Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Strode, and Haselrig of high treason in their correspondence with the Scots. A herald-at-arms appeared at the bar of the Commons, and demanded the surrender of the five members. If Charles believed himself to be within legal forms, the Commons saw a mere act of arbitrary violence in a charge which proceeded personally from the King, which set aside the most cherished privileges of Parliament, and summoned the accused before a tribunal which had no pretense to a jurisdiction over them. The Commons simply promised to take the demand into consideration, and again requested a guard. "I will reply to-morrow," said the King.

On the morrow he summoned the gentlemen who clustered round Whitehall to follow him, and embracing the Queen, promised her that in an hour he would return master of his kingdom. A mob of Cavaliers joined him as he left the palace, and remained in Westminster Hall as Charles, accompanied by his nephew the Elector Palatine, entered the House of Commons. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I must for a time borrow your chair!" He paused with a sudden confusion as his eye fell on the vacant spot where Pym commonly sate; for at the news of his approach the House had ordered the five members to withdraw. "Gentlemen," he began in slow broken sentences, "I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a Sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion, to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason, whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message." Treason, he went on, had no

privilege, "and therefore I am come to know if any of these persons that were accused are here." There was a dead silence, only broken by his reiterated "I must have them, wheresoever I find them." He again paused, but the stillness was unbroken. Then he called out, "Is Mr. Pym here?" There was no answer; and Charles, turning to the Speaker, asked him whether the five members were there. Lenthall fell on his knees: "I have neither eyes to see," he replied, "nor tongue to speak, in this place, but as this House is pleased to direct me." "Well, well," Charles angrily retorted, "'tis no matter. I think my eyes are as good as another's!" There was another long pause, while he looked carefully over the ranks of members. "I see," he said at last, "all the birds are flown. I do expect you will send them to me as soon as they return hither." If they did not, he added, he would seek them himself; and with a closing protest that he never intended any force, "he went out of the House," says an eye-witness, "in a more discontented and angry passion than he came in."

Nothing but the absence of the five members, and the calm dignity of the Commons, had prevented the King's outrage from ending in bloodshed. . . . Five hundred gentlemen of the best blood in England would hardly have stood tamely by while the bravoes of Whitehall laid hands on their leaders in the midst of the Parliament. . . . The five members had taken refuge in the City, and it was there that on the next day the King himself demanded their surrender from the aldermen at Guildhall. Cries of "Privilege" rang round him as he returned through the streets; the writs issued for the arrest of the five were disregarded by the Sheriffs, and a proclamation issued four days later, declaring them traitors, passed without notice. Terror drove the Cavaliers from Whitehall, and Charles stood absolutely alone; for the outrage had severed him for the moment from his new friends in the Parliament and from the ministers, Falkland and Colepepper, whom he had chosen among them. But lonely as he was, Charles had resolved on war. The Earl of Newcastle was dispatched to muster a royal force in the North; and on the tenth of January, news that the five members were about to return in triumph to Westminster drove Charles from Whitehall. He retired to Hampton Court and to Windsor, while the Trained Bands of London and Southwark on foot, and the London watermen on the river, all sworn "to guard the Parliament, the Kingdom, and the King," escorted Pym and his fellow-members along

the Thames to the House of Commons. Both sides prepared for the coming struggle. The Queen sailed from Dover with the Crown jewels to buy munitions of war. The Cavaliers again gathered round the King, and the royalist press flooded the country with State papers drawn up by Hyde. On the other hand, the Commons resolved by vote to secure the great arsenals of the kingdom,—Hull, Portsmouth, and the Tower; while mounted processions of freeholders from Buckinghamshire and Kent traversed London on their way to St. Stephen's, vowing to live and die with the Parliament.

The great point, however, was to secure armed support from the nation at large; and here both sides were in a difficulty. Previous to the innovations introduced by the Tudors, and which had been already questioned by the Commons in a debate on pressing soldiers, the King in himself had no power of calling on his subjects generally to bear arms, save for purposes of restoring order or meeting foreign invasion. On the other hand, no one contended that such a power had ever been exercised by the two Houses without the King; and Charles steadily refused to consent to a Militia bill, in which the command of the national force was given in every county to men devoted to the Parliamentary cause. Both parties therefore broke through constitutional precedent: the Parliament in appointing the Lord-Lieutenants who commanded the Militia by ordinance of the two Houses, Charles in levying forces by royal commissions of array. The King's great difficulty lay in procuring arms; and on the twenty-third of April he suddenly appeared before Hull, the magazine of the North, and demanded admission. The new governor, Sir John Hotham, fell on his knees, but refused to open the gates; and the avowal of his act by the Parliament was followed by the withdrawal of the royalist party among its members from their seats at Westminster. . . . The two Houses gained in unity and vigor by the withdrawal of the royalists. The militia was rapidly enrolled, Lord Warwick named to the command of the fleet, and a loan opened in the City, to which the women brought even their wedding-rings. The tone of the two Houses had risen with the threat of force: and their last proposals demanded the powers of appointing and dismissing the royal ministers, naming guardians for the royal children, and of virtually controlling military, civil, and religious affairs. "If I granted your demands," replied Charles, "I should be no more than the mere phantom of a king."

THOMAS HILL GREEN

(1836-1882)



ONE of the most interesting phases of thought in the second half of the nineteenth century is that known as the Neo-Hegelian movement in England. Certain English students of the deeper problems of life, dissatisfied with the prevailing philosophies in their own country, turned to Germany for light and believed that they found it in the philosophy of Kant, as modified and supplemented by Hegel. Among the leaders of the movement were J. W. Stirling, the brothers John and Edward Caird, and William Wallace, all of whom have helped to make Hegel's doctrine known to English and American students; but the most prominent and influential of the group was the subject of this sketch, Thomas Hill Green.

Green was born in Birkin, Yorkshire, on the 7th of April, 1836, and was the youngest of four children. His mother died in his infancy, and the children were left to be cared for and educated by their father. In 1850, when he was fourteen, Thomas went to Rugby, where he did not shine as a scholar, being uninterested in his studies and lagging behind his class. In 1855 he entered Balliol College, Oxford, and came fortunately under the teaching of Benjamin Jowett, who succeeded in rousing his latent energies. He became interested in history and philosophy, and in 1860 was elected a Fellow of Balliol, beginning his career as a teacher by lecturing on ancient and modern history. Two years later he gained the Chancellor's prize for an essay on 'The Value and Influence of Works of Fiction.' In 1864 he lectured before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on 'The English Commonwealth,' a favorite subject which he treated with much ability.

The course of his philosophic studies is not known, nor at what time he became acquainted with Hegel's works, which were destined to have so great an influence on his opinions and life. But after lecturing for a short time on history he began to teach philosophy, which he had come to recognize as the true field of his life work.

For a time, indeed, he had hesitated in the choice of a profession. Changes in his religious views prevented him from following his father's example and entering the ministry; and notwithstanding his interest in public affairs, he seems to have had no inclination toward

journalism. But in teaching philosophy he found a congenial occupation which made him pecuniarily independent. For many years, however, his position at Oxford was that of a tutor only, and it was not until 1878 that his abilities received adequate recognition in his appointment as Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy.

In 1871 he had married Charlotte Symonds, daughter of Dr. Symonds of Clifton and sister of John Addington Symonds, one of Green's oldest friends. Whether she was interested in his philosophical work or not, she shared his sympathy with the poor, and devoted herself largely to their cause. Only seven years of married life, however, were granted to Green, and only four years in his professorship; for on March 26th, 1882, after a brief illness, he died.

His biographer, Mr. Nettleship, gives many interesting reminiscences of this fine thinker. Ordinarily very undemonstrative, he was capable of strong affection, and whenever he broke through his reserve was a delightful companion. He had a true love for social equality and a high sense of the dignity of simple human nature; and he hoped, he said, for a condition of English society in which all honest citizens would recognize themselves and be recognized by each other as gentlemen. "We hold fast," he wrote, "to the faith that the cultivation of the masses, which has for the present superseded the development of the individual, will in its maturity produce some higher type even of individual manhood than any which the Old World has known." With such sentiments he was naturally a radical in politics; and so far as his professional duties permitted, he took an active part in political discussion. He declared his political aim to be "the removal of all obstructions which the law can remove to the free development of English citizens." He was a warm friend of the American Union during the Civil War, and a sympathizer with liberal movements throughout the world. He was pledged also to the advancement of popular education, and labored especially, like Matthew Arnold, for the better education of the middle classes. Taking him all in all, he stands for the most noble and thoughtful type of modern citizen, devoted to the pursuit of truth and to the highest interests of his fellow-man.

Of Green's writings only a small portion were published during his lifetime; the most important being perhaps the two introductory essays prepared for the complete edition of Hume edited by himself and T. H. Grose in 1874. His principal ethical work, the 'Prolegomena to Ethics,' appeared in 1883 under the editorship of his friend A. C. Bradley; and all his writings except the 'Prolegomena' were issued a few years later in three volumes, edited with a memoir by R. L. Nettleship. In literary form, his essays display his most finished work, his philosophical papers being often obscure from

overcrowding of the thought. The main outlines of his ideas and the leading principles of his philosophy are, however, unmistakable. "Philosophy was to him," says Mr. Nettleship, "the medium in which the theoretic impulse, the impulse to see and feel things more clearly and intensely than every-day life allows, found its most congenial satisfaction. The strength, the repose, the mental purgation which come to some men through artistic imagination or religious emotion, came to him through thinking." From Kant, Green took his theory of knowledge, according to which substance and cause, and all the relations that subsist between things, are mental creations; while the material world, which to most men appears so substantial, has no real existence. From Hegel he took the doctrine of pantheism, which formed the metaphysical basis of his ethics and his religion. According to this view our minds are only manifestations of God; or as he otherwise expresses it, the Divine spirit reproduces itself in the human spirit, while the material world exists only for thought. In ethics also he was indebted to Hegel, holding with him that the ultimate end of moral action is the self-realization or self-perfection of the individual—a theory not easily reconcilable with Green's political views nor with his ardent interest in social reforms.

The best expression of his doctrines is found in the 'Prolegomena to Ethics,' his ablest constructive work; which, though mainly devoted to the discussion of ethical subjects, contains several chapters on the metaphysical questions with which ethics is so closely connected. His ethical instructions are the most valuable, not only in the 'Prolegomena,' but in certain of the essays and in the 'Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation.' If he impresses the impartial critic as an able and earnest inquirer, whose system of philosophy is incomplete, yet the world has reason to be grateful to so honest and brave a thinker; for Green's writings must long remain suggestive and stimulating in a high degree.

THE SCOPE OF THE NOVELIST

From the Essay on the 'Value and Influence of Works of Fiction'

THE novelist not only works on more various elements, he appeals to more ordinary minds than the poet. This indeed is the strongest practical proof of his essential inferiority as an artist. All who are capable of an interest in incidents of life which do not affect themselves, may feel the same interest more keenly in a novel; but to those only who can lift the curtain does a poem speak intelligibly. It is the twofold characteristic,

of universal intelligibility and indiscriminate adoption of materials, that gives the novel its place as the great reformer and leveler of our time. Reforming and leveling are indeed more closely allied than we are commonly disposed to admit. Social abuses are nearly always the result of defective organization. The demarcations of family, of territory, or of class, prevent the proper fusion of parts into the whole. The work of the reformer progresses as the social force is brought to bear more and more fully on classes and individuals, merging distinctions of privilege and position in the one social organism. The novel is one of the main agencies through which this force acts. It gathers up manifold experiences, corresponding to manifold situations of life; and subordinating each to the whole, gives to every particular situation a new character as qualified by all the rest. Every good novel, therefore, does something to check what may be called the despotism of situations; to prevent that ossification into prejudices arising from situation, to which all feel a tendency. The general novel-literature of any age may be regarded as an assertion by mankind at large in its then development, of its claims as against the influence of class and position; whether that influence appear in the form of positive social injustice, of oppressive custom, or simply of deficient sympathy.

To be what he is, the novelist must be a man with large powers of sympathetic observation. He must have an eye for the "humanities" which underlie the estranging barriers of social demarcation, and in relation to which the influence of those barriers can alone be rightly appreciated. We have already spoken of that acquiescence in the dominion of circumstance to which we are all too ready to give way, and which exclusive novel-reading tends to foster. The circumstances, however, whose rule we recognize, are apt to be merely our own or those of our class. We are blind to other "idola" than those of our own cave; we do not understand that the feelings which betray us into "indiscretions" may, when differently modified by a different situation, lead others to game-stealing or trade outrages. From this narrowness of view the novelist may do much to deliver us. The variations of feeling and action with those of circumstance, and the essential human identity which these variations cannot touch, are his special province. He shows us that crime does not always imply sin, that a social heresy may be the assertion of a native right, that an offense which leads to conventional outlawry may

be merely the rebellion of a generous nature against conventional tyranny.

Thus, if he does not do everything, he does much. Though he cannot reveal to us the inner side of life, he at least gives a more adequate conception of its surface. Though he cannot raise us to a point of view from which circumstances appear subordinate to spiritual laws, he yet saves us from being blinded, if not from being influenced, by the circumstances of our own position. Though we cannot show the prisoners the way of escape from their earthly confinement, yet by breaking down the partitions between the cells he enables them to combine their strength for a better arrangement of the prison-house. The most wounding social wrongs more often arise from ignorance than from malice, from acquiescence in the opinion of a class rather than from deliberate selfishness. The master cannot enter into the feelings of a servant, nor the servant into those of his master. The master cannot understand how any good quality can lead one to "forget his station"; to the servant the spirit of management in the master seems mere "driving." This is only a sample of what is going on, all society over. The relation between the higher and lower classes becomes irritating and therefore injurious, not from any conscious unfairness on either side, but simply from the want of a common understanding; while at the same time every class suffers within its own limits from the prevalence of habits and ideas, under the authority of class convention, which could not long maintain themselves if once placed in the light of general opinion.

Against this twofold oppression the novel, from its first establishment as a substantive branch of literature, has made vigorous war. From Defoe to Kingsley, its history boasts of a noble army of social reformers; yet the work which these writers have achieved has had little to do with the morals—commonly valueless, if not false and sentimental—which they have severally believed themselves to convey. Defoe's notion of a moral seems to have been the vulgar one that vice must be palpably punished and virtue rewarded; he recommends his 'Moll Flanders' to the reader on the ground that "there is not a wicked action in any part of it but is first or last rendered unhappy or unfortunate." The moral of Fielding's novels, if moral it can be called, is simply the importance of that prudence which his heroes might have dispensed with but for the wildness of their animal license. Yet

both Defoe and Fielding had a real lesson to teach mankind. The thieves and harlots whom Defoe prides himself on punishing, but whose adventures he describes with the minuteness of affection, are what we ourselves might have been; and in their histories we hear, if not the "music," yet the "harsh and grating" cry of suffering humanity. Fielding's merit is of the same kind; but the sympathies which he excites are more general, as his scenes are more varied, than those of Defoe. His coarseness is everywhere redeemed by a genuine feeling for the contumelious buffets to which weakness is exposed. He has the practical insight of Dickens and Thackeray, without their infusion of sentiment. He does not moralize over the contrast between the rich man's law and the poor man's, over the "indifference" of rural justice, over the lying and adultery of fashionable life. He simply makes us see the facts, which are everywhere under our eyes, but too close to us for discernment. He shows society where its sores lie, appealing from the judgment of the diseased class itself to that public intelligence which, in spite of the cynic's sneer on the task of "producing an honesty from the combined action of knaves," has really power to override private selfishness.

The same sermon has found many preachers since, the unconscious missionaries being perhaps the greatest. Scott was a Tory of the purest water. His mind was busy with the revival of a pseudo-feudalism; no thought of reforming abuses probably ever entered it. Yet his genial human insight made him a reformer against his will. He who makes man better known to man takes the first steps towards healing the wounds which man inflicts on man. The permanent value of Scott's novels lies in his pictures of the Scotch peasantry. He popularized the work which the Lake poets had begun, of reopening the primary springs of human passion. "Love he had found in huts where poor men lie," and he announced the discovery; teaching the "world" of English gentry what for a century and a half they had seemed to forget, that the human soul, in its strength no less than in its weakness, is independent of the accessories of fortune. He left no equals, but the combined force of his successors has been constantly growing in practical effect. They have probably done more than the journalists to produce that improvement in the organization of modern life which leads to the notion that because social grievances are less obvious, they have ceased to exist. The

novelist catches the cry of suffering before it has obtained the strength or general recognition which are presupposed when the newspaper becomes its mouthpiece. The miseries of the marriage market had been told by Thackeray with almost wearisome iteration, many years before they found utterance in the columns of the Times.

It may indeed be truly said that after all, human selfishness is much the same as it ever was; that luxury still drowns sympathy; that riches and poverty have still their old estranging influence. The novel, as has been shown, cannot give a new birth to the spirit, or initiate the effort to transcend the separations of place and circumstance; but it is no small thing that it should remove the barriers of ignorance and antipathy which would otherwise render the effort unavailing. It at least brings man nearer to his neighbor, and enables each class to see itself as others see it. And from the fusion of opinions and sympathies thus produced, a general sentiment is elicited, to which oppression of any kind, whether of one class by another, or of individuals by the tyranny of sectarian custom, seldom appeals in vain.

The novelist is a leveler also in another sense than that of which we have already spoken. He helps to level intellects as well as situations. He supplies a kind of literary food which the weakest natures can assimilate as well as the strongest, and by the consumption of which the former sort lose much of their weakness and the latter much of their strength. While minds of the lower order acquire from novel-reading a cultivation which they previously lacked, the higher seem proportionately to sink. They lose that aspiring pride which arises from the sense of walking in intellect on the necks of a subject crowd; they no longer feel the bracing influence of living solely among the highest forms of art; they become conformed insensibly to the general opinion which the new literature of the people creates. A similar change is going on in every department of man's activity. The history of thought in its artistic form is parallel to its history in its other manifestation. The spirit descends, that it may rise again; it penetrates more and more widely into matter, that it may make the world more completely its own. Political life seems no longer attractive, now that political ideas and power are disseminated among the mass, and the reason is recognized as belonging not to a ruling caste merely, but to all.

A statesman in a political society resting on a substratum of slavery, and admitting no limits to the province of government, was a very different person from the modern servant of "a nation of shopkeepers," whose best work is to save the pockets of the poor. It would seem as if man lost his nobleness when he ceased to govern, and as if the equal rule of all was equivalent to the rule of none. Yet we hold fast to the faith that the "cultivation of the masses," which has for the present superseded the development of the individual, will in its maturity produce some higher type even of individual manhood than any which the old world has known. We may rest on the same faith in tracing the history of literature. In the novel we must admit that the creative faculty has taken a lower form than it held in the epic and the tragedy. But since in this form it acts on more extensive material and reaches more men, we may well believe that this temporary declension is preparatory to some higher development, when the poet shall idealize life without making abstraction of any of its elements, and when the secret of existence, which he now speaks to the inward ear of a few, may be proclaimed on the house-tops to the common intelligence of mankind.

ROBERT GREENE

(1560-1592)



GREENE was a true Elizabethan Englishman: impulsive, reckless, with a roving instinct that in many a life of that restless age found a safe vent in adventure on the sea. But with his gifts and failings, and the conditions in which his life was cast, the ruin that overwhelmed him was the fate of many poets of great mind and weak will. Yet with all his sin and weakness, there were struggles toward a better life and nobler work which should make our judgment lenient, remembering Burns's lines:—

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

Greene was born about 1560 in Norwich, and belonged to a family of good standing. That his father was a man of some wealth may be inferred from Greene's tour to Italy and other countries,—a great expense in those days,—which he made after taking his B. A. degree at Cambridge in 1578. In his 'Repentances' he shows that he was affected by the vices of Italy, and became fixed in those dissolute habits that were his ruin. On his return he was engaged in literary work at Cambridge, and took his M. A. degree from both universities. He then went to London and became "an author of plays and penner of Love Pamphlets, so that I soone grew famous in that qualitie, that who for that trade growne so ordinary about London as Robin Greene."

In 1585 he married, and apparently lived for a time in Norwich. After the birth of a child he deserted his wife, because she tried to persuade him from his bad habits. From that time he lived permanently in London, where he seems to have had some influential patrons. Among those to whom his works are dedicated we find the names of Lord Derby, the Earl of Cumberland, Lady Talbot, and Lord Fitzwater. He tells us that "in shorte space I fell into favor with such as were of honorable and good calling." Yet his restless temper made such society irksome to him; and as there was then no reputable literary Bohemia, such as arose later under Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, he sank to the company of the lowest classes of London. In spite of his dissipated life he was constantly at work, and "his purse, like the sea, sometime sweld, anon like the same sea

fell to a low ebbe; yet seldom he wanted, his labours were so well esteemed."

Not only did he write for the stage, but it is probable that he appeared at times as an actor. At one time, when a gust of repentance swept over him, he resolved to write no more love pamphlets, and to devote himself to more serious writings. He then published a series of tracts exposing the tricks of London swindlers, in "trust that those my discourses will doe great good and bee very beneficiall to the Common wealth of England." His 'Repentances' were intended to warn young men by the unhappy example of his own life. His career was cut short in 1592 by an illness resulting from too much indulgence in Rhenish wine and pickled herrings. Deserted by his friends, he died in extreme poverty at the house of a poor shoemaker who had befriended him. Just before his death he wrote to his forsaken wife this touching letter:—

Sweet Wife:

As ever there was any good-will or friendship betweene thee and mee, see this bearer (my Host) satisfied of his debt: I owe him tenne pound, and but for him I had perished in the streetes. Forget and forgive my wrongs done unto thee, and Almighty God have mercie on my soule. Farewell till we meet in heaven, for on earth thou shalt never see me more.

This 2 of September 1592.

Written by thy dying husband

ROBERT GREENE.

Gabriel Harvey soon after published in his 'Foure Letters' a virulent attack on Greene's character. That and Greene's confessions, in which like many another he no doubt exaggerated his sins, have given rise to a probably too harsh estimate of the poet's failings.

Of his numerous dramatic works but five have survived, *all* published after his death: 'Orlando Furioso'; 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay'; 'James the Fourth'; 'Alphonsus, King of Aragon'; and 'George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.' 'A Looking-Glass for London and England' was the joint work of Thomas Lodge and Greene. Greene did for the romantic drama what Marlowe accomplished for tragedy, and his works form a noteworthy step in the development of the old English drama. His most popular drama was 'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,' in which he pictures Old English life at Fressingfield, with a touching love story. His 'George-a-Greene' has the best constructed plot of any of his plays; and in the Pinner, a popular English hero like Robin Hood, he portrays an ideal English yeoman, faithful, sturdy, and independent. Nash called Greene the Homer of women; and it is remarkable that, dissolute as he was, he has given the charm of modest womanhood to all his female characters.

Besides Greene's non-dramatic works there are four kinds: first, the romantic pamphlets; second, the semi-patriotic tracts; third, the Cony-Catching pamphlets; fourth, his 'Repentances.'

In his love pamphlets may be found traces of the beginnings of the English novel. Several of the 'Repentances,' the 'Never Too Late' and 'A Groatsworth of Wit,' are largely autobiographical. Scattered through his romances are the many charming lyrics on which his fame mainly rests. In several respects Greene was exceptionally in advance of his time: in the 'Pinner' he plainly acknowledges popular rights, and in the 'Looking-Glass' is found a forecast of coming disaster, resulting from the disorders of the times and the oppression of the poor. Greene's peasants are portrayed with a sympathetic realism most unusual at that time. He gives the "wise humor of the low-born clown" as does none but Shakespeare, who was no doubt indebted to Greene for the material of several of his plays. 'The Winter's Tale' is founded on 'Pandosto' in all points but Antigonus, Paulina, Autolycus, and the young shepherd. 'Lear' has a strong likeness to the 'Looking-Glass'; 'Orlando' points to 'Lear' and 'Hamlet,' and the fairy framework of 'James IV.' suggests some features of 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' Greene and the university men of his set drew from the old chroniclers for their dramas; but Shakespeare took whatever was at hand. His ignoring of their rule, and his growing fame, were the probable cause of the bitter feeling Greene shows in the address to his fellow dramatists in the 'Groatsworth of Wit,' when he refers to Shakespeare as "an upstart Crow beautified with our Feathers, that with his *Tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde*, supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a Blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his owne conceyt the onely Shake-scene in the Countrey."

Alexander Dyce edited Greene's plays and poems in 1831. Dr. Grosart edited 'The Complete Works of Robert Greene' (1881-6) in fifteen volumes, and A. W. Ward published 'Friar Bacon' in 'Old English Drama' (1892). Both earlier editions contain memoirs; and accounts are found in J. A. Symonds's 'Shakespeare's Predecessors in English Drama,' and Jusserand's 'English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare.'

Greene's writings give vivid pictures of life in the Elizabethan age, and at the same time form a most interesting autobiography of that "wrecked life." Unlike Herrick, who could say that if his verse were impure his life was chaste, Greene's writings show scarcely any of the uncleanness so prevalent in books of that period.

DECEIVING WORLD

From 'A Groatworth of Wit'

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys
 Hast made my life the subject of thy scorn,
 And scornest now to lend thy fading joys
 T' outlength my life, whom friends have left forlorn;
 How well are they that die ere they be born,
 And never see thy slights, which few men shun
 Till unawares they helpless are undone!

Oft have I sung of love and of his fire;
 But now I find that poet was advised,
 Which made full feasts increasers of desire,
 And proves weak love was with the poor despised
 For when the life with food is not sufficed,
 What thoughts of love, what motion of delight,
 What pleasure can proceed from such a wight?

Witness my want, the murderer of my wit;
 My ravished sense, of wonted fury reft,
 Wants such conceit as should in poems fit
 Set down the sorrow wherein I am left:
 But therefore have high heavens their gifts bereft,
 Because so long they lent them me to use,
 And I so long their bounty did abuse.

Oh that a year were granted me to live,
 And for that year my former wits restored!
 What rules of life, what counsel would I give,
 How should my sin with sorrow be deplored!
 But I must die, of every man abhorred:
 Time loosely spent will not again be won;
 My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

From 'The Mourning Garment'

AH, WHAT is love? It is a pretty thing,
 As sweet unto a shepherd as a king;
 And sweeter too,
 For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
 And cares can make the sweetest love to frown:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight;

And merrier too,
For kings bethink them what the State require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat;

And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down;

More sounder too,
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year, as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sith;

And blither too,
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh and love upon the land:

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

DOWN THE VALLEY

From 'Never Too Late'

DOWN the valley 'gan he track,
Bag and bottle at his back,
In a surcoat all of gray;
Such wear palmers on the way.
When with scrip and staff they see
Jesus's grave on Calvary.
A hat of straw, like a swain,
Shelter for the sun and rain,
With a scallop-shell before;
Sandals on his feet he wore;
Legs were bare, arms unclad;
Such attire this Palmer had.
His face fair like Titan's shine;
Gray and buxom were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearls of sorrow;
Such sweet tears love doth borrow,
When in outward dews she plains
Heart's distress that lovers pains;
Ruby lips, cherry cheeks;
Such rare mixture Venus seeks,
When to keep her damsels quiet
Beauty sets them down their diet.
Adon was not thought more fair:
Curlèd locks of amber hair,
Locks where love did sit and twine
Nets to snare the gazer's eyne.
Such a Palmer ne'er was seen,
'Less Love himself had palmer been.
Yet, for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint:
Midst the riches of his face,
Grief decyphered high disgrace.
Every step strained a tear;
Sudden sighs showed his fear;
And yet his fear by his sight
Ended in a strange delight;
That his passions did approve,
Weeds and sorrow were for love.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

From 'Philomela'

SITTING by a river's side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 Muse I did of many things
 That the mind in quiet brings.
 I 'gan think how some men deem
 Gold their god; and some esteem
 Honor is the chief content
 That to man in life is lent;
 And some others do contend,
 Quiet none, like to a friend;
 Others hold there is no wealth
 Compared to a perfect health;
 Some man's mind in quiet stands,
 When he is lord of many lands.
 But I did sigh, and said all this
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
 And in my thoughts I did approve,
 Naught so sweet as is true love.

SWEET ARE THE THOUGHTS

From 'Farewell to Folly'

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
 The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care;
 The mean that 'grees with country music best;
 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD

From 'Menaphon'

WEEP not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Mother's wag, pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy;
 When thy father first did see
 Such a boy by him and me,
 He was glad, I was woe;
 Fortune changèd made him so,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Last his sorrow, first his joy.


Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 Streaming tears that never stint,
 Like pearl drops from a flint,
 Fell by course from his eyes,
 That one another's place supplies;
 Thus he grieved in every part,
 Tears of blood fell from his heart,
 When he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
 The wanton smiled, father wept,
 Mother cried, baby leapt;
 More he crowed, more we cried,
 Nature could not sorrow hide;
 He must go, he must kiss
 Child and mother, baby bless,
 For he left his pretty boy,
 Father's sorrow, father's joy

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
 When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

GERALD GRIFFIN

(1803-1840)

NDER the words "Never Acted," and date October 23d, 1842, the play 'Gisippus,' "by the late Gerald Griffin, author of 'The Collegians,'" was announced at Drury Lane Theatre, London. Macready made money and fame out of the work, which had lain for years in his reading-desk uncared-for, while the patient poet scribbled his way along a life of little joy to an unnoted grave in the burying-ground of the voluntary poor. The drama was Griffin's first inspiration; and though he died untimely, the drama gives him back the honor he bestowed. Chagrined and humiliated with failure to get a hearing for his play of 'Aguire,' and sick from hope deferred for 'Gisippus,' he wrote 'The Collegians,' so full of Irish heart and love that its stage child 'The Colleen Bawn' has delighted the souls of millions.

Born in Limerick December 12th, 1803, Gerald Griffin, when his parents came to America to settle in northern Pennsylvania, chose to go at seventeen years of age, with only the equipment of a home education, to seek honors and fortune in the paths which led up to the printing-house. John Banim's recent success had blazed out a new trail in the stifling, starving jungle of book-making, and the youth of Ireland was on fire to follow him. One of the sweetest memories of Griffin's career is the delicacy and generosity of Banim's friendship for the pale, shy, delicate boy from the distant Shannon-side, during all the awful and lonely days of his early London residence. After hovering under Banim's wing about the green-rooms of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, until his sensitive nature could bear the torture of well-bred and ill-concealed indifference no longer, Griffin made his way to the office of one of the weekly periodicals with some sketches of Irish peasant life.

The publication of these brought him to notice, but did not keep him free from days and nights of enforced fasting. It was not until 1827 that he was able to publish a book. In that year appeared 'Holland-Tide' and the 'Tales of the Munster Festivals,' both to be forever-treasured heart songs of Irishmen separated world-wide. 'The Collegians,' in 1828, was eagerly and unstintingly accorded the first place in the new order of literature, the sadly joyous romance of contemporary Ireland. Griffin now became well and safely established

in London, easily compeer of the best writers of his race, and in all affairs but those of pecuniary fortune a favored and envied man. A nature filled with the instinct of devotion kept him safe from some of the evils which rode the shoulders of too many of his fellow-countrymen. In the midst of a scurrying and scoffing rout he kept the heart of his boyhood innocent and unsullied.

Tired of the shows and shams of the world, in 1838 he asked and obtained admission into the Society of the Christian Brothers in his native city. A few days before he entered upon this resolution, he was interrupted by his brother and biographer Dr. Griffin in the act of destroying all his manuscripts. It had been his intention to make a complete renunciation by leaving nothing to the world but his published works. His brother was able to save but a few fragments from the great quantity of half-destroyed stories, poems, and plays; and these, with the earlier publications, were included in the only collected edition of his works ever made, published in New York in the decade of 1850.

Two years after he had assumed the habit and duty of a religious Gerald Griffin died, after many days of patient illness, in the house of his brothers in religion at Cork, Ireland, June 12th, 1840. His family, living at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, has given several distinguished names to the literature and politics of our country.

HOW MYLES MURPHY IS HEARD ON BEHALF OF HIS PONIES

From 'The Collegians'

PAT FALVEY, supposing that he had remained a sufficient time without to prevent the suspicion of any private understanding between him and Mr. Daly, now made his appearance with luncheon. A collared head, cream cheese, honey, a decanter of gooseberry wine, and some garden fruit, were speedily arranged on the table, and the visitors, no way loath, were pressed to make a liberal use of the little banquet; for the time had not yet gone by when people imagined that they could not display their regard for a friend more effectually than by cramming him up to the throat with food and strong drink. Kyrle Daly was in the act of taking wine with Mrs. Chute, when he observed Falvey stoop to his young mistress's ear, and whisper something with a face of much seriousness.

"A boy wanting to speak to me?" said Miss Chute. "Has he got letters? Let him send up his message."

"He says he must see yourself, miss. 'Tis in regard of some ponies of his that were impounded be Mr. Dawley for trespassing above here, last night. He hasn't the mains of releasing 'em, poor craythur, an' he's far from home. I'm sure he's an honest boy. He says he'd have a good friend in Mr. Cregan, if he knew he was below."

"Me?" said Mr. Cregan: "why, what's the fellow's name?"

"Myles Murphy, sir, from Killarney, westwards."

"Oh, Myles-na-Coppaleen? Poor fellow, is he in tribulation? We must have his ponies out by all means."

"It requires more courage than I can always command," said Miss Chute, "to revoke any command of Dawley's. He is an old man, and whether that he was crossed in love, or from a natural peevishness of disposition, he is such a morose creature that I am quite afraid of him. But I will hear this Myles, at all events."

She was moving to the door, when her uncle's voice made her turn.

"Stay, Anne," said Mr. Cregan; "let him come up. 'Twill be as good as a play to hear him and the steward *pro* and *con*. Kyrle Daly here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor, to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of pleading that may be of use to you on circuit, at one time or another."

Anne laughed and looked to Mrs. Chute, who with a smile of tolerating condescension said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles, "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no objection. Those mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey, with an air of great and perplexed importance, went to summon Myles up-stairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson. "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregan, "with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to show you as sturdy a race of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood,

some time when you're alone together—when the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable."

"Paralon," said Dr. Leake; "Paralon, or Migdonia, as the Psalter sings:—

'On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday,
They brought their bold ships to anchor,
In the blue fair port, with beauteous shore,
Of well-defended Inver Sceine.'

"In the rest of Munster, where—"

"Yes; well, you'll see 'em all, as the doctor says, if you come to Killarney," resumed Mr. Cregan, interrupting the latter, to whose discourse a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading had given a tinge of pedantry; and who was moreover a firm believer in all the ancient Shana-chus, from the Yellow Book of Moling to the Black Book of Molega. "And if you like to listen to him, he'll explain to you every action that ever befell, on land or water, from Ross Castle up to Carrigaline."

Kyrle, who felt both surprise and concern at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well-paved brogues on the small flight of stairs in the lobby produced a sudden hush of expectation amongst the company. They heard Pat Falvey urging some instructions in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied, in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber: "Ah, lay me alone, you foolish boy; do you think did I never speak to quollity in my life before?"

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His appearance was at once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm coming to solicit the interest of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well-knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention, of which his lofty and confident

although most unassuming carriage showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay-colored cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased; while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the preceding day's fair. In the left he held a straight-handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran amongst the guests at his entrance. Dr. Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the Horse Guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Creagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well-known countersign of "Baithershin!"

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind legs, closed it fast, and then trotted back to his master's feet, followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

"Well," he exclaimed, "that flogs cock-fighting! I never thought I'd live to have a dog taich me manners, anyway. '*Baithershin*,' says he, an' he shets the door like a Christian!"

The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies and ending with the officer; after which he remained glancing from one to another with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell-word of the enchantress who had called him up. "'Tisn't manners to speak first before quollity," was the answer he would have been prepared to render, in case any one had inquired the motive of his conduct.

"Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?" said Mr. Barney Cregan.

"The ould wind always then, Mr. Cregan," said Myles, with another deep obeisance, "seeing would I get a feow o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o' your uncle Mick's, an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side, to ould Mrs. O'Leary, your Honor's aunt, westward. So 'tis kind for your Honor to have a leanin' towards uz."

"A clear case, Myles; but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?"

"What have I to say to her? why then, a deal. It's a long while since I see her now, an' she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murther! murther! Sure, I'd know that face all over the world—your own livin' image, ma'am" (turning to Mrs. Chute), "an' a little dawny touch o' the master (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin, you'd think. My grandmother an' himself wor third cousins. Oh, vo! vo!"

"He has made out three relations in the company already," said Anne to Kyrle: "could any courtier make interest more skillfully?"

"Well, Myles, about the ponies."

"Poor cratur's, true for you, sir. There's Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I airn 'em for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the jewel with young M'Farlane from the north. They went skelping like mad over the hills down to Glena, when they heerd the shot. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you cowed the north-country man that morning fairly. 'My honor is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Creagh will apologize.' 'I didn't come to the ground to apologize,' says Mr. Creagh; 'it's what I never done to any man,' says he, 'and it'll be long from me to do it to you.' 'Well, my honor is satisfied anyway,' says the other, when he heerd the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I'd split laughing."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense, man," said Creagh, endeavoring to hide a smile of gratified vanity. "Your unfortunate ponies will starve while you stay inventing wild stories."

"He has gained another friend since," whispered Miss Chute.

"Invent!" echoed the mountaineer. "There's Docthor Leake was on the spot, an' he knows if I invent. An' *you* did a good job too that time, docthor," he continued, turning to the latter; "old Keys the piper gives it up to you, of all the docthors going, for curing his eyesight. An' he has a great leaning to you, moreover, you're such a fine Irishian."

"Another," said Miss Chute, apart.

"Yourself an' ould Mr. Daly," he continued. "I hope the master is well in his health, sir?" (turning to Kyrle with another profound *congé*.) "May the Lord fasten the life in you an' him! That's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his

supper or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done unknown."

"This fellow is irresistible," said Kyrle: "a perfect Ulysses."

"And have you nothing to say to the captain, Myles? Is he no relation of yours?"

"The captain, Mr. Cregan? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a feeling for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America; one of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral* or another, for behavin' well at Quaybec, the time of Woulf's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely."

Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call "the ear of the court," the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, inclosures, and field gates, setting forth with equal emphasis the length of road they had traveled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out; and finally urged in mitigation of penalty the circumstances of this being a first offense, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

The surly old steward Dan Dawley was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might "folly her liking," he said, "but it was the last time he'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his, if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen garden itself?"

"Horses, do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance. "A parcel of little ponies not the height o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward: "they'd eat as much an' more than a racer."

"Is it they, the craturs? They'd hardly injure a plate of stir-about if it was put before 'em."

"Ayeh! hugh!"

"An' 'tisen't what I'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going again' a relation o' your own in this manner."

"A relation o' mine!" growled Dawley, scarcely deigning to cast a glance back over his shoulder as he hobbled out of the room.

"Yes then, o' yours."

Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

"Will you deny it o' me if you can," continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, "that Biddy Nale, your own gossip, an' Larry Foley, wor second cousins? Deny that o' me, if you can."

"For what would I deny it?"

"Well, why! An' Larry Foley was uncle to my father's first wife. (The angels spread her bed this night!) An' I tell you another thing: the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards, if they hadn't the Murphys to back 'em, so they would; but what hurt? Sure, you can folly your own pleasure."

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles of the Ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him, and was observed in a few minutes after on the avenue, talking with much earnestness and apparent agitation to Lowry Looby. Kyrle Daly, who remembered the story of the mountaineer's misfortune at Owen's Garden, concluded that Lowry was making him aware of the abduction of the beautiful Eily.

HOW MR. DALY THE MIDDLEMAN ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST

From 'The Collegians'

THE person who opened the door acted as a kind of herdsman or out-door servant to the family, and was a man of a rather singular appearance. The nether parts of his frame were of a size considerably out of proportion with the trunk and head which they supported. His feet were broad and flat like those of a duck; his legs long and clumsy, with knees and ankles like the knobs on one of those grotesque walking-sticks which were in fashion among the fine gentlemen of our own day, some time since; his joints hung loosely like those of a pasteboard Merry Andrew; his body was very small, his chest narrow, and his head so diminutive as to be even too little for his herring shoulders. It seemed as if Nature, like an extravagant projector, had laid

the foundation of a giant, but running short of material as the structure proceeded, had been compelled to terminate her undertaking within the dimensions of a dwarf. So far was this economy pursued that the head, small as it was, was very scantily furnished with hair, and the nose with which the face was garnished might be compared for its flatness to that of a young kid. "It looked," as the owner of this mournful piece of journey-work himself facetiously observed, "as if his head was not thought worth a roof nor his countenance worth a handle." His hands and arms were likewise of a smallness which was much to be admired, when contrasted with the hugeness of the lower members, and brought to mind the fore-paws of a kangaroo or the fins of a seal; the latter similitude prevailing when the body was put in motion, on which occasions they dabbled about in a very extraordinary manner. But there was one feature in which a corresponding prodigality had been manifested; namely, the ears, which were as long as those of Riquet with the Tuft, or of any ass in the barony.

The costume which enveloped this singular frame was no less anomalous than was the nature of its own construction. A huge riding-coat of gray frieze hung lazily from his shoulders, and gave to view in front a waistcoat of calfskin with the hairy side outward; a shirt of a texture almost as coarse as sail-cloth, made from the refuse of flax; and a pair of corduroy nether garments, with two bright new patches upon the knees. Gray worsted stockings, with dogskin brogues well paved in the sole and greased until they shone again, completed the personal adornments of this unambitious personage. On the whole, his appearance might have brought to the recollection of a modern beholder one of those architectural edifices so fashionable in our time, in which the artist, with an admirable ambition, seeks to unite all that is excellent in the Tuscan, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic orders, in one *coup d'œil*.

The expression of the figure, though it varied with circumstances, was for the most part thoughtful and deliberative; the effect, in a great measure, of habitual penury and dependence. At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a spot of ground in the neighborhood of Limerick, and was well-to-do in the world; but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of bere, butter, and other produce of

grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimata of Irish misery—begging, enlisting, or emigrating—by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms; an office for which Lowry, by his long and muscular legs and the lightness of the body that incumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excelling honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which he was known to possess, rendered him a still more valuable acquisition to the family than had been at first anticipated. He had moreover the national talent for adroit flattery, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patron than the latter would willingly admit; and every emulsion of this kind was applied under the disguise of a simpleness which gave it a wonderful efficacy.

"Ha, Lowry!" said Mr. Daly. "Well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the postmaster?"

Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice; then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally, straightening his person and gazing on his master, replied, "To lose it I did, sir, for a place."

"To lose what?"

"The place of postman, sir, through the country westwards. Sure, there I was a gentleman for life, if it wasn't my luck."

"I do not understand you, Lowry."

"I'll tell you how it was, masher. After the last postman died, sir, I took your ricommendation to the postmaster an' axed him for the place. 'I'm used to thravelin', sir,' says I, 'for Misther Daly, over, and—' 'Ay,' says he, takin' me up short, 'an' you have a good long pair o' legs, I see.' 'Middlin', sir,' says I (he's a very pleasant gentleman); 'it's equal to me any day, winther or summer, whether I go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment.' 'Twould be hard if you didn't get that, anyway,' says he: 'well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I don't know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his ricommendation than Misther Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could.'"

"Well, and what was your agreement?"

"Ten pounds a year, sir," answered Lowry, opening his eyes as if he announced something of wonderful importance, and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum; "besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year."

"'Twas very handsome, Lowry."

"Handsome, masther? 'Twas wages for a prince, sir. Sure, there I was, a made gentleman all my days, if it wasn't my luck, as I said before."

"Well, and how did you lose it?"

"I'll tell you, sir," answered Lowry: "I was going over to the postmasther yesterday, to get the Thralee mail from him, and to start off with myself on my first journey. Well an' good, of all the world who should I meet above upon the road, just at the turn down to the post-office, but that red-headed woman that sells the freestone in the sthreets? So I turned back."

"Turned back! for what?"

"Sure, the world knows, masther, that it isn't lucky to meet a red-haired woman, and you going of a journey."

"And you never went for the mail-bags?"

"Faiks, I'm sure I didn't that day."

"Well, and the next morning?"

"The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place."

"And you lost the situation?"

"For this turn, sir, anyway. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure, I thought I was cocksure of it, an' I having the postmasther's word. But indeed, if I meet that freestone crathur again, I'll knock her red head against the wall."

"Well, Lowry, this ought to show you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now."

"'Twas she was in fault still, begging your pardon, sir," said Lowry; "for sure, if I didn't meet her at all, this wouldn't have happened me."

"Oh," said Mr. Daly laughing, "I see you are well provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry."

The man now walked slowly towards Kyrle, and bending down with a look of solemn importance as if he had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he said, "The horse, sir, is ready this way, at the door abroad."

"Very well, Lowry. I shall set out this instant."

Lowry raised himself erect again, turned slowly round, and walked to the door, with his eyes on the ground and his hand raised to his temple, as if endeavoring to recollect something further which he had intended to say.

"Lowry!" said Mr. Daly, as the handle of the door was turned a second time. Lowry looked round.

"Lowry, tell me, did you see Eily O'Connor, the ropemaker's daughter, at the fair of Garryowen yesterday?"

"Ah, you're welcome to your game, masther."

"'Pon my word, then, Eily is a very pretty girl, Lowry; and I'm told the old father can give her something besides her pretty face."

Lowry opened his huge mouth (we forgot to mention that it *was* a huge one), and gave vent to a few explosions of laughter which much more nearly resembled the braying of an ass. "You are welcome to your game, masther," he repeated; "long life to your Honor."

"But is it true, Lowry, as I have heard it insinuated, that old Mihil O'Connor used, and still does, twist ropes for the use of the county jail?"

Lowry closed his lips hard, while the blood rushed into his face at this unworthy allegation. Treating it however as a new piece of "the masther's game," he laughed and tossed his head.

"Folly on, sir, folly on."

"Because if that were the case, Lowry, I should expect to find you a fellow of too much spirit to become connected, even by affinity, with such a calling. A ropemaker! a manufacturer of rogues' last neckcloths—an understrapper to the gallows—a species of collateral hangman!"

"Ah then, missiz, do you hear this? and all rising out of a little ould fable of a story that happened as good as five years ago, because Moriarty the crooked hangman (the thief!) stepped into Mihil's little place of a night, and nobody knowin' of him, an' bought a couple o' pen'orth o' whipcord for some vagary or other of his own. And there's all the call Mihil O'Connor had ever to gallowses or hangmen in his life. That's the whole toto o' their insiniwaytions."

"Never mind your master, Lowry," said Mrs. Daly: "he is only amusing himself with you."

"Oh, ha! I'm sure I know it, ma'am: long life to him, and 'tis he that's welcome to his joke."

"But, Lowry—"

"Ah, Heaven bless you now, masther, an' let me alone. I'll say nothing to you."

"Nay, nay, I only wanted to ask you what sort of a fair it was at Garryowen yesterday."

"Middling, sir, like the small platees, they tell me," said Lowry, suddenly changing his manner to an appearance of serious occupation; "but 'tis hard to make out what sort a fair is, when one has nothing to sell himself. I met a huxter, an' she told me 'twas a bad fair, because she could not sell her piggins; an' I met a pig-jobber, an' he told me 'twas a dear fair, pork ran so high; an' I met another little meagre creatur, a neighbor that has a cabin on the road above, an' he said 'twas the best fair that ever come out o' the sky, because he got a power for his pig. But Mr. Hardress Cregan was there, an' if he didn't make it a dear fair to some of 'em, you may call me an honest man."

"A very notable undertaking that would be, Lowry. But how was it?"

"Some o' them boys,—them Garryowen lads, sir,—to get about Danny Mann, the Lord, Mr. Hardress's boatman, as he was comin' down from Mihil's with a new rope for some part o' the boat, and to begin reflecting on him in regard o' the hump on his back, poor creatur! Well, if they did, Masther Hardress heerd 'em; and he having a stout blackthorn in his hand, this way, and he made up to the foremost of 'em. 'What's that you're saying, you scoundrel?' says he. 'What would you give to know?' says the other, mighty impudent. Masther Hardress made no more, only up with the stick, and without saying this or that, or by your leave, or how do you do, he stretched him. Well, such a scuffle as began among 'em was never seen. They all fell upon Masther Hardress, but faix, they had only the half of it, for he made his way through the thick of 'em without as much as a mark. Aw, indeed, it isn't a goose or a duck they had to do with when they came across Mr. Cregan, for all."

"And where were you all this while, Lowry?"

"Above in Mihil's door, standin' and lookin' about the fair for myself."

"And Eily?"

"Ah, hear to this again, now! I'll run away out o' the place entirely from you, masther, that's what I'll do;" and suiting the action to the phrase, exit Lowry Looby.

OLD TIMES! OLD TIMES!

OLD times! old times! the gay old times!

When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally-tree;

My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!

Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.

Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain,
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!

Old times! Old times!

And sure, the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged;
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!

Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times,
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm!

And let me hear those Easter chimes,
 And wear my Sunday palm.
 If I could cry away mine eyes,
 My tears would flow in vain;
 If I could waste my heart in sighs,
 They'll never come again!
 Old times! Old times!

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
 Is all that I claim:
 To pause and look back when thou hearest
 The sound of my name.
 Another may woo thee, nearer,
 Another may win and wear;
 I care not though he be dearer,
 If I am remembered there.

Remember me—not as a lover
 Whose hope was crossed,
 Whose bosom can never recover
 The light it hath lost:
 As the young bride remembers the mother
 She loves, though she never may see,
 As a sister remembers a brother,
 O dearest! remember me.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
 Couldst thou smile on me,
 I would be the fondest and nearest
 That ever loved thee!
 But a cloud on my pathway is glooming
 That never must burst upon thine;
 And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
 Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then! oh remember
 My calm, light love;
 Though bleak as the blasts of November
 My life may prove,
 That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
 If its brightest enjoyment should be
 A smile and kind word when we meet,
 And a place in thy memory.

FRANZ GRILLPARZER

(1791-1872)



GRILLPARZER, the most distinguished dramatist that Austria has produced, was born in Vienna on January 15th, 1791. His father, an esteemed advocate of the Austrian capital, seems to have been, like Goethe's father, a man of cold austerity. His mother, on the other hand, had a deeply emotional nature, lived in a world of music, and ended her life a suicide. From her, as in the case of so many poets, Grillparzer derived his poetic gifts and his musical taste. At the age of twenty-two he entered the service

of the State, in which he remained until at his own request he was retired on a pension in 1856. In 1847 he was made a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. In his quiet and well-ordered life there is little that is striking to record; its most picturesque periods were those of his extensive travels in Turkey, Italy, and Greece. Of these travels he has left fragmentary accounts in his volume of autobiographical sketches.



FRANZ GRILLPARZER

In literature Grillparzer took his own independent course. He was filled with the spirit of Greek tragedy; but far from attempting a strict modern adaptation of the classic forms, he gave his plays a frankly romantic and sentimental coloring. He made a close study of the Spanish drama, but was not dominated by it. Shakespeare, too, whose colossal genius had first created and then crushed the German drama, never overmastered Grillparzer. Among his autobiographical works occurs this remarkable passage:—

"You ask what books I shall take with me? Many and few: Herodotus, Plutarch, and the two Spanish dramatists. And not Shakespeare? Not Shakespeare; although he is perhaps the greatest thing the modern world has produced—not Shakespeare! He tyrannizes over my mind, and I wish to remain free. I thank God for him, and that it was my good fortune to read and re-read him and make him mine; but now I strive to forget him. The ancients strengthen me; the Spaniards inspire me to produce; . . . but the

giant Shakespeare usurps the place of nature, whose most glorious organ of expression he was; and whoever gives himself up to him will, to every question asked of nature, forever receive an answer from Shakespeare only. No more Shakespeare! German literature will be ruined in that very abyss out of which it once arose; but I will be free and independent."

Grillparzer's public career as a dramatist began in 1817 with the famous tragedy of 'Die Ahnfrau' (The Ancestress), which is typical of the class to which it belongs, the so-called tragedies of fate. Two years later came 'Sappho.' In Byron's Journal, under date of January 12th, 1821, we find this entry:—

"Read the Italian translation by Guido Sorelli of the German Grillparzer—a devil of a name, to be sure, for posterity, but they must learn to pronounce it: the tragedy of 'Sappho' is superb and sublime. There is no denying it. The man has done a great thing in writing that play. And who is he? I know him not; but ages will. 'Tis a high intellect; Grillparzer is grand, antique,—not so simple as the ancients, but very simple for a modern,—too Madame De Staël-ish now and then, but altogether a great and goodly writer."

This critical estimate is singularly just. What Grillparzer lacks in simplicity is offset by his lyric tenderness and portrayal of complex emotions. In 1831 was performed 'Des Meeres und der Liebe Wellen' (The Waves of the Sea and of Love). Grillparzer was conscious that the title was affected. The theme is the tale of Hero and Leander. "It was my purpose," he wrote, "to indicate at the outset that although of an antique coloring, my treatment of the material was intended to be romantic. In short, it was an attempt to combine the two dramatic styles." This confirms Byron's judgment. There was something of timidity in Grillparzer's nature; the first acts are often grand and imposing, but the catastrophe frequently passes away in an elegiac mood, like fading music. But he has produced plays in his own peculiar manner which are full of genuine humanity and vigorous dramatic action, and their place is still secure in the repertory of the German stage.

Grillparzer's collected works fill sixteen volumes. His most extensive undertaking was the trilogy of 'Das Goldene Vliess' (The Golden Fleece), of which 'Medea' is still a favorite. The most important of his works is 'King Ottokar,' which occupies a place in the national life of Austria comparable to that held by Shakespeare's historical plays in English literature; and the excellent tragedy 'Ein Treuer Diener seines Herrn' (A Faithful Servant of his Master) is likewise the product of Austrian national life. The direct influence of Calderon is manifest in the fairy-tale character of the charming drama 'Der Traum, ein Leben' (Dream is a Life), in which the title of the famous Spanish play is reversed.

Grillparzer's comedy 'Weh' dem der Lügt' (Woe to Him who Lies) was not at first a success, and for a long time thereafter the poet refused in disgust to submit his dramas to the stage. The play subsequently became popular, but this disregard of all pecuniary considerations in relation to his plays was characteristic of Grillparzer. At Beethoven's request he wrote the opera text of 'Melusine,' and the poet has told us in his recollections of Beethoven how insistent the composer was that a contract be drawn dividing the proceeds. But Grillparzer refused to allow this: he was satisfied to know that Beethoven liked his poem and was willing to devote his genius to giving it a musical setting. The great composer died before the music had taken definite form, and it was Grillparzer's office to deliver the funeral oration. "I loved Beethoven," he says simply in one of his touching paragraphs.

Grillparzer outlived his productivity, but his fame increased. At the celebration of his eightieth birthday, honors were showered thick upon him. He was named by the side of Goethe and Schiller, and the highest aristocracy of that most aristocratic land joined with the common people to do him homage. In the following year—January 21st, 1872—Grillparzer died. His place in the front rank of German dramatists is as assured to-day as when, at the culmination of a long life, all Germany brought tributes to the genius of the greatest of Austrian poets.

SAPPHO AND PHAON

From 'Sappho'

Phaon lies slumbering on the grassy bank

Sappho [entering from grotto]—

'TIS all in vain! Rebellious to my will,
Thought wanders and returns, void of all sense;
Whilst ever and anon, whate'er I do,
Before me stands that horrid, hated sight
I fain would flee from, e'en beyond this earth.
How he upheld her! How she clasped his arm!
Till, gently yielding to its soft embrace,
She on his lips— Away! away the thought!
For in that thought are deaths innumerable.

But why torment myself, and thus complain
Of what perhaps is after all a dream?

Who knows what transient feeling, soon forgot,

What momentary impulse, led him on,
Which quickly passed, e'en as it quickly came,—
Unheeded, undeserving of reproach?
Who bade me seek the measure of *his* love
Within my own impassioned, aching breast?

Ye who have studied life with earnest care,
By man's affection judge not woman's heart.

A restless thing is his impetuous soul—
The slave of change, and changing with each change.
Boldly man enters on the path of life,
Illumined by the morning ray of hope;
Begirt with sword and shield, courage and faith,
Impatient to commence a glorious strife.
Too narrow seems to him domestic joy;
His wild ambition overleaps repose,
And hurries madly on through endless space;
And if upon his wayward path he meets
The humble, beauteous flower called love,
And should he stoop to raise it from the earth,
He coldly places it upon his helm.

He knoweth not what holy, ardent flame
It doth awaken in a woman's heart;
How all her being—every thought—each wish—
Revolves forever on this single point.
Like to the young bird, round its mother's nest
While fluttering, doth her anxious boding care
Watch o'er her love; her cradle and her grave,
Her whole of life—a jewel of rich price—
She hangs upon the bosom of her faith.

Man loves, 'tis true; but his capacious heart
Finds room for other feelings than his love,
And much that woman's purity condemns
He deems amusement or an idle jest.
A kiss from other lips he takes at will.
Alas that this is so! yet so it is.

[*Turns and sees Phaon sleeping.*]

Ha, see! Beneath the shadow of yon rose
The faithless dear one slumbers. Ay, he sleeps,
And quiet rest hath settled on his brow.
Thus only slumbers gentle innocence;
Alone thus gently breathes th' unburdened breast.

Yes, dearest! I will trust thy peaceful sleep,
 Whate'er thy waking painful may disclose.
 Forgive me, then, if I have injured thee
 By unjust doubt; or if I dared to think
 That falsehood could approach a shrine so pure.

A smile plays o'er his mouth! His lips divide!
 A name is hovering in his burning breath!
 Awake, and call thy Sappho! She is near!
 Her arms are clasped about thee!

[*She kisses his brow. Phaon awakes, and with half-opened eyes exclaims:*]

Melitta!

Sappho [starting back]—

Ha!

Phaon— Who hath disturbed me? What envious hand
 Hath driven from my soul the happy dream?

[*Recollecting himself.*]

Thou! Sappho! Welcome! Well I knew, indeed,
 That something beauteous must be near my side,
 To lend such glowing colors to my dream.
 But why so sad? I am quite happy now.
 The anxious care that lay upon my breast
 Hath disappeared, and I am glad again.
 Like to some wretch who hath been headlong plunged
 Into some deep abyss, where all was dark,
 When lifted upward by a friendly arm,
 So that once more he breathes the air of heaven,
 And in the golden sunlight bathes again,
 He heareth happy voices sounding near:
 Thus in the wild excitement of my heart
 I feel it overflow with happiness,
 And wish, half sinking 'neath the weight of joy,
 For keener senses, or for less of bliss.

Sappho [lost in thought]—

Melitta!

Phaon— Be gay and happy, dear one.

All round us here is beautiful and fair.
 On weary wings the summer evening sinks
 In placid rest upon the quiet earth;
 The sea heaves timidly her billowy breast,
 The bride expectant of the Lord of Day,
 Whose fiery steeds have almost reached the west;
 The gentle breeze sighs through the poplar boughs,
 And far and near all nature whispers love.
 Is there no echo in our hearts—we love?

Sappho [*aside*]—

Oh, I could trust again this faithless one.

But no! too deeply have I read his heart.

Phaon— The feverish spell that pressed upon my brain
Hath vanished quite; and ah, believe me, dear
Sappho! I ne'er have loved thee till this hour.
Let us be happy— But tell me, loved one,
What faith hast thou in dreams?

Sappho— They always lie,
And I hate liars.

Phaon— For as I slept just now,
I had a heavenly dream. I thought myself
Again—again—upon Olympia's height,
As when I saw thee first, the queen of song.
Amid the voices of the noisy crowd,
The clang of chariot wheels, and warrior shouts,
A strain of music stole upon mine ear.
'Twas thou! again thou sweetly sang'st of love,
And deep within my soul I felt its power.
I rushed impetuous toward thee, when behold!
It seemed at once as though I knew thee not!
And yet the Tyrian mantle clasped thy form;
The lyre still lay upon thy snow-white arm:
Thy face alone was changed. Like as a cloud
Obscures the brightness of a summer sky,
The laurel wreath had vanished from thy brow;
Upon thy lips, from which immortal sounds
Had scarcely died away, sat naught but smiles;
And in the profile of proud Pallas's face
I traced the features of a lovely child.
It was thyself—and yet 'twas not—it was—

Sappho [*almost shrieking*]—
Melitta!

Phaon [*starting*]— Thou hadst well-nigh frightened me.
Who said that it was she? I knew it not!
O Sappho! I have grieved thee!

[*Sappho motions him to leave.*

Ah! what now?
Thou wish'st me to be gone? Let me first say—

[*She again motions him to leave.*

Must I indeed then go? Then fare thee well.

[*Exit Phaon.*

Sappho [after a pause]—

The bow hath sprung—

[Pressing her hands to her breast.] The arrow rankles here.

'Twere vain to doubt! It is, it must be so:

'Tis she that dwells within his perjured heart;

Her image ever floats before his eyes;

His very dreams enshrine that one loved form.

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO

From 'Sappho'

Sappho enters, richly dressed, the Tyrian mantle on her shoulders, the laurel crown upon her head, and the golden lyre in her hand. Surrounded by her people, she slowly and solemnly descends the steps. A long pause.

MELITTA—O Sappho! O my mistress!

Sappho [calmly and gravely]— What wouldst thou?

Melitta—Now is the darkness fallen from mine eyes.

Oh, let me be to thee again a slave,

Again what once I was, and oh, forgive!

Sappho [in the same tone]—

Think'st thou that Sappho hath become so poor

As to have need of gifts from one like thee?

That which is mine I shall ere long possess.

Phaon—Hear me but once, O Sappho!

Sappho—

Touch me not!

I am henceforth devoted to the gods.

Phaon—If e'er with loving eyes thou didst behold—

Sappho—Thou speak'st of things forever past and gone.

I sought for thee, and I have found—*myself*.

Thou couldst not understand my heart. Farewell!

On firmer ground than thee my hopes must rest.

Phaon—And dost thou hate me now?

Sappho—

To love—to hate!

Is there no other feeling? Thou wert dear,

And art so still—and so shalt ever be.

Like to some pleasant fellow traveler,

Whom accident hath brought a little way

In the same bark, until the goal be reached,

When, parting, each pursues a different road;

Yet often in some strange and distant land,

Remembrance will recall that traveler still.

[*Her voice falters.*

Phaon [*moved*]*—*

Sappho!

Sappho—

Be still, and let us part in peace.

[*To her people.*

Ye who have seen your Sappho weak, forgive:
For Sappho's weakness well will I atone.
Alone when bent, the bow's full power is shown.

[*Pointing to the altar in the background.*

Kindle the flames at Aphrodite's shrine,
Till up to heaven they mount like morning beams!

[*They obey her.*

And now retire and leave me here alone:
I would seek counsel only from the gods.

Rhamnes [*to the people*]*—*It is her wish. Let us obey. Come all.

[*They retire.*

Sappho [*advancing*]*—*

Gracious, immortal gods! list to my prayer.
Ye have adorned my life with blessings rich:
Within my hand ye placed the bow of song;
The quiver of the poet gave to me;
A heart to feel, a mind to quickly think;
A power to reveal my inmost thoughts.
Yes! ye have crowned my life with blessings rich.
For this, all thanks.

Upon this lowly head
Ye placed a wreath, and sowed in distant lands
The poet's peaceful fame,—immortal seed;
My songs are sung in strange and foreign climes;
My name shall perish only with the earth.
For this, all thanks.

Yet it hath been your will
That I should drink not deep of life's sweet cup,
But only taste the overflowing draught.
Behold! obedient to your high behest,
I set it down untouched. For this, all thanks.

All that ye have decreed I have obeyed,
Therefore deny me not a last reward:
They who belong to Heaven no weakness show;
The coils of sickness cannot round them twine;
In their full strength, in all their being's bloom,

Ye take them to yourselves: such be my lot.
 Forbid that e'er your priestess should become
 The scorn of those who dare despise your power,
 The sport of fools, in their own folly wise.
 Ye broke the blossom; now then, break the bough.
 Let my life close e'en as it once began.
 From this soul struggle quickly set me free.
 I am too weak to bear a further strife:
 Give me the triumph, but the conflict spare.

[As if inspired.]

The flames are kindled, and the sun ascends!
 I feel that I am heard! I thank ye, gods!
 Phaon! Melitta! hither come to me!

[She kisses the brow of Phaon.]

A friend from other worlds doth greet thee thus.

[She embraces Melitta.]

'Tis thy dead mother sends this kiss to thee.
 Upon yon altar consecrate to love,
 Be love's mysterious destiny fulfilled.

[She hurries to the altar.]

Rhamnes—What is her purpose? Glorified her form!

The radiance of the gods doth round her shine!

Sappho [*ascending a high rock, and stretching her hands over Phaon and Melitta*]*—*

Give love to mortals—reverence to the gods;
 Enjoy what blooms for ye, and—think of me.
 Thus do I pay the last great debt of life.
 Bless them, ye gods! and bear me hence to heaven!

[Throws herself from the rock into the sea.]

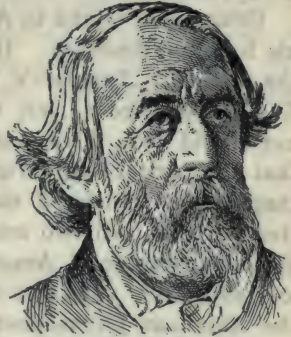
HERMAN GRIMM

(1828-1901)

IN THE sense in which the English-speaking people use the phrase, Herman Grimm was esteemed a notable man of letters in Germany during the last years of the nineteenth century. His admirers praised his style as the perfection of simplicity, purity, and beauty; his treatment of a subject as never pedantic, and his scholarship as always human. He was regarded as spiritually the descendant of Goethe, from whom he inherited his serenity of judgment and his sympathetic insight into the new, strange, and steadily changing life of his contemporaries. His essays and briefer articles form a running commentary upon the great currents of thought that influenced his time; and without dwelling upon the surface except for purposes of illustration, they present the structure of its intellectual life and exhibit its essential features.

Herman Grimm was born at Cassel on January 6th, 1828. His father was Wilhelm Grimm; he was accustomed to call his uncle Jacob "Apapa" (with the Greek alpha privative: "not papa"). It was in the stimulating circle that gathered about the brothers Grimm that he grew up: the Arnims, Brentanos, and the group of eminent scholars that gave lustre to the universities of Göttingen and Berlin. In the social intercourse of the Prussian capital, it was to the house of Bettina von Arnim that Grimm was chiefly drawn. He subsequently married Giesela, Bettina's youngest daughter.

Grimm's earliest literary efforts were in dramatic form. His 'Novellen,' a series of short stories distinguished by great beauty of form and tenderness of feeling, were published in 1856, and they proved their vitality after forty years by a new edition in 1896. He was about thirty years of age when the first volume of his essays appeared. Up to this point, his life had been the irresponsible one of a highly gifted man of artistic temperament who has not yet found his special aptitude nor set himself a definite goal. The late Professor Brunn has told how, when he and Grimm were young men



HERMAN GRIMM

together in Rome, the latter finally came to see the necessity of winning a firm foothold in some special field and of accomplishing some well-defined task. It was in pursuance of this thought, and under the stimulating influence of his young wife's genius, that Grimm wrote the famous 'Life of Michael Angelo,' and placed himself at one stroke in the front rank of German letters. This work is now universally recognized as one of the finest specimens of biographical writing that modern literature has produced. It also marked an epoch in the study of the Italian Renaissance.

In 1867 his ambitious novel 'Unüberwindliche Mächte' (Insuperable Powers) appeared, and was received with an enthusiasm which it has not been able to maintain. In 1873 he was made professor of art history, a chair which was created for him at the University of Berlin. The freshness of his ideas and the free grace of his delivery attracted thousands to his auditorium, and many Americans were always among his enthusiastic hearers.

Grimm was bound to America by many ties; first among these was his love for Emerson. He found a volume of Emerson's essays upon the table at Bancroft's house. He thought that his command of English was good, but this book presented difficulties; he took it home, and soon discovered that these difficulties grew out of the fact that the writer had original ideas and his own way of expressing them. He translated the essays on Goethe and Shakespeare into German; his own two essays on Emerson are finely appreciative both of the character of American life, and of Emerson as its interpreter and exponent. He was thus, with Julian Schmidt, the first to make the American philosopher known to the German public.

His 'Life of Raphael,' which first appeared in 1872, was the cause of much unrefreshing strife, in which however the author never deigned to take part. Bitter opposition to his views generally took the form of contemptuous silence on the part of specialists and the press. Meanwhile the 'Raphael' reached its fifth edition, and was translated into English.

Most popular among his works, after the 'Michael Angelo,' is the volume of lectures on Goethe. This fascinating work was the outgrowth of a series of public lectures delivered in 1876 at the University of Berlin. They do not attempt a systematic life of Goethe, but in them is presented the poet as he lived and wrought; and as in 'Michael Angelo' the splendid life in Rome and Florence is restored, so the golden age of German letters lives again in these lectures. The English translation, by Miss Sarah H. Adams, is dedicated to Emerson.

In 1889 he lost his wife. It was characteristic of the man that in these days of overwhelming bereavement he should seek con-

solation in the poetry of Homer. The result of these loving studies is now before the world in two stately volumes entitled 'Homer's Iliad.' The Iliad is treated as if it had never before been read, and regard is paid only to its poetic contents, its marvelous composition, its delineation of character, its essential modernness. This book was a labor of love, and is an inspiring introduction to an unprejudiced and appreciative study of Homer.

Grimm continues to exert a wide and fine influence upon the intellectual life of his countrymen. In the forefront of every important movement, he was among the first to advocate the admission of women into the university; himself a thorough classical scholar, he nevertheless held liberal views on the great question of educational reform; and although rooted in the romanticism of the early part of the century, he displayed the keenest understanding of the tumultuous life of the modern empire. In his biographies, lectures, and essays may be found a precipitate of all that is best in German culture during the second half of the nineteenth century. His (*Beiträge zur deutschen Kulturgeschichte*) (*Contributions to the History of German Civilization*) appeared in 1897, and two volumes of (*Fragmente*) in 1900-02. He died on June 17th, 1901.

FLORENCE

From the 'Life of Michael Angelo.' Translation of Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett:
Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston

THERE are names which carry with them something of a charm. We utter them, and like the prince in the 'Arabian Nights' who mounted the marvelous horse and spoke the magic words, we feel ourselves lifted from the earth into the clouds. We have but to say "Athens!" and all the great deeds of antiquity break upon our hearts like a sudden gleam of sunshine. We perceive nothing definite; we see no separate figures; but a cloudy train of glorious men passes over the heavens, and a breath touches us, which like the first warm wind in the year seems to give promise of the spring in the midst of snow and rain. "Florence!" and the magnificence and passionate agitation of Italy's prime sends forth its fragrance toward us like blossom-laden boughs, from whose dusky shadow we catch whispers of the beautiful tongue.

We will now however step nearer, and examine more clearly the things which, taken collectively at a glance, we call the

history of Athens and Florence. The glowing images now grow cold, and become dull and empty. Here as everywhere we see the strife of common passions, the martyrdom and ruin of the best citizens, the demon-like opposition of the multitude to all that is pure and elevated, and the disinterestedness of the noblest patriots suspiciously misunderstood and arrogantly rejected. Vexation, sadness, and sorrow steal over us, instead of the admiration which at first moved us. And yet, what is it all? Turning away, we cast back one glance from afar; and the old glory lies again on the picture, and a light in the distance seems to reveal to us the Paradise which attracts us afresh, as if we set foot on it for the first time.

Athens was the first city of Greece. Rich, powerful, with a policy which extended almost over the entire world of that age, we can conceive that from her emanated all the great things that were done. Florence, however, in her fairest days was never the first city of Italy, and in no respect possessed extraordinary advantages. She lies not on the sea, not even on a river at any time navigable; for the Arno, on both sides of which the city rises, often affords in summer scarcely water sufficient to cover the soil of its broad bed, at that point of its course where it emerges from narrow valleys into the plain situated between the diverging arms of the mountain range. The situation of Naples is more beautiful, that of Genoa more royal, than Florence; Rome is richer in treasures of art; Venice possessed a political power in comparison with which the influence of the Florentines appears small. Lastly, these cities and others, such as Pisa and Milan, have gone through an external history compared with which that of Florence contains nothing extraordinary; and yet, notwithstanding, all else that happened in Italy between 1250 and 1530 is colorless when placed side by side with the history of this one city. Her internal life surpasses in splendor the efforts of the others at home and abroad. The events through the intricacies of which she worked her way with vigorous determination, and the men whom she produced, raised her fame above that of the whole of Italy besides, and place Florence as a younger sister by the side of Athens.

The earlier history of the city before the days of her highest splendor, stands in the same relation to the subsequent events as the contests of the Homeric heroes to that which happened in the historic ages in Greece. The incessant strife between the

hostile nobles, which lasted for centuries and ended with the annihilation of all, presents to us, on the whole as well as in detail, the course of an epic poem. These contests, in which the whole body of the citizens became involved, began with the strife of two families, brought about by a woman, with murder and revenge in its train; and it is ever the passion of the leaders which fans the dying flames into new life. From their ashes at length arose the true Florence. She had now no longer a war-like aristocracy like Venice; no popes nor nobles like Rome; no fleet, no soldiers,—scarcely a territory. Within her walls was a fickle, avaricious, ungrateful people of parvenus, artisans, and merchants; who had been subdued, now here and now there, by the energy or the intrigues of foreign and native tyranny, until at length, exhausted, they had actually given up their liberty. And it is the history of these very times which is surrounded with such glory, and the remembrance of which awakens such enthusiasm among her own people at the present day, at the remembrance of their past.

Whatever attracts us in nature and in art,—that higher nature which man has created,—may be felt also of the deeds of individuals and of nations. A melody, incomprehensible and enticing, is breathed forth from the events, filling them with importance and animation. Thus we should like to live and to act,—to have joined in obtaining this, to have assisted in the contest there. It becomes evident to us that this is true existence. Events follow each other like a work of art; a marvelous thread unites them; there are no disjointed convulsive shocks which startle us as at the fall of a rock, making the ground tremble which for centuries had lain tranquil, and again, perhaps for centuries, sinks back into its old repose. For it is not repose, order, and a lawful progress on the smooth path of peace which we desire, nor the fearful breaking-up of long-established habits, and the chaos that succeeds; but we are struck by deeds and characters whose outset promises results, and allows us to augur an end where the powers of men and nations strive after perfection, and our feelings aspire toward a harmonious aim which we hope for or dread, and which we see reached at length.

Our pleasure in these events in no degree resembles the satisfaction with which, perchance, a modern officer of police would express himself respecting the excellent condition of a country. There are so-called quiet times, within which, nevertheless, the

best actions appear hollow and inspire a secret mistrust; when peace, order, and impartial administration of justice are words with no real meaning, and piety sounds even like blasphemy; while in other epochs open depravity, errors, injustice, crime, and vice form only the shadows of a great and elevating picture, to which they impart the just truth. The blacker the dark places, the brighter the light ones. An indestructible power seems to necessitate both. We are at once convinced that we are not deceived: it is all so clear, so plain, so intelligible. We are struck with the strife of inevitable dark necessity—with the will, whose freedom nothing can conquer. On both sides we see great powers rising, shaping events, and perishing in their course, or maintaining themselves above them. We see blood flowing; the rage of parties flashes before us like the sheet lightning of storms that have long ceased; we stand here and there, and fight once more in the old battles. But we want truth: no concealing of aims, or the means with which they desired to obtain them. Thus we see the people in a state of agitation, just as the lava in the crater of a volcanic mountain rises in itself; and from the fermenting mass there sounds forth the magic melody which we call to mind when the names "Athens" or "Florence" are pronounced.

Yet how poor seem the treasures of the Italian city, compared with the riches of the Greek! A succession of great Athenians appear where only single Florentines could be pointed out. Athens surpassed Florence as far as the Greeks surpassed the Romans. But Florence touches us the more closely. We tread less certain ground in the history of Athens; and the city herself has been swept away from her old rocky soil, leaving only insignificant ruins behind. Florence still lives. If at the present day we look down from the height of old Fiesole on the mountain-side north of the city, the cathedral of Florence, Santa Maria del Fiore,—or Santa Liparata, as it is called,—with its cupola and slender bell tower, and the churches, palaces, and houses, and the walls that inclose them, still lie in the depth below as they did in years gone by. All is standing, upright and undecayed. The city is like a flower, which when fully blown, instead of withering on its stalk, turned as it were into stone. Thus she stands at the present day; and to him who forgets the former ages, life and fragrance seem not to be lacking. Many a time we could fancy it is still as once it was; just as when traversing

the canals of Venice under the soft beams of the moon, we are delusively carried back to the times of her ancient splendor. But freedom has vanished; and that succession of great men has long ceased which year by year, of old, sprung up afresh.

Yet the remembrance of these men and of the old freedom still lives. Their remains are preserved with religious care. To live with consciousness in Florence is, to a cultivated man, nothing else than the study of the beauty of a free people, in its very purest instincts. The city possesses something that penetrates and sways the mind. We lose ourselves in her riches. While we feel that everything drew its life from that *one* freedom, the past obtains an influence, even in its most insignificant relations, which almost blinds us to the rest of Italy. We become fanatical Florentines, in the old sense. The most beautiful pictures of Titian begin to be indifferent to us, as we follow the progress of Florentine art in its almost hourly advance from the most clumsy beginnings up to perfection. The historians carry us into the intricacies of their age, as if we were initiated into the secrets of living persons. We walk along the streets where they walked; we step over the thresholds which they trod; we look down from the windows at which they have stood. Florence has never been taken by assault, nor destroyed, nor changed by some all-devastating fire. The buildings of which they tell us stand there almost as if they had grown up, stone by stone, to charm and gratify our eyes. If I, a stranger, am attracted with such magnetic power, how strong must have been the feeling with which the free old citizens clung to their native city, which was the world to them! It seemed to them impossible to live and die elsewhere. Hence the tragic and often frantic attempts of the exiled to return to their home. Unhappy was he who at eventide might not meet his friends in her squares,—who was not baptized in the church of San Giovanni, and could not have his children baptized there. It is the oldest church in the town, and bears in its interior the proud inscription that it will not be thrown down until the Day of Judgment,—a belief as strong as that of the Romans, to whom eternity was to be the duration of their Capitol. Horace sang that his songs would last as long as the priestess ascended the steps there.

Athens and Florence owed their greatness to their freedom. We are free when our longing to do all that we do for the good of our country is satisfied; but it must be independently and

voluntarily. We must perceive ourselves to be a part of a whole, and that while *we* advance, we promote the advance of the whole at the same time. This feeling must be paramount to any other. With the Florentines, it rose above the bloodiest hostility of parties and families. Passions stooped before it. The city and her freedom lay nearest to every heart, and formed the end and aim of every dispute. No power without was to oppress them; none within the city herself was to have greater authority than another; every citizen desired to co-operate for the general good; no third party was to come between to help forward their interests. So long as this jealousy of a personal right in the State ruled in the minds of the citizens, Florence was a free city. With the extinguishing of this passion freedom perished; and in vain was every energy exerted to maintain it.

That which, however, exhibits Athens and Florence as raised above other States which likewise flourished through their freedom, is a second gift of nature, by which freedom was either circumscribed or extended,—for both may be said of it; namely, the capability in their citizens for an equal development of all human power. One-sided energy may do much, whether men or nations possess it. Egyptians, Romans, Englishmen, are grand examples of this; the one-sidedness of their character, however, discovers itself again in their undertakings, and sometimes robs that which they achieve of the praise of beauty. In Athens and Florence, no passion for any time gained such ascendancy over the individuality of the people as to preponderate over others. If it happened at times for a short period, a speedy subversion of things brought back the equilibrium. The Florentine Constitution depended on the resolutions of the moment, made by an assembly of citizens entitled to vote. Any power could be legally annulled, and with equal legality another could be raised up in its stead. Nothing was wanting but a decree of the great parliament of citizens. A counter-vote was all that was necessary. So long as the great bell sounded which called all the citizens together to the square in front of the palace of the government, any revenge borne by one towards another might be decided by open force in the public street. Parliament was the lawfully appointed scene of revolution, in case the will of the people no longer accorded with that of the government. The citizens in that case invested a committee with dictatorial authority; the offices were newly filled; all offices were accessible to all citizens;

any man was qualified and called upon for any position. What sort of men must these citizens have been who formed a stable and flourishing State with institutions so variable? Sordid merchants and manufacturers?—yet how they fought for their freedom! Selfish policy and commerce their sole interest?—yet were they the poets and historians of their country! Avaricious shopkeepers and money-changers?—but dwelling in princely palaces, and these palaces built by their own masters and adorned with paintings and sculptures which had been likewise produced within the city! Everything put forth blossom, every blossom bore fruit. The fate of the country is like a ball, which in its eternal motion still rests ever on the right point. Every Florentine work of art carries the whole of Florence within it. Dante's poems are the result of the wars, the negotiations, the religion, the philosophy, the gossip, the faults, the vice, the hatred, the love, and the revenge of the Florentines: all unconsciously assisted; nothing might be lacking. From such a soil alone could such a work spring forth; from the Athenian mind alone could the tragedies of Sophocles and Æschylus proceed. The history of the city has as much share in them as the genius of the men in whose minds imagination and passion sought expression in words. .

It makes a difference whether an artist is the self-conscious citizen of a free land, or the richly rewarded subject of a ruler in whose ears liberty sounds like sedition and treason. A people is free, not because it obeys no prince, but because of its own accord it loves and supports the highest authority, whether this be a prince, or an aristocracy who hold the government in their hands. A *prince* there always is; in the freest republics, *one* man gives, after all, the casting vote. But he must be there because he is the first, and because all need him. It is only where each single man feels himself a part of the common basis upon which the commonwealth rests, that we can speak of freedom and art. What have the statues in the villa of Hadrian to do with Rome and the desires of Rome? what the mighty columns of the Baths of Caracalla with the ideal of the people in whose capital they arose? In Athens and Florence, however, we could say that no stone was laid on another,—no picture, no poem, came forth,—but the entire population was its sponsor. Whether Santa Maria del Fiore was rebuilt; whether the church of San Giovanni gained a couple of golden gates; whether Pisa was besieged, peace concluded, or a mad carnival procession

celebrated,—every one was concerned in it, the same general interest was evinced in it. The beautiful Simoneta, the most beautiful young maiden in the city, is buried: the whole of Florence follow her with tears in their eyes, and Lorenzo Medici, the first man in the State, writes an elegiac sonnet on her loss, which is on the lips of all. A newly painted chapel is opened; no one may be missing. A foot-race through the streets is arranged: carpets hang out from every window. Contemplated from afar, the two cities stand before us like beautiful human figures,—like women with dark sad glances, and yet laughing lips; we step nearer, it seems one great united family; we pass into the midst of them, it is like a beehive of human beings. Athens and her destiny is a symbol of the whole life of Greece; Florence is a symbol of the prime of Roman Italy. Both, so long as their liberty lasted, are a reflection of the Golden Age of their land and people; after liberty was lost, they are an image of the decline of both until their final ruin.

THE GRIMM BROTHERS

(1785-1863) (1786-1859)

BY BENJAMIN W. WELLS



GRIMM, JACOB LUDWIG CARL (1785-1863), and WILHELM CARL (1786-1859), whose names are inseparably connected in the history of German antiquities, philology, and literature, were the oldest sons of a petty official then stationed at Hanau in Hesse-Cassel. Their father died in 1796; but though poor, they were able to study for the law at the University of Marburg, where Professor Savigny gave them their first inspiration and directed their minds to early German literature and institutions. After their graduation,



JACOB GRIMM



WILHELM GRIMM

Jacob occupied for a time subordinate civil and diplomatic positions, and after 1816 both were connected with the Library at Cassel; which they exchanged in 1828 for the University Library at Göttingen, where Jacob also lectured, though without popular success, until they were ejected from office for a manly protest (1837) against the broken pledges of the King of Hanover. "With no desire of applause, or fear of blame when he had acted as he must,"—words that show his whole character,—Jacob withdrew with his brother to Cassel, and thence in 1840 to Berlin, where they had been appointed professors and members of the Academy. Here they passed a life of tireless investigation, interrupted only by Jacob's brief and not very happy share in the National Assembly at Frankfort in 1848. Here they

died, and here they were buried, as they had lived, together. The brothers had passed their whole lives in common labor, of which the elder thus spoke in a memorial oration:—

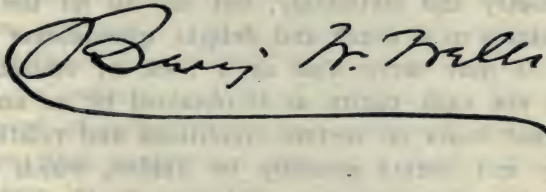
“In the slow-gliding school years, one bed and one study held us. There we sat working at the same table, and afterward in our student years two beds and two tables stood in the same room; in later life, still two tables in the same room; and at last, to the very end, two rooms beside one another, always under one roof, in undisturbed and untroubled community of our money, and books except for a few that each must have immediately at hand, and which were therefore bought in duplicate; and so, also our last beds will be laid, it seems, close by one another. Let one consider, then, whether in speaking of him I can avoid speaking of myself.” (*Minor Writings*, i. 166.)

The work may be treated as a unit, though Jacob's was the most dominant spirit. He had an “iron industry,” a clear vision, an unfailing cheerfulness in labor. His style has a peculiar rugged earnestness. It is not unpolished, but picturesque and full of a woodland savor; while Wilhelm had a frailer constitution and a gentler nature, that showed itself in the graceful naïveté of those legends and tales to which he gave literary form.

The genius of their common studies was a noble patriotism. One could say of both what Jacob said of himself, that nearly all their labors were “directed to the investigation of early German language, laws, and poetry”; labors which might seem useless to some, but were to them “inseparably connected with the Fatherland, and calculated to foster the love of it.” Again, he says, “I strove to penetrate into the wild forests of our ancestors, listening to their noble language, watching their pure customs,” recognizing their “ancient freedom and their rational and hearty faith.”

These labors took the form of studies in early law (*Rechtsalterthümer* or *Legal Antiquities*: 1828), mythology (*Deutsche Mythologie*: 1835), legends (*Sagen* or *Legends*: 1816; revised 1868), essays on old German poetry (*Altdeutscher Meistergesang*: 1811), and numerous editions of old German, Danish, Norse, and English texts. Most important to the scientific world, however, were the *Deutsche Grammatik* (1819, 1822–1840) and the still unfinished Dictionary, perhaps the most vast undertaking of modern philologists. But monumental as these works are, they belong only indirectly to literature, nor is there much of general interest in the eight volumes of Jacob Grimm's *Minor Writings* (1864–1890). On the other hand, all the world knows the brothers for their *Household Tales* (1812–1815), and often for these alone. They were meant for a contribution to folk-lore, as may be seen from the volume of notes that accompany them, of which the extracts that follow contain two specimens. But in a single generation they became one of the most popular books of

the world; they were translated into every civilized tongue, and may be found to-day tattered and worn in a million nurseries, but never outworn in the hearts of Nature's children. Artists like Walter Crane have illustrated them, critics like Andrew Lang have introduced them to English readers, noteworthy German scholars and critics—Scherer, Curtius, Berndt—have bestowed on them the tribute of learning. But perhaps no one has spoken better of them than Wilhelm Grimm in his preface, a part of which is translated below; and none has paid a nobler tribute to the fraternal love of their authors than Jacob Grimm in the first volume of his 'Minor Writings.'



A WORD TO THE READER

From the Preface to the 'Household Tales'

WE SOMETIMES find, when a whole cornfield has been beaten down by a storm, that a little place has sheltered itself by the low hedges or bushes, and a few ears remain upright. Then, if the sun shines kindly again, they grow alone and unnoticed. No early sickle cuts them for the great granaries; but late in summer, when they are ripe and full, come poor hands that glean them and carry them home, laid ear to ear, bound carefully, and more highly treasured than whole sheaves; and they are food all winter long,—perhaps also the only seed for the future.

So it seemed to us, when we saw how nothing was left of so much that had bloomed in old times; how even the memory of it was almost lost, except among the people in songs, a few books, legends, and these innocent Household Tales. The fire-side, the hearth, the attic stairs, ancient holidays, mountain paths and forests in their silence, but above all an untroubled fantasy, have been the hedges that have guarded them and transmitted them from one age to another.

It was high time to seize these tales, for their guardians grow ever rarer. To be sure, those who know them usually know

many; for it is men who are dead to them, not they to men. That which has given such manifold and repeated joy and emotion and instruction bears in it its own excuse for being, and has surely come from that eternal spring that bedews all life; and though it were only a single drop that has caught on a little crumpled leaf, yet it sparkles in the first blush of dawn.

Hence it is, that all these fancies are pervaded with that purity by which children seem to us so wonderful and blessed. They have the same blue-white, immaculate, bright eyes. . . . And so by our collection we thought to serve not only the study of poetry and mythology, but also to let the poetry itself that palpitates in it touch and delight whomsoever it can delight, so that it may serve also as a book of education. For this we seek not such purity as is obtained by an anxious exclusion of all that bears on certain conditions and relations, such as occur daily and cannot possibly be hidden, which also produces the deception that what is possible in a book can be practiced in real life. We seek purity in the truth of a straightforward narration. . . . Nothing defends us better than Nature herself, who has let these plants grow in just this color and form. He whose special needs they may not suit has no right to ask that they should be differently cut and colored. Or again: rain and dew fall to benefit all that grows; if any one does not dare to put his plants under the rain and dew because they are too delicate and might be hurt, if he prefers to give them lukewarm water in the house, yet he must not demand that there shall be no rain and dew. All that is natural may be helpful, and it is at this that we ought to aim.

We have been collecting these stories from oral tradition for about thirteen years. If one is accustomed to heed such things, one has more chances than one would suppose. . . . But it was a piece of special good fortune that we made the acquaintance of a peasant woman of Niedierzwehrrn, a village near Cassel, who told us most of the tales in the second volume, and the most beautiful of these. Frau Viehmännin was still active, and not much over fifty years old. Her features were firm, sensible, and agreeable, and she cast clear keen glances from her great eyes. She remembered the old stories exactly, and said herself that this gift was not granted to all, and that many a one could keep nothing in its proper connection. She told her stories deliberately, confidently, with much life and self-satisfaction: first, quite

naturally; then, if you wished, slowly, so that with a little practice you could take them down. A good deal has been preserved verbally in this way, and will be unmistakable in its truth to nature. One who believes in the easy alteration of tradition, in negligence in guarding it, and hence as a rule in the impossibility of its long continuance, should have heard how exact she always was in her story, and how eager for its accuracy. In repeating she never changed anything in the substance, and corrected an oversight as soon as she observed it, while she was speaking.

As for the way in which we have collected, our first care was for faithfulness and truth. So we have added nothing of our own, have embellished no circumstance or trait in the story, but have rendered its contents just as we received it. That the style and development of detail are largely ours is a matter of course; but we have tried to preserve every peculiarity that we noticed, so as to leave in our collection, in this regard also, the endless variety of nature.

In this sense there is, so far as we know, no collection of legends in Germany. Either a few, preserved by chance, have been printed, or they are looked at as raw material from which to form longer stories. Against such treatment we declare ourselves absolutely. The practiced hand in such reconstructions is like that unhappily gifted hand that turned all it touched, even meat and drink, to gold, and cannot for all its wealth still our hunger or quench our thirst. For when mythology with all its pictures is to be conjured out of mere imagination, how bare, how empty, how formless does all seem, in spite of the best and strongest words! However, this is said only of such so-called reconstructions as pretend to beautify and poetize the legends, not toward a free appropriation of them for modern and individual purposes; for who would seek to set limits to poetry?

We commit these tales to gracious hands, and think the while of the kindly power that lies in them, and wish that our book may be forever hidden from those who grudge these crumbs of poetry to the poor and simple.

CASSEL, July 3d, 1819.

LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE

From 'Household Tales'

LONG ago there was a king and a queen. They said every day, "Oh, if we only had a child!" and still they never got one.

Then it happened when once the queen was bathing, that a frog crept ashore out of the water, and said to her, "Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before a year passes you shall bring a daughter into the world."

What the frog said, happened, and the queen had a little girl that was so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and made a great feast. He invited not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be gracious and kind to the child. Now, there were thirteen of them in his kingdom; but because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat from, one of them had to stay at home. The feast was splendidly celebrated, and when it was over the wise women gave the child their wonderful gifts. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another wealth, and so with everything that people want in the world. But when eleven had spoken, suddenly the thirteenth came in. She wished to avenge herself, because she had not been asked; and without greeting or looking at any one, she cried out, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall wound herself on a spindle, and fall down dead." And without saying another word, she turned around and left the hall. All were frightened. When the twelfth came up, who had her wish still to give, since she could not remove the sentence but only soften it, she said: "Yet it shall not be a real death, but only a hundred years' deep sleep, into which the king's daughter shall fall."

The king, who wanted to save his dear child from harm, sent out an order that all the spindles in the kingdom should be burned. But in the girl the gifts of the wise women were all fulfilled; for she was so beautiful, good, kind, and sensible, that nobody who saw her could help loving her. It happened that just on the day when she was fifteen years old the king and queen were not at home, and the little girl was left quite alone in the castle. Then she went wherever she pleased, looked in the rooms and chambers, and at last she got to an old tower. She went up the narrow winding stairs, and came to a little door.

In the keyhole was a rusty key, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, and spun busily her flax. "Good-day, Aunty," said the king's daughter: "what are you doing there?" "I am spinning," said the old woman, and nodded. "What sort of a thing is that that jumps about so gayly?" said the girl. She took the spindle and wanted to spin too. But she had hardly touched the spindle before the spell was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it.

At the instant she felt the prick she fell down on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep spread over all the castle. The king and queen, who had just come home and entered the hall, began to go to sleep, and all the courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep in the stalls, the dogs in the yard, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall, yes, the fire that was flickering on the hearth grew still and went to sleep. And the roast meat stopped sputtering, and the cook, who was going to take the cook-boy by the hair because he had forgotten something, let him go and slept. And the wind was still, and no leaf stirred in the trees by the castle.

But all around the castle a hedge of briars grew, that got higher every year and at last surrounded the whole castle and grew up over it, so that nothing more could be seen of it, not even the flag on the roof. But the story went about in the country of the beautiful sleeping Briar-Rose (for so the king's daughter was called); so that from time to time kings' sons came and tried to get through the hedge into the castle. But they could not; for the briars, as though they had hands, clung fast together, and the young men, stuck fast in them, could not get out again, and died a wretched death. After long, long years, there came again a king's son to that country, and heard how an old man told about the briar hedge; that there was a castle behind it, in which a wonderfully beautiful king's daughter called Briar-Rose had been sleeping for a hundred years, and that the king and the queen and all the court were sleeping with her. He knew too from his grandfather that many kings' sons had already come and tried to get through the briar hedge, but had all been caught in it and died a sad death. Then the young man said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see the beautiful Briar-Rose." The good old man might warn him as much as he pleased: he did not listen to his words.

But now the hundred years were just passed, and the day was come when Briar-Rose was to wake again. So when the king's son went up to the briars, they were just great beautiful flowers that opened of their own accord and let him through unhurt; and behind him they closed together as a hedge again. In the yard he saw the horses and the mottled hounds lying and sleeping; on the roof perched the doves, their heads stuck under their wings; and when he came into the house the flies were sleeping on the wall, in the kitchen the cook still held up his hand as though to grab the boy, and the maid was sitting before the black hen that was to be plucked. Then he went further, and in the hall he saw all the courtiers lying and sleeping, and upon their throne lay the king and the queen. Then he went further, and all was so still that you could hear yourself breathe; and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where Briar-Rose was sleeping. There she lay, and she was so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; and he bent down and gave her a kiss. But just as he touched her with the kiss, Briar-Rose opened her eyes, awoke, and looked at him very kindly. Then they went down-stairs together; and the king awoke, and the queen, and all the courtiers, and made great eyes at one another. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang about and wagged their tails, the doves on the roof pulled out their heads from under their wings, looked around and flew into the field, the flies on the wall went on crawling, the fire in the kitchen started up and blazed and cooked the dinner, the roast began to sputter again, and the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid finished plucking the hen. Then the wedding of the king's son with Briar-Rose was splendidly celebrated, and they lived happy till their lives' end.

NOTE BY THE GRIMMS.—From Hesse. The maid who sleeps in the castle, surrounded by a hedge until the right prince releases her, before whom the flowers part, is the sleeping Brunhild, according to the old Norse saga, whom a wall of flame surrounds which Sigurd alone can penetrate to wake her. The spindle on which she pricks herself, and from which she falls asleep, is the slumber thorn with which Odin pricks Brunhild. In the Pentameron it is a flax-root. In Perault, 'La Belle au Bois Dormant.' Similar is the sleep of "Schneewitchen." The Italian and French stories both have the conclusion that is wanting in the German, but occurs in our fragment 'Of the

Wicked Stepmother.' It is noteworthy that in the important deviations of Perrault from Basile (who alone preserves the pretty trait that the nursling sucks the bit of flax from the finger of the sleeping mother), both agree so far as to the names of the children that the twins in the Pentameron are called Sun and Moon; in Perrault, Day and Dawn. These names recall the compounds of Day, Sun, and Moon, in the genealogy of the 'Edda.'

THE THREE SPINNERS

From the 'Household Tales'

THERE was a lazy girl who would not spin; and her mother might say what she would, she could not make her do it.

At last anger and impatience overcame the mother so that she struck the girl, and at that she began to cry aloud. Now, the queen was just driving by, and when she heard the crying she had the carriage stop, went into the house, and asked the mother why she beat her daughter so that one could hear the crying out on the street? Then the woman was ashamed to confess the laziness of her daughter, and said, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She wants to spin all the time, and I am poor and can't get the flax." Then the queen answered, "There is nothing I like to hear so much as spinning, and I am never happier than when the wheels hum. Let me take your daughter to the castle. I have flax enough. There she shall spin as much as she will."

The mother was well pleased at it, and the queen took the girl with her. When they came to the castle she took her up to three rooms, which lay from top to bottom full of the finest flax. "Now spin me this flax," said she; "and if you finish it you shall have my eldest son for a husband. Though you are poor, I don't mind that: your cheerful diligence is dowry enough." The girl was secretly frightened; for she could not have spun the flax if she had lived three hundred years, and had sat at it every day from morning till evening. When she was alone she began to cry, and sat so three days without lifting a hand. On the third day the queen came, and when she saw that nothing was spun yet she was surprised; but the girl excused herself by saying that she had not been able to begin on account of her great sorrow at leaving her mother's house. The queen was

satisfied with that, but she said as she went away, "To-morrow you must begin to work."

When the girl was alone again she did not know what to think or to do; and in her trouble she went up to the window, and there she saw three women coming along. The first had a broad paddle-foot, the second had such a big under-lip that it hung down over her chin, and the third had a broad thumb. They stopped before the window, looked up, and asked the girl what was the matter. She told them her trouble. Then they offered her their help and said, "If you will invite us to your wedding, not be ashamed of us, and call us your cousins, and seat us at your table too, then we will spin your flax up, and that quickly." "Gladly," said she: "come in and set to work immediately." So she let the three queer women in, and cleared a little space in the first room, where they could sit down and begin their spinning. One of them drew the thread and trod the wheel, the second wet the thread, the third twisted it and struck with her finger on the table; and as often as she struck, a skein of yarn fell to the floor, and it was of the finest. She hid the three spinners from the queen, and showed her as often as she came the pile of spun yarn, so that the queen could not praise her enough. When the first room was empty, they began on the second, and then on the third, and that was soon cleared up too. Now the three women took their leave, and said to the girl, "Do not forget what you promised us. It will be your good fortune."

When the girl showed the queen the empty rooms and the great heap of yarn, she prepared for the wedding; and the bridegroom was delighted to get such a clever and industrious wife, and praised her very much. "I have three cousins," said the girl; "and since they have been very kind to me, I should not like to forget them in my happiness. Permit me to invite them to the wedding and to have them sit with me at the table." The queen and the bridegroom said, "Why should not we permit it?" Now when the feast began, the three women came in queer dress, and the bride said, "Welcome, dear cousins." "Oh!" said the bridegroom: "how did you get such ill-favored friends?" Then he went to the one with the broad paddle-foot and asked, "Where *did* you get such a broad foot?" "From the treadle," she answered, "from the treadle." Then the bridegroom went to the second and said, "Where *did* you get that hanging lip?" "From wetting yarn," she answered, "from wetting yarn." Then

he asked the third, "Where *did* you get the broad thumb?" "From twisting thread," she answered, "from twisting thread." Then the king's son was frightened and said, "Then my fair bride shall never, never touch a spinning-wheel again." And so she was rid of the horrid spinning.

NOTE BY THE GRIMMS.—From a tale from the duchy of Corvei; but that there are three women, each with a peculiar fault due to spinning, is taken from a Hessian story. In the former they are two very old women, who have grown so broad by sitting that they can hardly get into the room; from wetting the thread they had thick lips; and from pulling and drawing it, ugly fingers and broad thumbs. The Hessian story begins differently, too; namely, that a king liked nothing better than spinning, and so, at his farewell before a journey, left his daughters a great chest of flax that was to be spun on his return. To relieve them, the queen invited the three deformed women and put them before the king's eyes on his return. Prätorius in his 'Glückstopf' (pp. 404-406) tells the story thus: A mother cannot make her daughter spin, and so often beats her. A man who happens to see it, asks what it means. The mother answers, "I cannot keep her from spinning. She spins more flax than I can buy." The man answers, "Then give her to me for wife. I shall be satisfied with her cheerful diligence, though she brings no dowry." The mother is delighted, and the bridegroom brings the bride immediately a great provision of flax. She is secretly frightened, but accepts it, puts it in her room, and considers what she shall do. Then three women come to the window, one so broad from sitting that she cannot get in at the door, the second with an immense nose, the third with a broad thumb. They offer their services and promise to spin the task, if the bride on her wedding day will not be ashamed of them, will proclaim them her cousins and set them at her table. She consents; they spin up the flax, and the lover praises his betrothed. When now the wedding day comes, the three horrid women present themselves. The bride does them honor, and calls them cousins. The bridegroom is surprised, and asks how she comes by such ill-favored friends. "Oh!" said the bride, "it's by spinning that they have become so deformed. One has such a broad back from sitting, the second has licked her mouth quite off,—therefore her nose stands out so,—and the third has twisted thread so much with her thumb." Then the bridegroom was troubled, and said to the bride she should never spin another thread as long as she lived, that she might not become such a monstrosity.

A third tale from the 'Oberlansitz,' by Th. Pescheck, is in Büsching's Weekly News. It agrees in general with Prätorius. One of the

three old women has sore eyes because the impurities of the flax have got into them, the second has a mouth from ear to ear on account of wetting thread, the third is fat and clumsy by much sitting at the spinning-wheel. A part of the story is in Norwegian in Asbjörnsen, and in Swedish in Cavallius. Mademoiselle L'Heretier's 'Ricdin-Ricdon' agrees in the introduction, and the *sette colonelle* of the Pentameron is also connected with this tale.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

From the Preface to the 'Deutsche Grammatik'

IT HAS cost me no long hesitation to prune back to the stock the first shoots of my granaries. A second growth, firmer and finer, has quickly followed; perhaps one may hope for flowers and ripening fruit. With joy I give to the public this work, now become more worthy of its attention, that I have carefully tended and brought to this end amid cares and privations, in which labor was sometimes a drudgery, and sometimes, and by God's goodness oftener, my comfort.

The fruitfulness of the field is of such a nature that it never fails; and no leaf from the sources can be re-examined that does not arouse by a more distant prospect or make one repent of past errors. If now a rich booty should win me less praise than a many-sided, careful, economical administration of a smaller treasure, the blame may fall on me, that I have not known how to draw from all the principles I have discovered the uses of which they were capable, and even that important observations sometimes stand in obscure places. Not all my assertions will stand; but by the discoveries of their weakness other paths will be opened, through which will break at last the truth: the only goal of honest labor, and the only thing that lasts when men have ceased to care for the names of like aspirants. What was hardest for us may be child's-play to posterity, hardly worth speaking of. Then truth will yield herself to new solutions of which we had yet no hint, and will struggle with obstacles where we thought all made plain.

GEORGE GROTE

(1794-1871)

IT IS a coincidence so striking as almost to put the English university system itself on the defensive, that neither Grote nor Gibbon owed anything to academic training. Gibbon indeed spent fourteen months at Oxford:—"the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." George Grote, the son of a London banker, ended his school days at sixteen, when he left the Charterhouse. He had been grounded in Latin by a devoted mother at five years, however, and he took with him to the bank little or no mathematics, and an enthusiastic love for metaphysics, classical literature, and history, which proved to be lifelong. From 1810 to 1820, under his father's roof, he devoted his early mornings and evenings to study. His most important older friends were the political economists James Mill, Ricardo, and Bentham; but they did not divert him from his historical interests. Even during his long engagement, he guided by letter the education and reading of his future wife, with a constant view to his own far-reaching plans for study and creative work.



GEORGE GROTE

With Grote's marriage to the brilliant and devoted Harriet Lewin, in 1820, began a happier epoch. He had now his own home and a moderate income. Mrs. Grote drew him somewhat into society, travel, and a widened circle of friendship on the Continent as well as in London. These digressions only aided what would else have been too bookish and secluded a development. Mrs. Grote, however, was mistaken in her recollection that she herself first, in the autumn of 1823, suggested the subject of his chief life work: at least a year previous, the plan for the great 'History of Greece' had been formed. In 1830 his father's death left Mr. Grote abundant wealth; nevertheless, the decade 1831-1841, which was spent in active political work as the leader in Parliament of the group known as philosophic radicals, did indeed reduce his systematic and untiring studies to mere desultory reading, and seemingly endangered his literary career. Yet even this

experience, as he himself declares, was of indispensable use to him in comprehending the fiercer democratic politics of ancient Athens.

Returning early in 1842 from a brief stay in Italy, and severing altogether his relations with the bank the next year, he now first, in his fiftieth year, devoted his whole strength to his appointed task. His powerful review of Mitford's 'Greece' in 1843 prepared the way for the enthusiastic welcome accorded in 1845 to the first two volumes of his 'History of Greece.' The twelfth and closing volume did not appear until 1856.

Some adequate outlines of his life and character are essential to any fair appreciation of Mr. Grote's chief work. Indefatigable as a student, a fearless lover of truth, widely familiar with men and affairs, a wise philanthropist and a far-sighted reformer, Mr. Grote's noble personality gives weight to his every sentence, as an athlete's whole frame and training goes into each blow he strikes. It seems a trifling criticism upon such a man, to say he was not a literary artist. This is true, indeed, as to his choice of idiom and phrase. He has not that "curious felicity" which makes us linger lovingly over the very words in which a Plato, a Montaigne, a Burke casts his thought. Even in the delineation of a great scene, like the defeat at Syracuse or the downfall of Athens, he is rarely picturesque. He does not appeal indeed to the youthful imagination, but to the mature judgment. We can well imagine that this calm, even-toned, judicious voice made itself heard effectively in the debates of the English Commons.

Of course no one man can ever write an ideal history of that unique, creative, many-sided Hellenic race; but Grote's work is still, more than a half-century after its creation, indispensable as an account of political institutions among the Greeks. Even here the thousands of newly discovered inscriptions, the fortunate reappearance of Aristotle's treatise on the Athenian Constitution, and the ceaseless march of special investigation, make desirable some fresh annotation upon almost every page. The familiarity with Greek lands and folk which gives a charm to Professor Curtius's work is missing from Mr. Grote's. Still more do we miss any warm enthusiasm for Hellenic art, which was so indispensable an element in their life. Even their literature is to him less a beautiful organism quivering with life than a source for more or less accurate information. In this and in many other respects he is curiously like the Athenian student of history and of truth, Thucydides, who could write, in the day of Phidias and Sophocles, as if he had never heard of a myth or a statue. It is true also that Grote is always an English liberal, finding in every page of history fresh reason for hope and trust in modern democracy. This indeed we do not regard as adverse criticism at all. If a man

be not actually blinded to truth by narrow prejudices, the more cordially his own convictions color his writings the greater will be their value and vitality. Posterity will bring more and more human experience to the interpretation of the remote past. They may yet understand Periclean Athens, out of their own similar life, infinitely better than our century could do. Like Chapman's or Pope's Homer, Grote's Greece may yet have a value of its own, quite apart from the question of its truthfulness to Hellenic antiquity, as a monument of Victorian England. To us however it is still the largest, truest, most adequate general picture yet drawn of Hellas from the days of Homer to the time of Alexander.

Hardly less intense was Mr. Grote's interest in the Greek philosophy. The chapters on Socrates and on the Sophists are perhaps the ablest and the most original in the history. Moreover, as soon as that great work was completed, he began the series of treatises on the philosophic schools which was an indispensable portion of his task. The three volumes on 'Plato and his Companions,' however, did not appear until 1865; and of the great projected work on Aristotle, only a small segment took shape before death overtook the noble, generous old scholar. His wife long survived him, and her 'Personal Life of George Grote,' despite numerous minor lapses of memory, is one of the most valuable books in its class.

The important article on Mr. Grote in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' by Professor Robertson, is based in part on intimate personal acquaintance. Mr. Grote's minor works are all mentioned there. Least known of all to the general public is a small volume of poems. These were printed privately by his widow in 1872, and were chiefly written during his courtship, which was unduly prolonged and embittered by parental opposition. We intentionally reserve for a final detail this especially appealing human experience of the statesman, metaphysician, and historian.

THE DEATH, CHARACTER, AND WORK OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

From 'A History of Greece.'

THE intense sorrow felt by Alexander for the death of Hephæstion—not merely an attached friend, but of the same age and exuberant vigor as himself—laid his mind open to gloomy forebodings from numerous omens, as well as to jealous mistrust even of his oldest officers. Antipater especially, no longer protected against the calumnies of Olympias by the support of Hephæstion, fell more and more into discredit; whilst his

son Kassander, who had recently come into Asia with a Macedonian reinforcement, underwent from Alexander during irascible moments much insulting violence. In spite of the dissuasive warning of the Chaldean priests, Alexander had been persuaded to distrust their sincerity and had entered Babylon, though not without hesitation and uneasiness. However, when after having entered the town he went out of it again safely on his expedition for the survey of the lower Euphrates, he conceived himself to have exposed them as deceitful alarmists, and returned to the city with increased confidence for the obsequies of his deceased friend.

The sacrifices connected with these obsequies were on the most prodigious scale. Victims enough were offered to furnish a feast for the army, who also received ample distributions of wine. Alexander presided in person at the feast, and abandoned himself to conviviality like the rest. Already full of wine, he was persuaded by his friend Medius to sup with him, and to pass the whole night in yet further drinking, with the boisterous indulgence called by the Greeks *Kômus* or *Revelry*. Having slept off his intoxication during the next day, he in the evening again supped with Medius, and spent the second night in the like unmeasured indulgence. It appears that he already had the seeds of a fever upon him, which was so fatally aggravated by this intemperance that he was too ill to return to his palace. He took the bath, and slept in the house of Medius; on the next morning he was unable to rise. After having been carried out on a couch to celebrate sacrifice (which was his daily habit), he was obliged to lie in bed all day. Nevertheless he summoned the generals to his presence, prescribing all the details of the impending expedition, and ordering that the land force should begin its march on the fourth day following, while the fleet, with himself aboard, would sail on the fifth day. In the evening he was carried on a couch across the Euphrates into a garden on the other side, where he bathed and rested for the night. The fever still continued, so that in the morning, after bathing and being carried out to perform the sacrifices, he remained on his couch all day, talking and playing at dice with Medius; in the evening he bathed, sacrificed again, and ate a light supper, but endured a bad night with increased fever. The next two days passed in the same manner, the fever becoming worse and worse; nevertheless Alexander still summoned Nearchus to his bedside.

discussed with him many points about his maritime projects, and repeated his order that the fleet should be ready by the third day. On the ensuing morning the fever was violent; Alexander reposed all day in a bathing-house in the garden, yet still calling in the generals to direct the filling up of vacancies among the officers, and ordering that the armament should be ready to move. Throughout the two next days his malady became hourly more aggravated. On the second of the two, Alexander could with difficulty support the being lifted out of bed to perform the sacrifice; even then, however, he continued to give orders to the generals about the expedition. On the morrow, though desperately ill, he still made the effort requisite for performing the sacrifice; he was then carried across from the garden-house to the palace, giving orders that the generals and officers should remain in permanent attendance in and near the hall. He caused some of them to be called to his bedside; but though he knew them perfectly, he had by this time become incapable of utterance. One of his last words spoken is said to have been, on being asked to whom he bequeathed his kingdom, "To the strongest;" one of his last acts was to take the signet ring from his finger, and hand it to Perdikkas.

For two nights and a day he continued in this state, without either amendment or repose. Meanwhile the news of his malady had spread through the army, filling them with grief and consternation. Many of the soldiers, eager to see him once more, forced their way into the palace and were admitted unarmed. They passed along by the bedside, with all the demonstrations of affliction and sympathy; Alexander knew them, and made show of friendly recognition as well as he could, but was unable to say a word. Several of the generals slept in the temple of Serapis, hoping to be informed by the god in a dream whether they ought to bring Alexander into it as a suppliant to experience the divine healing power. The god informed them in their dream that Alexander ought not to be brought into the temple; that it would be better for him to be left where he was. In the afternoon he expired,—June, 323 B. C.,—after a life of thirty-two years and eight months, and a reign of twelve years and eight months.

The death of Alexander, thus suddenly cut off by a fever in the plenitude of health, vigor, and aspirations, was an event impressive as well as important in the highest possible degree, to

his contemporaries far and near. When the first report of it was brought to Athens, the orator Demadês exclaimed, "It cannot be true: if Alexander were dead, the whole habitable world would have smelt of his carcass." This coarse but emphatic comparison illustrates the immediate, powerful, and wide-reaching impression produced by the sudden extinction of the great conqueror. It was felt by each of the many remote envoys who had so recently come to propitiate this far-shooting Apollo, by every man among the nations who had sent these envoys,—throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa, as then known,—to affect either his actual condition or his probable future. The first growth and development of Macedonia, during the twenty-two years preceding the battle of Chæroneia, from an embarrassed secondary State into the first of all known powers, had excited the astonishment of contemporaries and admiration for Philip's organizing genius. But the achievements of Alexander during his twelve years of reign, throwing Philip into the shade, had been on a scale so much grander and vaster, and so completely without serious reverse or even interruption, as to transcend the measure not only of human expectation, but almost of human belief. The Great King (as the King of Persia was called by excellence) was and had long been the type of worldly power and felicity, even down to the time when Alexander crossed the Hellespont. Within four years and three months from this event, by one stupendous defeat after another, Darius had lost all his western empire, and had become a fugitive eastward of the Caspian Gates, escaping captivity at the hands of Alexander only to perish by those of the satrap Bessus. All antecedent historical parallels—the ruin and captivity of the Lydian Crœsus, the expulsion and mean life of the Syracusan Dionysius, both of them impressive examples of the mutability of human condition—sank into trifles compared with the overthrow of this towering Persian Colossus. The orator Æschinês expressed the genuine sentiment of a Grecian spectator when he exclaimed (in a speech delivered at Athens shortly before the death of Darius):—"What is there among the list of strange and unexpected events that has not occurred in our time? Our lives have transcended the limits of humanity; we are born to serve as a theme for incredible tales to posterity. Is not the Persian King, who dug through Athos and bridged the Hellespont, who demanded earth and water from the Greeks, who dared to proclaim himself in public epistles master of all

mankind from the rising to the setting sun,—is not *he* now struggling to the last, not for dominion over others but for the safety of his own person?"

Such were the sentiments excited by Alexander's career, even in the middle of 330 B. C., more than seven years before his death. During the following seven years his additional achievements had carried astonishment yet farther. He had mastered, in defiance of fatigue, hardship, and combat, not merely all the eastern half of the Persian empire, but unknown Indian regions beyond its easternmost limits. Besides Macedonia, Greece, and Thrace, he possessed all that immense treasure and military force which had once rendered the Great King so formidable. By no contemporary man had any such power ever been known or conceived. With the turn of imagination then prevalent, many were doubtless disposed to take him for a god on earth, as Grecian spectators had once supposed with regard to Xerxês when they beheld the innumerable Persian host crossing the Hellespont.

Exalted to this prodigious grandeur, Alexander was at the time of his death little more than thirty-two years old—the age at which a citizen of Athens was growing into important commands; ten years less than the age for a consul at Rome; two years younger than the age at which Timour first acquired the crown and began his foreign conquests. His extraordinary bodily powers were unabated; he had acquired a large stock of military experience; and what was still more important, his appetite for further conquest was as voracious, and his readiness to purchase it at the largest cost of toil or danger as complete, as it had been when he first crossed the Hellespont. Great as his past career had been, his future achievements, with such increased means and experience, were likely to be yet greater. His ambition would have been satisfied with nothing less than the conquest of the whole habitable world as then known; and if his life had been prolonged, he would probably have accomplished it. Nowhere (so far as our knowledge reaches) did there reside any military power capable of making head against him; nor were his soldiers, when he commanded them, daunted or baffled by any extremity of cold, heat, or fatigue. The patriotic feelings of Livy disposed him to maintain that Alexander, had he invaded Italy and assailed Romans or Samnites, would have failed and perished like his relative Alexander of Epirus. But this conclusion cannot be accepted. If we grant the courage and discipline of the Roman infantry to have been equal to the best infantry

of Alexander's army, the same cannot be said of the Roman cavalry as compared with the Macedonian Companions. Still less is it likely that a Roman consul, annually changed, would have been found a match for Alexander in military genius and combinations; nor, even if personally equal, would he have possessed the same variety of troops and arms,—each effective in its separate way and all conspiring to one common purpose,—nor the same unbounded influence over their minds in stimulating them to full effort. I do not think that even the Romans could have successfully resisted Alexander the Great; though it is certain that he never throughout all his long marches encountered such enemies as they, nor even such as Samnites and Lucanians—combining courage, patriotism, discipline, with effective arms both for defense and for close combat.

Among all the qualities which go to constitute the highest military excellence either as a general or as a soldier, none was wanting in the character of Alexander. Together with his own chivalrous courage,—sometimes indeed both excessive and unseasonable, so as to form the only military defect which can be fairly imputed to him,—we trace in all his operations the most careful dispositions taken beforehand, vigilant precaution in guarding against possible reverse, and abundant resource in adapting himself to new contingencies. Amidst constant success, these precautionary combinations were never discontinued. His achievements are the earliest recorded evidence of scientific military organization on a large scale, and of its overwhelming effects. Alexander overawes the imagination more than any other personage of antiquity, by the matchless development of all that constitutes effective force,—as an individual warrior, and as organizer and leader of armed masses; not merely the blind impetuosity ascribed by Homer to Arês, but also the intelligent, methodized, and all-subduing compression which he personifies in Athênê. But all his great qualities were fit for use only against enemies; in which category indeed were numbered all mankind, known and unknown, except those who chose to submit to him. In his Indian campaigns, amidst tribes of utter strangers, we perceive that not only those who stand on their defense, but also those who abandon their property and flee to the mountains, are alike pursued and slaughtered.

Apart from the transcendent merits of Alexander as a soldier and a general, some authors give him credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government, and for

intentions highly favorable to the improvement of mankind. I see no ground for adopting this opinion. As far as we can venture to anticipate what would have been Alexander's future, we see nothing in prospect except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded until he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe. The acquisition of universal dominion—conceived not metaphorically but literally, and conceived with greater facility in consequence of the imperfect geographical knowledge of the time—was the master passion of his soul. At the moment of his death he was commencing fresh aggression in the south against the Arabians, to an indefinite extent; while his vast projects against the western tribes in Africa and Europe, as far as the Pillars of Hêraklês, were consigned in the orders and memoranda confidentially communicated to Kraterus. Italy, Gaul, and Spain would have been successively attacked and conquered; the enterprises proposed to him when in Bactria by the Chorasmian prince Pharasmanês, but postponed then until a more convenient season, would have been next taken up, and he would have marched from the Danube northward, round the Euxine and Palus Mæotis, against the Scythians and the tribes of Caucasus. There remained moreover the Asiatic regions east of the Hyphasis, which his soldiers had refused to enter upon, but which he certainly would have invaded at a future opportunity, were it only to efface the poignant humiliation of having been compelled to relinquish his proclaimed purpose. Though this sounds like romance and hyperbole, it was nothing more than the real insatiate aspiration of Alexander, who looked upon every new acquisition mainly as a capital for acquiring more: "You are a man like all of us, Alexander" (said the naked Indian to him), "except that you abandon your home like a meddlesome destroyer, to invade the most distant regions; enduring hardship yourself and inflicting hardship upon others." Now, how an empire thus boundless and heterogeneous, such as no prince has ever yet realized, could have been administered with any superior advantages to subjects, it would be difficult to show. The mere task of acquiring and maintaining, of keeping satraps and tribute gatherers in authority as well as in subordination, of suppressing resistances ever liable to recur in regions distant by months of march, would occupy the whole life of a world-conqueror, without leaving any leisure for the improvements suited to peace and stability, if we give him credit for such purposes in theory.

But even this last is more than can be granted. Alexander's acts indicate that he desired nothing better than to take up the traditions of the Persian empire: a tribute-levying and army-levying system, under Macedonians in large proportion as his instruments, yet partly also under the very same Persians who had administered before, provided they submitted to him. It has indeed been extolled among his merits that he was thus willing to reappoint Persian grandees (putting their armed force, however, under the command of a Macedonian officer), and to continue native princes in their dominions, if they did willing homage to him as tributary subordinates. . But all this had been done before him by the Persian kings, whose system it was to leave the conquered princes undisturbed, subject only to the payment of tribute, and to the obligation of furnishing a military contingent when required. In like manner Alexander's Asiatic empire would thus have been composed of an aggregate of satrapies and dependent principalities, furnishing money and soldiers; in other respects left to the discretion of local rule, with occasional extreme inflictions of punishment, but no systematic examination or control. Upon this, the condition of Asiatic empire in all ages, Alexander would have grafted one special improvement: the military organization of the empire, feeble under the Achæmenid princes, would have been greatly strengthened by his genius and by the able officers formed in his school, both for foreign aggression and for home control. . . .

In respect of intelligence and combining genius, Alexander was Hellenic to the full; in respect of disposition and purpose, no one could be less Hellenic. The acts attesting his Oriental violence of impulse, unmeasured self-will, and exaction of reverence above the limits of humanity, have been already recounted. To describe him as a son of Hellas, imbued with the political maxims of Aristotle and bent on the systematic diffusion of Hellenic culture for the improvement of mankind, is in my judgment an estimate of his character contrary to the evidence. Alexander is indeed said to have invited suggestions from Aristotle as to the best mode of colonizing; but his temper altered so much after a few years of Asiatic conquest, that he came not only to lose all deference for Aristotle's advice, but even to hate him bitterly. Moreover, though the philosopher's full suggestions have not been preserved, yet we are told generally that he recommended Alexander to behave to the Greeks as a leader or president, or limited chief, and to the Barbarians (non-Hellenes) as

a master; a distinction substantially coinciding with that pointed out by Burke in his speeches at the beginning of the American war, between the principles of government proper to be followed by England in the American colonies and in British India. No Greek thinker believed the Asiatics to be capable of that free civil polity upon which the march of every Grecian community was based. Aristotle did not wish to degrade the Asiatics below the level to which they had been accustomed, but rather to preserve the Greeks from being degraded to the same level. Now, Alexander recognized no such distinction as that drawn by his preceptor. He treated Greeks and Asiatics alike, not by elevating the latter but by degrading the former. Though he employed all indiscriminately as instruments, yet he presently found the free speech of Greeks, and even of Macedonians, so distasteful and offensive that his preferences turned more and more in favor of the servile Asiatic sentiment and customs. Instead of Hellenizing Asia, he was tending to Asiatize Macedonia and Hellas. His temper and character, as modified by a few years of conquest, rendered him quite unfit to follow the course recommended by Aristotle towards the Greeks; quite as unfit as any of the Persian kings, or as the French Emperor Napoleon, to endure that partial frustration, compromise, and smart from free criticism, which is inseparable from the position of a limited chief. Among a multitude of subjects more diverse-colored than even the army of Xerxês, it is quite possible that he might have turned his power towards the improvement of the rudest portions. We are told (though the fact is difficult to credit, from his want of time) that he abolished various barbarisms of the Hyrkanians, Arachosians, and Sogdians. But Macedonians as well as Greeks would have been pure losers by being absorbed into an immense Asiatic aggregate. . . .

This process of Hellenizing Asia,—in so far as Asia was ever Hellenized,—which has often been ascribed to Alexander, was in reality the work of the Diadochi who came after him; though his conquests doubtless opened the door and established the military ascendancy which rendered such a work practicable. The position, the aspirations, and the interests of these Diadochi—Antigonus, Ptolemy, Seleukus, Lysimachus, etc.—were materially different from those of Alexander. They had neither appetite nor means for new and remote conquest; their great rivalry was with each other; each sought to strengthen himself near home

against the rest. It became a matter of fashion and pride with them, not less than of interest, to found new cities immortalizing their family names. These foundations were chiefly made in the regions of Asia near and known to Greeks, where Alexander had planted none. Thus the great and numerous foundations of Seleukus Nikator and his successors covered Syria, Mesopotamia, and parts of Asia Minor. All these regions were known to Greeks, and more or less tempting to new Grecian immigrants, not out of reach or hearing of the Olympic and other festivals as the Jaxartês and the Indus were. In this way a considerable influx of new Hellenic blood was poured into Asia during the century succeeding Alexander; probably in great measure from Italy and Sicily, where the condition of the Greek cities became more and more calamitous, besides the numerous Greeks who took service as individuals under these Asiatic kings. Greeks, and Macedonians speaking Greek, became predominant, if not in numbers at least in importance, throughout most of the cities in western Asia. In particular, the Macedonian military organization, discipline, and administration were maintained systematically among these Asiatic kings. In the account of the battle of Magnesia, fought by the Seleukid king Antiochus the Great against the Romans in 190 B. C., the Macedonian phalanx, constituting the main force of his Asiatic army, appears in all its completeness, just as it stood under Philip and Perseus in Macedonia itself.

Moreover, besides this, there was the still more important fact of the many new cities founded in Asia by the Seleukidæ and the other contemporary kings. Each of these cities had a considerable infusion of Greek and Macedonian citizens among the native Orientals located here, often brought by compulsion from neighboring villages. In what numerical ratio these two elements of the civic population stood to each other, we cannot say. But the Greeks and Macedonians were the leading and active portion, who exercised the greatest assimilating force, gave imposing effect to the public manifestations of religion, had wider views and sympathies, dealt with the central government, and carried on that contracted measure of municipal autonomy which the city was permitted to retain. In these cities the Greek inhabitants, though debarred from political freedom, enjoyed a range of social activity suited to their tastes. In each, Greek was the language of public business and dealing; each formed a centre of attraction

and commerce for an extensive neighborhood; altogether, they were the main Hellenic or quasi-Hellenic element in Asia under the Greco-Asiatic kings, as contrasted with the rustic villages, where native manners and probably native speech still continued with little modification. But the Greeks of Antioch, or Alexandria, or Seleukeia, were not like citizens of Athens or Thebes, nor even like men of Tarentum or Ephesus. While they communicated their language to Orientals, they became themselves substantially Orientalized. Their feelings, judgments, and habits of action ceased to be Hellenic. Polybius, when he visited Alexandria, looked with surprise and aversion on the Greeks there resident, though they were superior to the non-Hellenic population, whom he considered worthless. Greek social habits, festivals, and legends passed with the Hellenic settlers into Asia; all becoming amalgamated and transformed so as to suit a new Asiatic abode. Important social and political consequences turned upon the diffusion of the language, and upon the establishment of such a common medium of communication throughout western Asia. But after all, the Hellenized Asiatic was not so much a Greek as a foreigner with Grecian speech, exterior varnish, and superficial manifestations; distinguished fundamentally from those Greek citizens with whom the present history has been concerned. So he would have been considered by Sophoklês, by Thucydidês, by Sokratês.

We read that Alexander felt so much interest in the extension of science that he gave to Aristotle the immense sum of eight hundred talents in money, placing under his directions several thousand men, for the purpose of prosecuting zoölogical researches. These exaggerations are probably the work of those enemies of the philosopher who decried him as a pensioner of the Macedonian court; but it is probable enough that Philip, and Alexander in the early part of his reign, may have helped Aristotle in the difficult process of getting together facts and specimens for observation, from esteem towards him personally rather than from interest in his discoveries. The intellectual turn of Alexander was towards literature, poetry, and history. He was fond of the *Iliad* especially, as well as of the Attic tragedians; so that Harpalus, being directed to send some books to him in Upper Asia, selected as the most acceptable packet various tragedies of Æschylus, Sophoklês, and Euripidês, with the dithyrambic poems of Telestês and the histories of Phlistus.

THE RISE OF CLEON

From the 'History of Greece'

UNDER the great increase of trade and population in Athens and Peiræus during the last forty years, a new class of politicians seem to have grown up, men engaged in various descriptions of trade and manufacture, who began to rival more or less in importance the ancient families of Attic proprietors. This change was substantially analogous to that which took place in the cities of mediæval Europe, when the merchants and traders of the various guilds gradually came to compete with, and ultimately supplanted, the patrician families in whom the supremacy had originally resided. In Athens, persons of ancient family and station enjoyed at this time no political privilege; and since the reforms of Ephialtês and Periklês, the political constitution had become thoroughly democratical. But they still continued to form the two highest classes in the Solonian census founded on property,—the pentakosiomedimni, and the hippeis or knights. . . . An individual Athenian of this class, though without any legal title to preference, yet when he stood forward as candidate for political influence, continued to be decidedly preferred and welcomed by the social sentiment at Athens, which preserved in its spontaneous sympathies distinctions effaced from the political code. Besides this place ready prepared for him in the public sympathy, especially advantageous at the outset of political life, he found himself further borne up by the family connections, associations, and political clubs, etc., which exercised very great influence both on the politics and the judicature of Athens, and of which he became a member as a matter of course. Such advantages were doubtless only auxiliary, carrying a man up to a certain point of influence, but leaving him to achieve the rest by his own personal qualities and capacity. But their effect was nevertheless very real, and those who, without possessing them, met and buffeted him in the public assembly, contended against great disadvantages. A person of such low or middling station obtained no favorable presumptions or indulgence on the part of the public to meet him half-way; nor had he established connections to encourage first successes, or help him out of early scrapes. He found others already in possession of ascendancy, and well disposed to keep down new competitors; so that he had to win his

own way unaided, from the first step to the last, by qualities personal to himself: by assiduity of attendance, by acquaintance with business, by powers of striking speech, and withal by unflinching audacity, indispensable to enable him to bear up against that opposition and enmity which he would incur from the high-born politicians and organized party clubs, as soon as he appeared to be rising up into ascendancy.

The free march of political and judicial affairs raised up several such men, during the years beginning and immediately preceding the Peloponnesian War. Even during the lifetime of Periklês they appear to have arisen in greater or less numbers: but the personal ascendancy of that great man—who combined an aristocratical position with a strong and genuine democratical sentiment, and an enlarged intellect rarely found attached to either—impressed a peculiar character on Athenian politics. The Athenian world was divided into his partisans and his opponents, among each of whom there were individuals high-born and low-born—though the aristocratical party properly so called, the majority of wealthy and high-born Athenians, either opposed or disliked him. It is about two years after his death that we begin to hear of a new class of politicians. . . . Among them all, the most distinguished was Kleon, son of Kleænetus.

Kleon acquired his first importance among the speakers against Periklês, so that he would thus obtain for himself, during his early political career, the countenance of the numerous and aristocratical anti-Perikleans. He is described by Thucydidês in general terms as a person of the most violent temper and character in Athens,—as being dishonest in his calumnies and virulent in his invective and accusation. Aristophanês in his comedy of 'The Knights' reproduces these features, with others new and distinct, as well as with exaggerated details, comic, satirical, and contemptuous. His comedy depicts Kleon in the point of view in which he would appear to the knights of Athens: a leather-dresser, smelling of the tan-yard; a low-born brawler, terrifying opponents by the violence of his criminations, the loudness of his voice, the impudence of his gestures,—moreover, as venal in his politics, threatening men with accusations and then receiving money to withdraw them; a robber of the public treasury, persecuting merit as well as rank, and courting the favor of the assembly by the basest and most guilty cajolery. The general attributes set forth by Thucydidês (apart from Aristophanês, who

does not profess to write history), we may well accept: the powerful and violent invective of Kleon, often dishonest, together with his self-confidence and audacity in the public assembly. Men of the middling class, like Kleon and Hyperbolus, who persevered in addressing the public assembly and trying to take a leading part in it against persons of greater family pretension than themselves, were pretty sure to be men of more than usual audacity. Had they not possessed this quality, they would never have surmounted the opposition made to them; we may well believe that they had it to a displeasing excess—and even if they had not, the same measure of self-assumption which in Alkibiadês would be tolerated from his rank and station, would in them pass for insupportable impudence. Unhappily, we have no specimens to enable us to appreciate the invective of Kleon. We cannot determine whether it was more virulent than that of Demosthenês and Æschinês, seventy years afterwards,—each of those eminent orators imputing to the other the grossest impudence, calumny, perjury, corruption, loud voice, and revolting audacity of manner, in language which Kleon can hardly have surpassed in intensity of vituperation, though he doubtless fell immeasurably short of it in classical finish. Nor can we even tell in what degree Kleon's denunciations of the veteran Periklês were fiercer than those memorable invectives against the old age of Sir Robert Walpole, with which Lord Chatham's political career opened.

His personal hold on the public assembly . . . had grown into a sort of ascendancy which Thucydidês describes by saying that Kleon was "at that time by far the most persuasive speaker in the eyes of the people." The fact of Kleon's great power of speech, and his capacity of handling public business in a popular manner, is better attested than anything else respecting him, because it depends upon two witnesses both hostile to him,—Thucydidês and Aristophanês. The assembly and the dikastery were Kleon's theatre and holding-ground: for the Athenian people taken collectively in their place of meeting, and the Athenian people taken individually, were not always the same person and had not the same mode of judgment; Demos sitting in the Pnyx was a different man from Demos at home. The lofty combination of qualities possessed by Periklês exercised ascendancy over both one and the other; but the qualities of Kleon swayed considerably the former without standing high in the esteem of the latter.

EUGÉNIE AND MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

(1805-1848)

(1810-1839)



THIS remarkable brother and sister might have been written the words: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." "We were," says Eugénie, "two eyes looking out of one head." Their history as well as their literary work is left in the form of Journals and Letters. Not written for publication, these are most intimate records of their characters and spirits.

Eugénie and Georges Maurice de Guérin were born in the old château of Cayly, Languedoc, of a noble but impoverished family; Eugénie, the eldest of four children, in 1805, and Maurice, the youngest, August 5th, 1810. On the death of their mother, Eugénie assumed care of the delicate brother to whom her life was thenceforth devoted. To a desolate home where sorrow and an austere religion held sway, the morbid note of Maurice's impressionable nature must be attributed. He went to school in Toulouse, spent five years in college, joined in 1832 the famous Lamennais in his monastic retreat at La Chênaie, and finally went to Paris to seek fame by literary work. Here he taught, wrote, and married, dying at the early age of twenty-nine on July 19th, 1839. In 1840 Madame George Sand brought out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his principal composition, 'Le Centaur.'

Maurice was a dreamer from his infancy, possessed of a melancholy spirit and a wonderful insight into nature's physical and mystical beauties. "He has a truly interpretative faculty," says Matthew Arnold: "the most profound and delicate sense of the life of nature, and the most exquisite felicity in finding expressions to render that sense."

We may divide his life into two periods: the first under the influence of Lamennais at La Chênaie, where so much of his 'Journal' was written; and the second in Paris, where he soon became, Sainte-Beuve tells us, "a man of the world, elegant, even fashionable; a conversationalist who could hold his own against the most brilliant talkers of Paris." To the first period belongs the greater part of his 'Journal,' upon which, with the 'Centaur,' his fame rests; for his verses possess little value. Of the suggestions of landscapes in the 'Journal' Sainte-Beuve says:—"They are delicate; they are felt and

painted at the same time: they are painted from near by on the spot, according to nature, but without crudeness. There is no trace of the palette. The colors have their original freshness and truth, and also a certain tenderness. They have passed into the mirror of the inner man, and are seen by reflection. One finds in them, above all, expression; and they breathe the very soul of things."

Maurice de Guérin describes his own life as "made up of serious projects ever changing, and of permanent but idle dreams; of long intoxications of the fancy, and of almost absurd contests between my will and my soul, which is independent and as light in flight as a wild creature; while in the most sensitive and hidden depths of my being there is always acute suffering or dull discomfort, according as the disorder increases or diminishes." Here then he gives us the keynote to his life and writings,—morbid introspection combined with a rare poetic fancy; and it is largely owing to this combination that the 'Journal' is an interesting psychological study.

'The Centaur' was suggested by a visit to the Musée des Antiques with his friend Trébutien, and is masterly in its conception of that strange imaginative borderland between animal and human life. This being, partaking equally of both these lives, is supposed to stand in his melancholy old age on the summit of a mountain, while he relates to an inquisitive mortal the history of his youth.

Sainte-Beuve considers Eugénie de Guérin of equal rank with her brother; but Matthew Arnold in his 'Essays in Criticism' says that Eugénie's words "are but intellectual *signs*, not *symbols* of nature like Maurice's. They bring the notion of the thing described to the mind: they do not bring the feeling of it to the imagination."

The literary interest in Eugénie centres also in her 'Journal.' Her life was passed at La Cayla, in the simple routine of household duties and neighborhood charities. Once only she went to Paris, on the occasion of her brother's marriage. She was intensely religious, and spent much time in prayer, meditation, and preparation for death.

Despite her pleasure in the beauty of nature and in the trivial incidents of her daily life, she was subject to the moods of morbid depression noted in Maurice. She condemns this, calling it languor, ennui, or weariness. Of course the Roman Catholic Eugénie de Guérin is ignorant of Puritan dogma; but allowing for her poetic temperament and tenderness, her rigid asceticism is strangely identical with Puritanism. Everything that gives her pleasure seems to her self-indulgent,—even writing. She says, "I have renounced poetry because I have seen that God did not ask it of me; but the sacrifice has been so much the more painful, as in abandoning poetry, poetry has not abandoned me." Again she writes:—

"Shall I tell you why I gave up the journal? Because I find the time lost that I spend in writing. We owe an account of our minutes to God; and is it not making a bad use of them to employ them in tracing the days that are departing? Would to God that my thoughts, my spirit, had never taken their flight beyond the narrow round in which it is my lot to live! In spite of all that people say to the contrary, I feel that I cannot go beyond my needle-work and my spinning without going too far; I feel it, I believe it: well then, I will keep in my proper sphere; however much I am tempted, my spirit shall not be allowed to occupy itself with great matters until it occupies itself with them in heaven."

And Maurice writes:—

"So long as the wind wafts me from time to time whiffs of wild fragrance, and my ear catches distant accents of the melodies of nature, what shall I have to regret? Does the spider, which at evening-tide hangs suspended on its thread between two leaves, concern itself with the flight of the eagle and the pinions of the birds? And does the imagination of the bird, as it broods over its nestlings well sheltered beneath some bush, regret the caprices of its liberty and the soft undulations of its flight through the airy heights? Never have I had the freedom of the bird, nor has my thought ever been as happy as its wings; then let us fall asleep in resignation, as does the bird in its nest."

Maurice was the one thought of Eugénie's life, and all her 'Journal' is addressed to him. Two days after his death she writes:—"No, my dear, death shall not part us, shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death only separates our bodies; the soul instead of being there is in heaven, and the change of abodes takes nothing away from its affections. Far from it; I trust one loves better in heaven, where all becomes Divine." Determined that the world should know Maurice, she wrote to his friends and prepared a memoir for his works; yet she died on May 31st, 1848, before their publication. Sainte-Beuve made her the subject of a 'Causerie de Lundi,' and Trébutien published her 'Reliquæ' at Caen (1855). In 1862 this tribute appeared for public circulation, was crowned by the French Academy, and passed through sixteen editions in eight months.

FROM THE 'JOURNAL' OF EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN

CHRISTMAS is come; the beautiful festival, the one I love most, that gives me the same joy that it gave the shepherds of Bethlehem. In real truth, one's whole soul sings with joy at this beautiful coming of God upon earth,—a coming which here is announced on all sides of us by music and by our charming *nadalet*.* Nothing at Paris can give you a notion of what

* Chimes.

Christmas is with us. You have not even the midnight mass. We all of us went to it, papa at our head, on the most perfect night possible. Never was there a finer sky than ours was that midnight; so fine that papa kept perpetually throwing back the hood of his cloak, that he might look up at the sky. The ground was white with hoar-frost, but we were not cold; besides, the air, as we met it, was warmed by the bundles of blazing torchwood which our servants carried in front of us to light us on our way. It was delightful, I do assure you; and I should like you to have seen us there on our road to church, in those lanes with the bushes along their banks as white as if they were in flower. The hoar-frost makes the most lovely flowers. We saw a long spray, so beautiful that we wanted to take it with us as a garland for the communion table, but it melted in our hands: all flowers fade so soon! I was very sorry about my garland; it was mournful to see it drip away, and get smaller and smaller every minute.

OH, how pleasant it is, when the rain is dropping from the sky with a soft sound, to sit by one's fire, holding the tongs and making sparks! That was my pastime just now; I am fond of it: the sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the hearth. Verily, charming things take place in the embers, and when I am not busy I am amused with the phantasmagoria of the fireplace. There are a thousand little forms in the ashes that come and go, grow bigger, change, and vanish,—sometimes angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows, everything, may be seen under the logs. I remember a figure with an air of heavenly suffering, that seemed to me what a soul might be in purgatory. I was struck, and wished an artist had been near me: never was vision more perfect. Watch the embers, and you will agree that there are beautiful things there, and that unless one was blind one need never be weary by the fire. Be sure you listen to the little whistling that comes out of the embers like a voice of song. Nothing can be sweeter or purer; it is like the singing of some tiny spirit of the fire. These, my dear, are my evenings and their delights; add sleep, which is not the slightest.

You will like to hear that I have just passed a nice quarter of an hour on the terrace steps, sitting by a poor old woman who

was singing me a lamentable ballad on an incident that once happened at Cahuzac. It was apropos of a gold cross that was stolen off the Holy Virgin's neck. The old woman recollects her grandmother's telling her she had heard that there had been a still more sacrilegious robbery in the same church; namely, of the Host itself, one day when it was left alone in the chancel. It was a girl, who while everybody was at harvest went to the altar, and climbing upon it, put the monstrance into her apron and placed it under a wild rose in the wood. The shepherds who found it accused her, and nine priests came in procession to adore the Holy Sacrament of the rose-bush and carry it back to the wood; but the poor shepherdess was taken, tried, and condemned to be burned. Just before her death she asked to confess, and owned her theft to the priest; saying that she was not a thief, but she wanted to have the Holy Sacrament in the forest: "I thought that *le bon Dieu* would be as well pleased under a rose-bush as on an altar!" At these words an angel descended from heaven to announce her pardon and console the guilty saint, who nevertheless was burned on a pile of which the wild rose formed the first fagot! There is the story of the beggar, to whom I listened as to a nightingale. I thanked her heartily and offered her something as a recompense for her ditty, but she would only take flowers: "Give me a bough of that beautiful lilac." I gave her four, as large as plumes, and the poor creature went off, her stick in one hand and her nosegay in the other, and left me her ballad.

NEVER have I seen a more beautiful effect of light on the paper. But does not God make beauty for all the world? All our birds were singing this morning whilst I was praying. The accompaniment delights, though it distracts me. I stop to listen. Then I resume with the thought that the birds and I are caroling our hymns to God; and these little creatures sing, perhaps, better than I. But the charm of prayer, the charm of communion with God, they cannot taste: we must have a soul to feel that. I have this happiness above theirs.

To-day, and now for a long time, I am tranquil: peace in head and heart; a state of grace for which I bless God. My window is open. How calm it is! All the little noises outside come to me. I love that of the stream. Now I hear a church clock and the little pendule which answers it. This sound of

hours in the distance and in the room has in the night something mysterious. I think of the Trappists who wake to pray, of the sick who count all the hours of their suffering, of the afflicted who weep, of the dead who sleep still and frozen in their beds.

FROM THE 'JOURNAL' OF MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

IT HAS just been raining. Nature is fresh and radiant; the earth seems to taste with rapture the water which brings it life.

One would say that the throats of the birds had also been refreshed by the rain; their song is purer, more vivacious, more brilliant, and vibrates wonderfully in the air, which has become more sonorous and resounding. The nightingales, the bullfinches, the blackbirds, the thrushes, the golden orioles, the finches, the wrens,—all these sing and rejoice. A goose, shrieking like a trumpet, adds by contrast to the charm. The motionless trees seem to listen to all these sounds. Innumerable apple-trees in full bloom look like balls of snow in the distance; the cherry-trees, all white as well, rise like pyramids or spread out like fans of flowers. The birds seem at times to aim at those orchestral effects when all the instruments are blended in a mass of harmony. Would that we could identify ourselves with spring; that we could go so far as to believe that in ourselves breathe all the life and all the love that ferment in nature; that we could feel ourselves to be at the same time verdure, bird, song, freshness, elasticity, rapture, serenity! What then should I become? There are moments when by dint of concentrating ourselves upon this idea and gazing fixedly on nature, we fancy that we experience something like this!

Nothing can more faithfully represent this state of the soul than the shades of evening, falling at this very moment. Gray clouds just edged with silver cover the whole face of the sky. The sun, which set but a few moments ago, has left behind light enough to temper for a while the black shadows, and to soften in a measure the fall of night. The winds are hushed, and the peaceful ocean, as I come to listen on the threshold of the door, sends me only a melodious murmur which softly spreads over the soul like a beautiful wave over the beach. The birds, the first to feel the influence of the night, fly toward the woods, and

their wings rustle in the clouds. The coppice, which covers the entire slope of the hill of Le Val, and resounds all day long with the chirps of the wren, the gay whistle of the woodpecker, and the various notes of a multitude of birds, has no more a sound along its path or within its thickets, unless it be the shrill call of the blackbirds as they play together and chase one another after the other birds have hidden their heads under their wings. The noise of men, always the last to become silent, gradually dies away over the face of the fields. The general uproar ceases, and not a sound is heard except from the towns and hamlets, where, far into the night, the children cry and the dogs bark. Silence enwraps me; all things yearn for rest except my pen, which disturbs perchance the slumber of some living atom asleep in the folds of my note-book, for it makes its little sound as it writes these idle thoughts. Then let it cease; for what I write, have written, and shall write will never be worth the sleep of a single atom.

THE THOUGHTS OF MACAREUS

From 'The Centaur,' by Maurice de Guérin

I HAD my birth in the caves of these mountains. Like the stream of this valley, whose first drops trickle from some weeping rock in a deep cavern, the first moment of my life fell in the darkness of a remote abode, and without breaking the silence. When our mothers draw near to the time of their delivery, they withdraw to the caverns, and in the depth of the loneliest of them, in the thickest of its gloom, bring forth, without uttering a plaint, offspring silent as themselves. Their puerile milk makes us surmount without weakness or dubious struggle the first difficulties of life; and yet we leave our caverns later than you your cradles. The reason is, that we have a doctrine that the early days of existence should be kept apart and enshrouded, as days filled with the presence of the gods.

Nearly the whole term of my growth was passed in the darkness where I was born. The recesses of my dwelling ran so far under the mountain that I should not have known on which side was the exit, had not the winds, when they sometimes made their way through the opening, sent fresh airs in, and a sudden trouble. Sometimes too my mother came back to me, having

about her the odors of the valleys, or streaming from the waters which were her haunt. Her returning thus, without a word said of the valleys or the rivers, but with the emanations from them hanging about her, troubled my spirit, and I moved up and down restlessly in my darkness. "What is it," I cried, "this outside world whither my mother is borne; and what reigns there in it so potent as to attract her so often?" At these moments my own force began to make me unquiet. I felt in it a power which could not remain idle; and betaking myself either to toss my arms, or to gallop backward and forward in the spacious darkness of the cavern, I tried to make out, from the blows which I dealt in the empty space or from the transport of my course through it, in what direction my arms were meant to reach or my feet to bear me. Since that day I have wound my arms round the busts of centaurs, and round the bodies of heroes, and round the trunks of oaks; my hands have essayed the rocks, the waters, plants without number, and the subtlest impressions of the air,—for I uplift them in the dark and still nights to catch the breaths of wind, and to draw signs whereby I may augur my road; my feet—look, O Melampus, how worn they are! And yet, all benumbed as I am in this extremity of age, there are days when in broad sunlight on the mountain-tops I renew these gallopings of my youth in the cavern, and with the same object, brandishing my arms and employing all the fleetness which yet is left to me. . . .

O Melampus, thou who wouldst know the life of the centaurs, wherefore have the gods willed that thy steps should lead thee to me, the oldest and most forlorn of them all? It is long since I have ceased to practice any part of their life. I quit no more this mountain summit, to which age has confined me. The point of my arrows now serves me only to uproot some tough-fibred plant; the tranquil lakes know me still, but the rivers have forgotten me. I will tell thee a little of my youth; but these recollections, issuing from a worn memory, come like the drops of a niggardly libation poured from a damaged urn.

The course of my youth was rapid and full of agitation. Movement was my life, and my steps knew no bound. One day when I was following the course of a valley seldom entered by the centaurs, I discovered a man making his way up the stream-side on the opposite bank. He was the first whom my eyes had lighted on: I despised him. "Behold," I cried, "at the utmost

but the half of what I am! How short are his steps! and his movement how full of labor! Doubtless he is a centaur overthrown by the gods, and reduced by them to drag himself along thus." [1.20.91]

Wandering along at my own will like the rivers, feeling wherever I went the presence of Cybele, whether in the bed of the valleys or on the height of the mountains, I bounded whither I would, like a blind and chainless life. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slopes of the mountain, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns, and there tranquillized me as she tranquillizes the billows of the sea. Stretched across the threshold of my retreat, my flanks hidden within the cave and my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. The sea gods, it is said, quit during the hours of darkness their palaces under the deep; they seat themselves on the promontories, and their eyes wander over the expanse of the waves. Even so I kept watch, having at my feet an expanse of life like the hushed sea. My regards had free range, and traveled to the most distant points. Like sea-beaches which never lose their wetness, the line of mountains to the west retained the imprint of gleams not perfectly wiped out by the shadows. In that quarter still survived, in pale clearness, mountain summits bare and pure. There I beheld at one time the god Pan descend, ever solitary; at another, the choir of the mystic divinities; or I saw pass some mountain nymph charm-struck by the Night. Sometimes the eagles of Mount Olympus traversed the upper sky, and were lost to view among the far-off constellations, or in the shade of the dreaming forests.

Thou pursuest after wisdom, O Melampus, which is the science of the will of the gods; and thou roamest from people to people like a mortal driven by the Destinies. In the times when I kept my night watches before the caverns, I have sometimes believed that I was about to surprise the thought of the sleeping Cybele, and that the mother of the gods, betrayed by her dreams, would let fall some of her secrets; but I have never made out more than sounds which faded away in the murmur of night, or words inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.

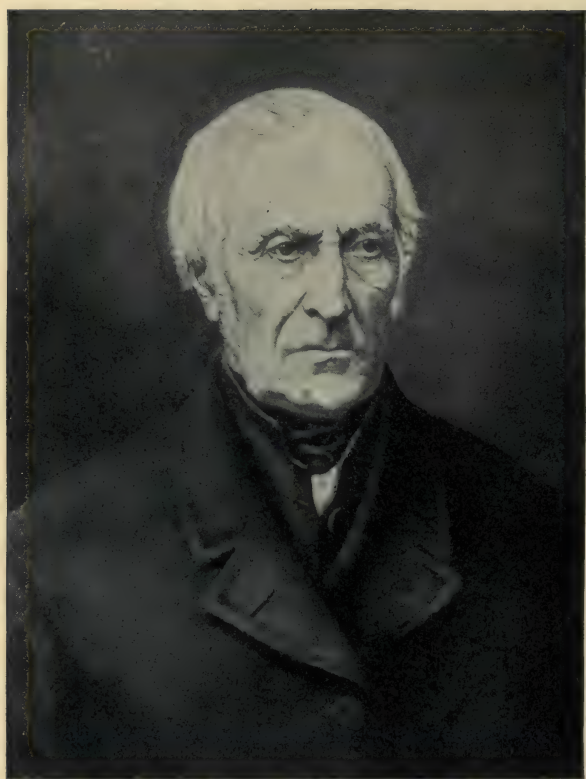
"O Macareus," one day said to me the great Chiron, whose old age I tended, "we are both of us centaurs of the mountain; but how different are our lives! Of my days all the study in (thou seest it) the search for plants; thou, thou art like those

mortals who have picked up on the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips, some pieces of the reed pipe thrown away by the god Pan. From that hour these mortals, having caught from their relics of the god a passion for wild life, or perhaps smitten with some secret madness, enter into the wildness, plunge among the forests, follow the course of the streams, bury themselves in the heart of the mountains, restless and haunted by an unknown purpose. The mares beloved of the winds in the farthest Scythia are not wilder than thou, nor more cast down at nightfall, when the North Wind has departed. Seekest thou to know the gods, O Macareus, and from what source men, animals, and the elements of the universal fire have their origin? But the aged Ocean, the father of all things, keeps locked within his own breast these secrets; and the nymphs who stand around sing as they weave their eternal dance before him, to cover any sound which might escape from his lips half opened by slumber. The mortals dear to the gods for their virtue have received from their hands lyres to give delight to man, or the seeds of new plants to make him rich; but from their inexorable lips, nothing!"

Such were the lessons which old Chiron gave me. Waned to the very extremity of life, the centaur yet nourished in his spirit the most lofty discourse.

For me, O Melampus, I decline into my last days, calm as the setting of the constellations. I still retain enterprise enough to climb to the top of the rocks, and there I linger late, either gazing on the wild and restless clouds, or to see come up from the horizon the rainy Hyades, the Pleiades, or the great Orion; but I feel myself perishing and passing quickly away, like a snow-wreath floating on the stream; and soon shall I be mingled with the waters which flow in the vast bosom of Earth.

Translation of Matthew Arnold.



GUIZOT

FRANÇOIS GUIZOT

(1787-1874)

BY CHARLES GROSS

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT was born at Nîmes, October 4th, 1787. His career was eventful: he was a prolific writer, a successful professor, a great historian, and an influential statesman. Though we are mainly concerned with his literary activity, Guizot the author cannot be isolated from Guizot the patriot, the Calvinist statesman, the political champion of the bourgeoisie and of constitutional monarchy. He is one of the few great historians who have helped to make history. The politics and state-craft of the past should be less mysterious to the experienced and judicious statesman than to the secluded scholar. On the other hand, Guizot's training in historical research may have reacted on his political life, widening his mental horizon and helping to develop in him the liberal spirit of catholicity and impartiality which he evinced in his public life.

His father, a lawyer, was a victim of the Revolution in 1794. In 1812 Guizot was appointed professor of history at the Sorbonne. In 1814 he began his political career as Secretary-General of the Interior, and in 1817 he became a Councilor of State. In 1822 his lectures at the Sorbonne were suppressed on account of his liberal ideas; in 1828 he recovered his chair at the Sorbonne, and during the next two years lectured on the history of civilization in Europe and France. Under Louis Philippe he was Minister of Instruction, and did much to improve the French system of education. From 1840 to 1848 he was at the head of the French Cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs. With the dethronement of Louis Philippe in 1848 his political activity came to an end. Throughout his life he was a liberal. Though he advocated the political preponderance of the middle classes and the maintenance of a constitutional government, he firmly combated revolutionary and ultra-democratic theories; he tried to reconcile the enjoyment of liberty with the preservation of social order. He died September 12th, 1874.

Of his numerous writings the most important are the 'History of Civilization in Europe,' the 'History of Civilization in France,' the 'History of the English Revolution,' 'Shakespeare and his Times,' his

'Memoirs,' and the 'History of France, Related for my Grandchildren.' As a historian he is noted for his philosophic grasp of important historical questions, his clear discernment of the broad lines of historical development, and his insight into the relations of cause and effect. Paying little heed to amusing and dramatic details or personal exploits, he tries to determine the dominant ideas or principles of each period of history. All his works are marked by a seriousness of purpose which often assumes the form of ardent patriotism or earnest religious conviction. He believed that the study of the past has an ethical value, that an accurate knowledge of the past helps us to comprehend the present and to provide for the future. He also believed in the progressive development of mankind through the various ages. The fundamental idea contained in the word "civilization," he says, is progress or development, the carrying to higher perfection the relations between man and man.

Such a philosophic treatment of history, though stimulating to thoughtful students, may easily degenerate into vague and misleading generalizations. The philosophic historian is tempted to weave his subjective ideas into the tissue which he fabricates, allowing the imagination to dominate over reason. The successful application of the philosophic method presupposes not merely a high order of mental capacity, but also an accurate knowledge of facts, which was less attainable in Guizot's time than it is at present. When he wrote his 'Civilization in Europe' and 'Civilization in France' (1828-30), the modern method of historical research was still in its infancy; Ranke had just begun his epoch-making career. It must be admitted however that Guizot's books are still suggestive and instructive, despite the fact that critical investigation during the past fifty years has revolutionized our knowledge of events and institutions; many of the broad lines of development that he laid down still remain unchanged. It should also be said that Guizot did much for the advancement of historical research by aiding to establish the Society for the History of France and by creating the Historical Commission, both of which have actively promoted this branch of study in France since 1835.

Each of the fourteen brief lectures in his 'History of Civilization in Europe' is the delineation of a cardinal event or principle, and these principles are linked into one chain of development. At first he considers the influence of the three main sources of modern civilization—the Christian Church, the Romans, and the Germans; in the light of recent research we may safely say that he underrates the influence of the Germanic element and overestimates that of Rome. Next he examines four later cardinal factors in historical development,—namely, feudalism, the Church, the communes, and royalty,—

and traces their interaction down through the period of monarchical centralization and of the Reformation to the French Revolution. He regards France as the centre or focus of European civilization. He admits that at various epochs Italy has outstripped France in the arts, and that England has had the lead in developing political institutions; but even those leading ideas or institutions whose birth must be referred to other countries, had to be clarified in France before they were diffused throughout Europe. Therefore France is "eminently qualified to march at the head of European civilization." Though France does not hold this leadership at present, what Guizot says is certainly applicable in large measure to the past: for centuries the influence of French civilization radiated in all directions, and no other country forms a better nucleus for the study of general European history.

The prominence or dominance of French ideas in European history is also emphasized in Guizot's 'History of Civilization in France.' Though this series of lectures extends only to the fourteenth century, it is a more elaborate work than the 'History of Civilization in Europe.' The author gives a detailed account of the leading factors which entered into the development of France, and shows how from the relations between feudalism, the communes, and royalty, national and political unity was gradually evolved. His portrayal of feudalism is particularly detailed and attractive, though his account of the origin of that institution is now antiquated. He believes that two great lessons may be learned from the study of French history: (1) that the rivalry of the nobility and the commons prevented their union against despotism; and (2) that Frenchmen have a tendency to follow an idea or principle to its logical conclusion, regardless of consequences. These lessons help us to understand certain great divergences in the constitutional development of France and England.

Guizot's account of what he calls "the English Revolution" comprises three separate works: 'The History of Charles I.' (1826-27), 'The History of Oliver Cromwell' (1854), and 'The History of Richard Cromwell' (1856). Like the German historian Gneist, he studied English history in order to determine what France could learn from the annals of her neighbor. Passionately preoccupied with the future of his country, he wished to ascertain just how a great people succeeded in securing and conserving a free government. In dealing with the history of England during the seventeenth century, Guizot exhibits an admirable spirit of impartiality and a firm grasp of the dominant political ideas of the whole period. He also presents much new documentary evidence derived from the French archives. These volumes are still instructive, though Gardiner and other recent writers have overthrown some of Guizot's conclusions.

In the 'Memoirs of my Own Time' (1858-67) Guizot comments upon contemporary political events, many of which he had helped to shape. This work is particularly important for the study of Louis Philippe's reign, and especially for the period of Guizot's ministry, from 1840 to 1848.

In his extreme old age he wrote 'The History of France, Related for my Grandchildren' (1870-75). In this work the octogenarian tries to impress upon the rising generation of Frenchmen the need of a lofty spirit of patriotism and a strong faith in their 'vanquished country, a faith which the past history of France should nourish and strengthen. He tries to awaken the interest of his readers by dwelling upon great persons and great events, and he succeeds in giving an admirable account of the general history of France.

Many of Guizot's books have been translated into English, but most of the translations are marred by serious defects. His style, which has been assailed by some critics and admired by others, shows an improvement in his later works. Though he was not a great historical artist, his style is usually clear. All his writings are marked by a Calvinistic soberness of tone, which, though it may repel those in quest of picturesque historical details, attracts and stimulates thoughtful students.

Chas. Gross.

CIVILIZATION

From the 'General History of Civilization in Europe'

THE situation in which we are placed, as Frenchmen, affords us a great advantage for entering upon the study of European civilization; for without intending to flatter the country to which I am bound by so many ties, I cannot but regard France as the centre, as the focus, of the civilization of Europe. It would be going too far to say that she has always been, upon every occasion, in advance of other nations. Italy at various epochs has outstripped her in the arts; England, as regards political institutions, is by far before her; and perhaps at certain moments we may find other nations of Europe superior to her in various particulars; but it must still be allowed that whenever France has set forward in the career of civilization, she has

sprung forth with new vigor, and has soon come up with or passed by all her rivals.

Not only is this the case, but those ideas, those institutions which promote civilization but whose birth must be referred to other countries, have, before they could become general or produce fruit, before they could be transplanted to other lands or benefit the common stock of European civilization, been obliged to undergo in France a new preparation; it is from France, as from a second country more rich and fertile, that they have started forth to make the conquest of Europe. There is not a single great idea, not a single great principle of civilization, which in order to become universally spread has not first passed through France.

There is indeed in the genius of the French something of a sociableness, of a sympathy,—something which spreads itself with more facility and energy than in the genius of any other people: it may be in the language or the particular turn of mind of the French nation; it may be in their manners, or that their ideas, being more popular, present themselves more clearly to the masses, penetrate among them with greater ease: but in a word, clearness, sociability, sympathy, are the particular characteristics of France, of its civilization; and these qualities render it eminently qualified to march at the head of European civilization.

In studying then the history of this great fact, it is neither an arbitrary choice nor a convention that leads us to make France the central point from which we shall study it; but it is because we feel that in so doing we in a manner place ourselves in the very heart of civilization itself—in the heart of the very fact which we desire to investigate.

Civilization is just one of this kind of facts: it is so general in its nature that it can scarcely be seized, so complicated that it can scarcely be unraveled, so hidden as to be scarcely discernible. The difficulty of describing it, of recounting its history, is apparent and acknowledged; but its existence, its worthiness to be described and to be recounted, are not less certain and manifest. Then, respecting civilization, what a number of problems remain to be solved! It may be asked, it is even now disputed, whether civilization be a good or an evil. One party decries it as teeming with mischief to man, while another lauds it as the means by which he will attain his highest dignity and excellence. Again, it is asked whether this *fact* is universal; whether there

is a general civilization of the whole human race, a course for humanity to run, a destiny for it to accomplish; whether nations have not transmitted from age to age something to their successors which is never lost, but which grows and continues as a common stock, and will thus be carried on to the end of all things. For my part, I feel assured that human nature has such a destiny; that a general civilization pervades the human race; that at every epoch it augments, and that consequently there is a universal history of civilization yet to be written. Nor have I any hesitation in asserting that this history is the most noble, the most interesting of any, and that it comprehends every other.

Is it not indeed clear that civilization is the great fact in which all others merge; in which they all end, in which they are all condensed, in which all others find their importance? Take all the facts of which the history of a nation is composed, all the facts which we are accustomed to consider as the elements of its existence—take its institutions, its commerce, its industry, its wars, the various details of its government; and if you would form some idea of them as a whole, if you would see their various bearings on each other, if you would appreciate their value, if you would pass a judgment upon them, what is it you desire to know? Why, what they have done to forward the progress of civilization; what part they have acted in this great drama; what influence they have exercised in aiding its advance. It is not only by this that we form a general opinion of these facts, but it is by this standard that we try them, that we estimate their true value. These are as it were the rivers, of which we ask how much water they have carried to the ocean. Civilization is as it were the grand emporium of a people, in which all its wealth, all the elements of its life, all the powers of its existence, are stored up. It is so true that we judge of minor facts accordingly as they affect this greater one, that even some which are naturally detested and hated, which prove a heavy calamity to the nation upon which they fall,—say for instance despotism, anarchy, and so forth,—even these are partly forgiven, their evil nature is partly overlooked, if they have aided in any considerable degree the march of civilization. Wherever the progress of this principle is visible, together with the facts which have urged it forward, we are tempted to forget the price it has cost; we overlook the dearness of the purchase.

Again, there are certain facts which properly speaking cannot be called social—individual facts which rather concern the human intellect than public life; such are religious doctrines, philosophical opinions, literature, the sciences and arts. All these seem to offer themselves to individual man for his improvement, instruction, or amusement, and to be directed rather to his intellectual melioration and pleasure than to his social condition. Yet still, how often do these facts come before us—how often are we compelled to consider them as influencing civilization! In all times, in all countries, it has been the boast of religion that it has civilized the people among whom it has dwelt. Literature, the arts and sciences, have put in their claim for a share of this glory; and mankind has been ready to laud and honor them whenever it has felt that this praise was fairly their due. In the same manner, facts the most important—facts of themselves, and independently of their exterior consequences, the most sublime in their nature—have increased in importance, have reached a higher degree of sublimity, by their connection with civilization. Such is the worth of this great principle that it gives a value to all it touches. Not only so, but there are even cases in which the facts of which we have spoken—in which philosophy, literature, the sciences, and the arts—are especially judged and condemned or applauded according to their influence upon civilization.

THE EXAMPLE OF SHAKESPEARE

From 'Shakespeare and his Times'

VOLTAIRE was the first person in France who spoke of Shakespeare's genius; and although he spoke of him merely as a barbarian genius, the French public were of opinion that Voltaire had said too much in his favor. Indeed, they thought it nothing less than profanation to apply the words "genius" and "glory" to dramas which they considered as crude as they were coarse.

At the present day, all controversy regarding Shakespeare's genius and glory has come to an end. No one ventures any longer to dispute them; but a greater question has arisen,—namely, whether Shakespeare's dramatic system is not far superior to that of Voltaire. This question I do not presume to

decide. I merely say that it is now open for discussion. We have been led to it by the onward progress of ideas. I shall endeavor to point out the causes which have brought it about; but at present I insist merely upon the fact itself, and deduce from it one simple consequence, that literary criticism has changed its ground, and can no longer remain restricted to the limits within which it was formerly confined.

Literature does not escape from the revolutions of the human mind; it is compelled to follow it in its course, to transport itself beneath the horizon under which it is conveyed, to gain elevation and extension with the ideas which occupy its notice, and to consider the questions which it discusses, under the new aspects and novel circumstances in which they are placed by the new state of thought and of society. . . .

When we embrace human destiny in all its aspects, and human nature in all the conditions of man upon earth, we enter into possession of an exhaustless treasure. It is the peculiar advantage of such a system that it escapes, by its extent, from the dominion of any particular genius. We may discover its principles in Shakespeare's works; but he was not fully acquainted with them, nor did he always respect them. He should serve as an example, not as a model. Some men, even of superior talent, have attempted to write plays according to Shakespeare's taste, without perceiving that they were deficient in one important qualification for the task; and that was to write as he did, to write them for our age just as Shakespeare's plays were written for the age in which he lived. This is an enterprise the difficulties of which have hitherto, perhaps, been maturely considered by no one. We have seen how much art and effort were employed by Shakespeare to surmount those which are inherent in his system. They are still greater in our times, and would unveil themselves much more completely to the spirit of criticism which now accompanies the boldest essays of genius. It is not only with spectators of more fastidious taste and of more idle and inattentive imagination, that the poet would have to do who should venture to follow in Shakespeare's footsteps. He would be called upon to give movement to personages embarrassed in much more complicated interests, preoccupied with much more various feelings, and subject to less simple habits of mind and to less decided tendencies. Neither science, nor reflection, nor the scruples of conscience, nor the uncertainties of

thought frequently incumber Shakespeare's heroes; doubt is of little use among them, and the violence of their passions speedily transfers their belief to the side of their desires, or sets their actions above their belief. Hamlet alone presents the confused spectacle of a mind formed by the enlightenment of society, in conflict with a position contrary to its laws; and *he* needs a supernatural apparition to determine him to act, and a fortuitous event to accomplish his project. If incessantly placed in an analogous position, the personages of a tragedy conceived at the present day according to the Romantic system would offer us the same picture of indecision. Ideas now crowd and intersect each other in the mind of man, duties multiply in his conscience and obstacles and bonds around his life. Instead of those electric brains, prompt to communicate the spark which they have received; instead of those ardent and simple-minded men, whose projects like Macbeth's "will to hand," — the world now presents to the poet minds like Hamlet's, deep in the observation of those inward conflicts which our classical system has derived from a state of society more advanced than that of the time in which Shakespeare lived. So many feelings, interests, and ideas, the necessary consequences of modern civilization, might become even in their simplest form of expression a troublesome burden, which it would be difficult to carry through the rapid evolutions and bold advances of the Romantic system.

We must however satisfy every demand; success itself requires it. The reason must be contented at the same time that the imagination is occupied. The progress of taste, of enlightenment, of society, and of mankind, must serve not to diminish or disturb our enjoyment, but to render them worthy of ourselves and capable of supplying the new wants which we have contracted. Advance without rule and art in the Romantic system, and you will produce melodramas calculated to excite a passing emotion in the multitude, but in the multitude alone, and for a few days; just as by dragging along without originality in the Classical system, you will satisfy only that cold literary class who are acquainted with nothing in nature which is more important than the interests of versification, or more imposing than the three unities. This is not the work of the poet who is called to power and destined for glory: he acts upon a grander scale, and can address the superior intellects as well as the general and simple faculties of all men. It is doubtless necessary that the crowd should throng to behold

those dramatic works of which you desire to make a national spectacle; but do not hope to become national, if you do not unite in your festivities all those classes of persons and minds whose well-arranged hierarchy raises a nation to its loftiest dignity. Genius is bound to follow human nature in all its developments; its strength consists in finding within itself the means for constantly satisfying the whole of the public. The same task is now imposed upon government and upon poetry: both should exist for all, and suffice at once for the wants of the masses and for the requirements of the most exalted minds.

Doubtless stopped in its course by these conditions, the full severity of which will only be revealed to the talent that can comply with them, dramatic art, even in England, where under the protection of Shakespeare it would have liberty to attempt anything, scarcely ventures at the present day even to try timidly to follow him. Meanwhile England, France, and the whole of Europe demand of the drama pleasures and emotions that can no longer be supplied by the inanimate representation of a world that has ceased to exist. The Classical system had its origin in the life of its time: that time has passed; its image subsists in brilliant colors in its works, but can no more be reproduced. Near the monuments of past ages, the monuments of another age are now beginning to arise. What will be their form? I cannot tell; but the ground upon which their foundations may rest is already perceptible. This ground is not the ground of Corneille and Racine, nor is it that of Shakespeare; it is our own; but Shakespeare's system, as it appears to me, may furnish the plans according to which genius ought now to work. This system alone includes all those social conditions and all those general or diverse feelings, the simultaneous conjunction and activity of which constitute for us at the present day the spectacle of human things. Witnesses during thirty years of the greatest revolutions of society, we shall no longer willingly confine the movement of our mind within the narrow space of some family event, or the agitations of a purely individual passion. The nature and destiny of man have appeared to us under their most striking and their simplest aspect, in all their extent and in all their variableness. We require pictures in which this spectacle is reproduced, in which man is displayed in his completeness and excites our entire sympathy.

ERNST HAECKEL

(1834-)

BY W. B. PITKIN

ERNST HAECKEL, the most famous naturalist Germany has yet produced, is a more striking figure among Germans than he ever has been or can hope to be among the English-speaking peoples. This is due to the fact that, whereas England and America have been the birthplaces of many able scientists who have also turned out to be gifted writers and strenuous propagandists, Germany has given birth to very few men combining these powers of research, expression, and intense conviction.

In Haeckel we encounter that immense thoroughness and passion for dry detail that are so typical of the German investigator; but, blended with these, we also find a certain literary charm, a flexibility of phrase, and a magnificent Platonic vision which we associate more readily with an English name and nature. Haeckel is, indeed, Germany's Herbert Spencer; only he has much more than Spencer in that he couples with this philosopher's vision the true natural scientist's capacity for interminable observation and the recording of *minutiæ*. Strictly speaking, Haeckel has no precise counterpart. Darwin, whose passionate disciple he was, possessed that same gift for prying into Nature's crannies which Haeckel enjoyed; but he lacked altogether Haeckel's knack of welding an infinity of small facts into a solid philosophy of existence. Spencer, on the other hand, was a master metaphysician even as Haeckel; but Spencer's incapacity for research, in the scientific sense of this term, is notorious. Huxley is still further removed from Haeckel's all-aroundness; for, although Huxley did make substantial contributions to natural science, neither his researches nor his systematizing of knowledge can endure comparison with Haeckel's (General Morphology,) which virtually established a new science.

Born at Potsdam, Germany, in 1834, Haeckel studied medicine and science at Wuerzburg, Berlin, and Vienna. At the urging of his parents, he took up the practice of medicine; but his passionate interest in natural science interfered with his patients to such a degree that his waiting room did not fill, and soon the young man took down his shingle and followed his true love, Nature. He became a Privatdocent at the University of Jena, where he spent the rest of his life — or perhaps we should say, the rest of his official life; for, although he was engaged,

according to the University announcements, in lecturing on zoölogy, he really was traveling up and down the world, studying deep-sea animals.

He learned this profound curiosity in marine life from his teacher, Johannes Mueller, and it grew on him with the years. It carried him over all the seven seas. He delved into the deeps around Portugal, Madeira, Norway, Egypt, Corsica, Sardinia, and Ceylon; and always he brought back to Jena material for several new books. His literary output became enormous, and — contrary to the rule in such cases — quite as important as it was voluminous. At the time of the celebration of his sixtieth birthday, he had written forty-two books, of no less than 13,000 pages, as well as a multitude of weighty pamphlets.

The year 1863 marked the great epoch in Haeckel's career. It was then that he became convinced of the profundity of Darwin's theory of natural selection and the origin of species. The conviction became a fine frenzy. He visited the great man at Down and left, not a mere convert, but a missionary bound for the dark places of the earth. He was going back to Germany, to carry the gospel thither.

The gospel was the gospel of English science, but the missionary was a German of the Germans. Darwinism, as interpreted and proclaimed by Haeckel, is a spectacle which may be compared in certain striking respects with that of Christianity, as interpreted and proclaimed by St. Paul. Not that St. Paul and Haeckel are alike; but each man seized a great idea and, in putting it through the filter of his own personality, changed the idea subtly, in form if not in substance. The alteration that Haeckel worked upon Darwinism was the one we might expect from any man brought up under the intellectual traditions of Germany. These traditions sum themselves up in two words, metaphysics and thoroughness. Every German is trained to respect big theories and small facts. He must acquire a *Weltanschauung* along with his *Fach*. And the goal of his intellectual life is to found the theories of his own special field of research upon a comprehensive metaphysical hypothesis. This is what Haeckel did with Darwin's doctrines. This is what he did with his own studies of deep-sea life. The result is Darwinism after a fashion — but of such a fashion that Darwin himself could not approve of it. For Haeckel leaped far beyond anything that Darwin would have ventured; he leaped to an all-inclusive, all-explaining theory of Nature which can be compared fairly, not to Darwin, but to those glittering speculations of Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer which dispose of the entire universe in three volumes.

He presented this world-theory in 1899, under the title of (*Die Weltraetsel*,) or (*The Riddle of the Universe*) (English translation, 1901). It will repay any student of philosophy and any student of science to read this noteworthy volume with scrupulous care; for it is perhaps the most thoroughgoing defense of naturalistic monism to be found in all the annals of literature. This hypothesis, as Haeckel

delineates it, construes the entire world of living things, vegetable and animal alike, as evolving out of what men have called «dead matter.» This «dead matter,» says Haeckel, is extraordinarily alive. In carbon and its albuminoid compounds there lurks the spark of all life; a feeble spark, to be sure, but one which grows in heat and light as these albuminoid compounds become more and more complex. In this world of crude matter we see a primordial «survival of the fittest.» The fittest is carbon, for it shows astounding plasticity and sensitiveness. Out of it there arises, by spontaneous generation, the first protoplasm; and from the protoplasm the many varieties of one-cell creatures of the sea; and from these creatures, the many-celled creatures, rising by slow advance through the toilsome æons up to man. All Nature is one. The highest faculties of the human brain are nothing more than intricate complications of the faint, foggy soul-life of the protozoa, which, in turn, has developed out of the sensitivities of carbon, as a flame grows from a spark.

Had Haeckel flung this hypothesis naked and unsupported by scientific facts, the world would have classed «The Riddle of the Universe» as another outburst of Teutonic metaphysics. But long before Haeckel published this work, he had compiled a mass of naturalistic researches tending to prove that all animals are intimately related in their bodily structures and functions. As early as 1866 he published his monumental «General Morphology,» which, by common consent, was largely instrumental in converting scientific Germany to Darwinism; and it was this same book, later popularized under the title of «The Natural History of Creation,» that established Haeckel's hypothesis on a firm and broad base of evidence. It was not until 1894, however, that the final and, in Haeckel's opinion, most convincing proof of his theory came to light, in the island of Java, where Dr. Eugene Dubois dug up, out of an upper Pliocene stratum, the fossil bones of a creature which was plainly neither ape nor man but a Thing Between. The bones showed the skull of almost human size and contour, and true hands and man-like teeth.

Haeckel instantly heralded these remains as the Missing Link between man and the lower animals; and he presented this view with great vigor, first in «The Riddle of the Universe» and afterward in numerous addresses and pamphlets. The fight this provoked is now a matter of history. Haeckel faced the immense forces of intellectual conservatism in Germany, exactly as Huxley had in England. This opposition was led by the great pathologist, Rudolf Virchow. Virchow went from congress to congress, from university to university, scoffing at the Missing Link, pronouncing all species to be unchangeable, and all variations from the normal type of each species to be the result of some disease. Joining in this attack came all the clerical forces, to whom Haeckel was anathema because, by deriving all life from carbon

by natural laws, he repudiated altogether the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, and the existence of a god.

For many years the controversy raged in Germany. No scholar felt himself worthy of his Ph.D. degree until he had written a pamphlet *pro* Haeckel or *contra* Haeckel. The bookstores of Berlin were cluttered with screeds. Professors gave courses on the Riddle of the Universe. Students' clubs debated the Riddle until the beer gave out. All in all, the whole German nation underwent a tremendous intellectual ferment which, one may safely say, spread more widely and struck more deeply than did the parallel discussions about Darwin in England. Haeckel did more to break down intellectual and religious traditions in his land than Darwin did in his, at least in so far as one may measure effects within the lifetimes of the two men.

Furthermore, Haeckel is largely responsible for the later vogue of Nietzsche. For Nietzsche's whole philosophy presupposes a thoroughgoing acceptance of evolution through the survival of the fit, and of a naturalistic interpretation of morals. Nietzsche's Superman would have been a meaningless fantasy, had Haeckel not educated the German world to look upon man as one and only one step in the infinite progression of life out of the carbons. But, after Haeckel, the Superman appears altogether obvious; he is the creature who, some day, will dig up the fossil bones of man out of the Prussian plains and comment upon his fossil morals and fossil faith, even as Haeckel did upon the *Pithecanthropus erectus* of Java.

To understand modern Germany, with its Monisms, its passion for science, its naturalistic morals, and its «scraps of paper,» one must understand Haeckel. He, and not Nietzsche nor Bernhardi, is the deeper philosopher of the Hohenzollerns. He is the vine and the grape; Nietzsche is only the wine, drinking which men become drunk with lust for power and «progress.»

AT PERADENIA

From (A Visit to Ceylon)

THE first two-hours' ride from Colombo to Peradenia lies across a level country, most of it covered with marshy jungle, varied by rice fields and water meadows. In these, herds of black buffaloes lie half in the water, while graceful white herons pick the insects off their backs; farther on, the line gradually approaches the hills, and after Rambukana station begins to work upwards. For an hour the road winds with many zigzags up the steep northern face of a vast basin or *cirque*. At first the eye is fascinated by the changing aspect of the immediate

foreground: immense blocks of gneiss stand up amid the luxuriant masses of dense forest which fill the ravines on each side; creepers of the loveliest species fling themselves from one tree-top to the next, as they tower above the undergrowth; enchanting little cascades tumble down the cliffs, and close by the railroad we often come upon the old high-road from Colombo to Kandy, formerly so busy a scene, which was constructed by the English government to enable them to keep possession of the ancient capital.

Further on we command wider views, now of the vast park-like valley which grows below us as we mount higher, and now of the lofty blue mountain range which stands up calm and proud beyond its southern wall. Although the forms of the higher hills are monotonous and not particularly picturesque, — for the most part low, undulating shoulders of granite and gneiss, — still a few more prominent peaks rise conspicuous; as for instance, the curious table rock known as the "Bible Rock." "Sensation Rock," as it is called, is one of the most striking and impressive features of the scenery. The railway, after passing through several tunnels, here runs under overhanging rocks along the very edge of a cliff, with a fall of from twelve to fourteen hundred feet, almost perpendicular, into the verdurous abyss below. Dashing waterfalls come foaming down from the mountain wall on the left, rush under the bridges over which the line is carried, and throwing themselves with a mighty leap into mid-air, are lost in mist before they reach the bottom of the gorge, making floating rainbows where the sun falls upon them.

The green depths below and the valley at our feet are covered partly with jungle and partly with cultivation; scattered huts, gardens, and terraced rice fields can be discerned. The lofty head of the talipot palm, the proud queen of the tribe in Ceylon, towers above the scrub on every side. Its trunk is perfectly straight and white, like a slender marble column, and often more than a hundred feet high. Each of the fans that compose its crown of leaves covers a semicircle of from twelve to sixteen feet radius, a surface of one hundred and fifty to two hundred square feet; and they like every part of the plant have their uses, particularly for thatching roofs: but they are more famous because they were formerly used exclusively instead of paper by the Cinghalese, and even now often serve this purpose. The ancient Puskola manuscripts in the Buddhist monasteries are

all written with an iron stylus on this *ola* paper, made of narrow strips of talipot leaves boiled and then dried. The proud talipot palm flowers but once in its life, usually between its fiftieth and eightieth year. The tall pyramidal spike of bloom rises immediately above the sheaf of leaves to a height of thirty or forty feet, and is composed of myriads of small yellowish-white blossoms; as soon as the nuts are ripe the tree dies. By a happy accident, an unusual number of talipot palms were in flower at the time of my visit; I counted sixty between Rambukana and Kaduganawa, and above a hundred in my whole journey. Excursions are frequently made to this point from Colombo, to see the strange and magnificent scene.

The railroad, like the old high-road, is at its highest level above the sea at the Kaduganawa pass, and a lighthouse-shaped column stands here in memory of the engineer of the carriage road, Captain Dawson. We here are on the dividing ridge of two water-sheds. All the hundred little streams which we have hitherto passed, threading their silver way through the velvet verdure of the valley, flow either to the Kelany Ganga or to the Maha-Oya, both reaching the sea on the western coast. The brooks which tumble from the eastern shoulder of Kaduganawa all join the Mahavelli Ganga, which flows southward not far below. This is the largest river in the island, being about one hundred and thirty-four miles long, and it enters the sea on the east coast near Trincomalee. The railway runs along its banks, which are crowded with plantations of sugar-cane, and in a quarter of an hour from the pass we reach Peradenia, the last station before Kandy.

The entrance to the garden is through a fine avenue of old india-rubber trees. This is the same as the Indian species, of which the milky juice when inspissated becomes caoutchouc, and of which young plants are frequently grown in sitting-rooms in our cold Northern climate, for the sake of the bright polished green of its oval leathery leaves. But while with us these india-rubber plants are greatly admired when their inch-thick stems reach the ceiling, and their rare branches bear fifty leaves, more or less, in the hot moisture of their native land they attain the size of a noble forest tree, worthy to compare with our oaks. An enormous crown of thousands of leaves growing on horizontal boughs, spreading forty to fifty feet on every side, covers a surface as wide as a good-sized mansion, and the base of the trunk

throws out a circle of roots often from one hundred to two hundred feet in diameter, more than the whole height of the tree. These very remarkable roots generally consist of twenty or thirty main roots, thrown out from strongly marked ribs in the lower part of the trunk, and spreading like huge creeping snakes over the surface of the soil. The india-rubber tree is indeed called the "snake-tree" by the natives, and has been compared by poets to Laocoön entwined by serpents. Very often however the roots grow up from the ground like strong upright poles, and so form stout props, enabling the parent tree to defy all storms unmoved. The spaces between these props form perfect little rooms or sentry boxes, in which a man can stand upright and be hidden. These pillar-roots are developed here in many other gigantic trees of very different families.

I had scarcely exhausted my surprise at this avenue of snake-trees, when exactly in the middle, beyond the entrance of the gate, my eye was caught by another wonderful sight. An immense bouquet there greets the visitor—a clump of all the palms indigenous to the island, together with many foreign members of this noblest growth of the tropics; all wreathed with flowering creepers, and their trunks covered with graceful parasitical ferns. Another but even larger and finer group of palms stood further on at the end of the entrance avenue, and was moreover surrounded by a splendid parterre of flowering plants. The path here divided, that to the left leading to the director's bungalow, situated on a slight rise. This inviting home is like most of the villa residences in Ceylon, a low one-storied building surrounded by an airy veranda, with a projecting roof supported on light white columns. Both pillars and roof are covered with garlands of the loveliest climbers; large-flowered orchids, fragrant vanilla, splendid fuchsias, and other brilliant blossoms, and a choice collection of flowering plants and ferns, decorate the beds which lie near the house. Above it wave the shadowy boughs of the finest Indian trees, and numbers of butterflies and chafers, lizards and birds, animate the beautiful spot. I was especially delighted with the small barred squirrels, which looked particularly pretty here, though they are common and very tame in all the gardens of Ceylon.

As the bungalow stands on the highest point of the gardens, and a broad velvet lawn slopes down from it, the open hall of the veranda commands a view of a large portion of the garden, with

a few of the finest groups, as well as the belt of tall trees which inclose the planted land. Beyond this park-like ground rise the wooded heads of the mountains which guard the basin of Peradenia. The beautiful Mahaveli River flows round the garden in a wide reach, and divides it from the hill country. Thus it lies in a horseshoe-shaped peninsula; on the landward side, where it opens into the valley of Kandy, it is effectually protected by a high and impenetrable thicket of bamboo, mixed with a *chevaux-de-frise* of thorny rattan palms and other creepers. The climate too is extraordinarily favorable to vegetation; at a height of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, the tropical heat of the mountain basin, combined with the heavy rainfall on the neighboring mountains, make of Peradenia an admirable natural forcing-house, and it can easily be conceived how lavishly the tropical flora here displays its wonderful productive powers.

My first walk through the garden in the company of the accomplished director convinced me that this was in fact the case; and although I had heard and read much of the charms of the prodigal vegetation of the tropics, and longed and dreamed of seeing them, still the actual enjoyment of the fabulous reality far exceeded my highest expectations, even after I had already made acquaintance with the more conspicuous forms of this Southern flora at and near Colombo and Bombay. During the four days I was so happy as to spend at Peradenia, I made greater strides in my purview of life and nature in the vegetable world than I could have made at home by the most diligent study in so many months. Indeed, when two months later I visited Peradenia for the second, and alas! for the last time, and spent three more happy days in that Paradise, it enchanted me to the full as much when I quitted it as it had at the first glance; only I saw it with wider understanding and increased knowledge. I cannot sufficiently thank my excellent friend Dr. Trimen for his kind hospitality and valuable instruction; the seven days I spent in his delightful bungalow were indeed to me seven days of creation.

Translation of Clara Bell.

COLOR AND FORM IN THE CEYLON CORAL BANKS

From 'A Visit to Ceylon'

NINE years since, in 1873, when I made an excursion among the coral reefs of the Sinai coast, and for the first time had a glimpse of the wonderful forms of life in their submarine gardens of marvels, they had excited my utmost interest; and in a popular series of lectures on Arabian corals (published with five colored plates) I had endeavored to sketch these wonderful creatures and their communities, with various other animals. The corals of Ceylon, which I first became acquainted with here at Galle, and subsequently studied more closely at Belligam, reminded me vividly of that delightful experience, and at the same time afforded me a multitude of new ones. For though the marine fauna of the Indian seas is on the whole nearly allied to the Arabian fauna of the Red Sea,—many genera and species being common to both,—yet the number and variety of forms of life is considerably greater in the vast basin of the Indian Ocean with its diversified coast, than in the pent-up waters of the Arabian Gulf with its uniform conditions of existence. Thus I found the general physiognomy of the coral reefs in the two situations different, in spite of many features in common. While the reefs at Tur are for the most part conspicuous for warm coloring,—yellow, orange, red, and brown,—in the coral gardens of Ceylon green predominates in a great variety of shades and tones: yellow-green *Alcyonia* growing with sea-green *Heteropora*, and malachite-like *Anthophylla* side by side with olive-green *Millepora*; *Madrepora*, and *Astræa* of emerald hue, with brown-green *Montipora* and *Mæandrina*.

Ransonnet had already pointed out how singularly and universally green prevails in the coloring of Ceylon. Not only is the greater portion of this evergreen isle clothed with an unfading tapestry of rich verdure, but the animals of the most widely dissimilar classes which live in its woods are conspicuous for their green coloring. This is seen in all the commonest birds and lizards, butterflies, and beetles, which are of every shade of brilliant green. In the same way the innumerable inhabitants of the sea, of all classes, are colored green, such as many fishes and crustacea, worms, and sea-anemones: indeed, creatures which elsewhere seldom or never appear in green livery wear it here; for instance. several star-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers; also

some enormous bivalves, and Brachiopoda, and others. An explanation of this phenomenon is to be found in Darwin's principles, particularly in the law of adaptation by selection of similar coloring or sympathetic affinity of color, as I have elucidated it in my 'History of Creation.' The less the predominant coloring of any creature varies from that of its surroundings, the less will it be seen by its foes, the more easily can it steal upon its prey, and the more it is protected and fitted for the struggle for existence. Natural selection will at the same time constantly confirm the similarity between the prevailing color of the animal and of its surroundings, because it is beneficial to the animal. The green coral banks of Ceylon, with their preponderance of green inhabitants, are as instructive in their bearing on this theory as are the green land animals which people the evergreen forests and thickets of the island; but in purity and splendor of coloring the sea creatures are even more remarkable than the fauna of the forests.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this prevailing green hue produces a monotonous uniformity of coloring. On the contrary, it is impossible to weary of admiring it; for on the one hand, the most wonderful gradations and modifications may be traced through it, and on the other, numbers of vividly and gaudily colored forms are scattered among them. And just as the gorgeous red, yellow, violet, or blue colors of many birds and insects look doubly splendid in the dark-green forest of Ceylon, so do the no less brilliant hues of some marine creatures on the coral banks. Many small fishes and crustaceans are particularly distinguished by such gaudy coloring, with very elegant and extremely singular markings, as they seek their food among the ramifications of the coral-trees. Some few large corals are also conspicuously and strikingly colored; thus, for instance, many Pocilloporæ are rose-colored, many of the Astræidæ are red and yellow, and many of the Heteroporæ and Madreporæ are violet and brown, etc. But unfortunately, these gorgeous colors are for the most part very evanescent, and disappear as soon as the coral is taken out of the water; often at a mere touch. The sensitive creatures which have displayed their open cups of tentacles in the greatest beauty then suddenly close, and become inconspicuous, dull, and colorless.

But if the eye is enchanted merely by the lovely hues of the coral reef and its crowded population, it is still more delighted

by the beauty and variety of form displayed by these creatures. Just as the radiated structure of one individual coral polyp resembles a true flower, so the whole structure of the branched coral stock resembles the growth of plants, trees, and shrubs. It was for this reason that corals were universally supposed to be really plants, and it was long before their true nature as animals was generally believed in.

These coral gardens display indeed a lovely and truly fairy-like scene, as we row over them in a boat at low tide and on a calm sea. Close under the Fort of Galle the sea is so shallow that the keel of the boat grates on the points of the stony structure; and from the wall of the fort above, the separate coral growths can be distinguished through the crystal water. A great variety of most beautiful and singular species here grow close together, on so narrow a space that in a very few days I had made a splendid collection.

Mr. Scott's garden, in which my kind host allowed me to place them to dry, looked strange indeed during these days. The splendid tropical plants seemed to vie with the strange marine creatures who had intruded on their domain for the prize for beauty and splendor; and the enchanted naturalist, whose gladdened eye wandered from one to the other, could not decide whether the fauna or the flora best deserved to take it. The coral animals imitated the forms of the loveliest flowers in astonishing variety, and the orchids on the other hand mimicked the forms of insects. The two great kingdoms of the organized world seemed here to have exchanged aspects.

Most of the corals which I collected in Galle and Belligam, I procured by the help of divers. These I found here to be quite as clever and capable of endurance as the Arabs of Tur nine years before. Armed with a strong crowbar, they uprooted the limestone structure of even very large coral stocks from their attachment to the rocky base, and raised them most skillfully up to the boat. These masses often weighed from fifty to eighty pounds, and it cost no small toil and care to lift them uninjured into the boat. Some kinds of coral are so fragile that in taking them out of the water they break by their own weight; and so, unfortunately, it is impossible to convey many of the most delicate kinds uninjured to land. This is the case, for instance, with certain frail *Turbinariæ*, whose foliaceous stock grows in the shape of an inverted spiral cone; and of the many-branched

Heteropora, which resembles an enormous stag's antler with hundreds of twigs.

It is not from above, however, that a coral reef displays its full beauty, even when we row close over it, and when the ebb-tide has left the water so shallow that its projections grind against the boat. On the contrary, it is essential to take a plunge into the sea. In the absence of a diving-bell I tried to dive to the bottom and keep my eyes open under water, and after a little practice I found this easy. Nothing could be more wonderful than the mysterious green sheen which pervades this submarine world. The enchanted eye is startled by the wonderful effects of light, which are so different from those of the upper world with its warm and rosy coloring; and they lend a double interest and strangeness to the forms and movements of the myriads of creatures that swarm among the corals. The diver is in all reality in a new world. There is in fact a whole multitude of singular fishes, crustacea, mollusca, radiata, worms, etc., whose food consists solely of the coral polyps among which they live; and these coral-eaters, which may be regarded as parasites in the true sense of the word, have acquired by adaptation to their peculiar mode of life the most extraordinary forms; more especially are they provided with weapons of offense and defense of the most remarkable character.

But just as it is well known that "no man may walk unpunished under the palms," so the naturalist cannot swim with impunity among the coral banks. The Oceanides, under whose protection these coral fairy bowers of the sea flourish, threaten the intruding mortal with a thousand perils. The Millepora, as well as the Medusæ which float among them, burn him wherever they touch like the most venomous nettles; the sting of the fish known as Synanceia is as painful and dangerous as that of the scorpion; numbers of crabs nip his tender flesh with their powerful claws; black sea-urchins thrust their foot-long spines, covered with fine prickles set the wrong way, into the sole of his foot, where they break off and remain, causing very serious wounds. But worst of all is the injury to the skin in trying to secure the coral itself. The numberless points and angles with which their limestone skeleton is armed, inflict a thousand little wounds at every attempt to detach and remove a portion. Never in my life have I been so gashed and mangled as after a few days of diving and coral-fishing at Galle, and I suffered from the conse-

quences for several weeks after. But what are these transient sufferings to a naturalist, when set in the scale against the fairy-like scenes of delight with which a plunge among these marvellous coral groves enriches his memory for life!

Translation of Clara Bell.

THE LAST LINK

From an address to the Fourth International Congress at Cambridge, England, delivered on August 26th, 1898, (On Our Present Knowledge of the Descent of Man.)

THE direct descent of man from some extinct ape-like form is now beyond doubt, and admits of being traced much more clearly than the origin of many another mammalian order. The pedigrees of the Elephants, the Sirenia, the Cetacea, and, above all, of the Edentata, for example, are much more obscure and difficult to explain. In many parts of their organization — for example, in the number and structure of his five digits and toes — man and monkeys have remained much more primitive than most of the Ungulata.

The immense significance of this positive knowledge of the origin of man from some Primate does not require to be enforced. Its bearing upon the highest questions of philosophy cannot be exaggerated. Among modern philosophers no one has perceived this more deeply than Herbert Spencer. He is one of those older thinkers who before Darwin were convinced that the theory of development is the only way to solve the «enigma of the world.» Spencer is also the champion of those evolutionists who lay the greatest weight upon *progressive heredity*, or the much combated *heredity of acquired characters*. From the first he has severely attacked and criticized the theories of Weismann, who denies this most important factor of phylogeny, and would explain the whole of transformism by the «all-sufficiency of selection.» In England the theories of Weismann were received with enthusiastic acclamation, much more so than on the Continent, and they were called «Neo-Darwinism,» in opposition to the older conception of Evolution, or «Neo-Lamarckism.» Neither of those expressions is correct. Darwin himself was convinced of the fundamental importance of progressive heredity quite as much as his great predecessor Lamarck; as were also Huxley and Spencer.

Three times I had the good fortune to visit Darwin at Down, and on each occasion we discussed this fundamental question in com-

plete harmony. I agree with Spencer in the conviction that progressive heredity is an indispensable factor in every true monistic theory of Evolution, and that it is one of its most important elements. If one denies with Weismann the heredity of acquired characters, then it becomes necessary to have recourse to purely mystical qualities of germ-plasm. I am of the opinion of Spencer, that in that case it would be better to accept a mysterious creation of all the various species as described in the Mosaic account.

If we look at the results of modern anthropogeny from the highest point of view, and compare all its empirical arguments, we are justified in affirming that *the descent of man from an extinct Tertiary series of Primates is not a vague hypothesis, but an historical fact.*

Of course, this fact cannot be proved *exactly*. We cannot explain all the innumerable physical and chemical processes, all the physiological mutations, which have led during untold millions of years from the simplest Monera and from the unicellular Protista upwards to the chimpanzee and to man. But the same consideration applies to all historical facts. We all believe that Aristotle, Cæsar, and King Alfred did live; but it is impossible to give a proof within the meaning of modern exact science. We believe firmly in the former existence of these and other great heroes of thought, because we know well the works they have left behind them, and we see their effects in the history of human culture. These indirect arguments do not furnish stronger evidence than those of our history as vertebrates. We know of many Jurassic mammals only a single bone, the under jaw. We all believe that these mammals possessed also an upper jaw, a skull, and other bones. But the so-called «exact school,» which regards the transformation of species as a hypothesis not proven, must suppose that the mandibula was the only bone in the body of these curious animals.

Looking forward to the twentieth century, I am convinced that it will universally accept our theory of descent, and that future science will regard it as the greatest advance made in our time. I have no doubt that the influence of the study of anthropogeny upon all other branches of science will be fruitful and auspicious. The work done in the present century by Lamarck and Darwin will in all future times be considered one of the greatest conquests made by thinking man.

HĀFIZ

(FOURTEENTH CENTURY A. D.)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON



HĀFIZ, the famous lyric poet of Persia in the fourteenth century, is sometimes called the Persian Anacreon. Hāfiz sang the praises of the rose and of the springtide, and chanted the glories of spiritual beauty and love, or fluted in plaintive strains the sad note of the bulbul or nightingale in Persia, at a time not far distant from that in which England listened to the rhythmical conflict in minstrelsy between 'The Owl and the Nightingale,' or was entranced by the dulcet measures of the Chaucerian 'Romaunt of the Rose.'

Hāfiz, the tender and sensitive poet, was born about the opening of the fourteenth century. His full name was Khwāja Shams-ad-dīn Muhammad Hāfiz. We are told that he was of good family, and we know that he must have had an excellent education. His *nom de plume* "Hāfiz" ("retainer": *i. e.*, "one who remembers," or "who knows the Qurān by heart") is significant; and his native city of Shīrāz, whose praises he sounds, has become synonymous with poetic inspiration. Hāfiz stands almost as the last and greatest in the line of Persian poesy which can boast of Firdausī, Nizāmī, Omar Khayyām, Jalāl-ad-dīn Rūmī, Sa'dī, and Jāmī. The charm of his style, the beauty of his language, the pure flow of his verse, and the passionate depth of his thought and feeling, whether it be in a lyrical outpouring of his own soul or in the veiled, mystic ecstasy of spiritual devotion concealed under the guise of material images, rightly render Hāfiz a poet's poet.

His life seems not to have been very eventful, and it is only surmise that presumes that his youth may have been Anacreontic. A tradition, however, is preserved which shows that his verse early won him world-wide fame. His name reached India and came to the ears of the Deccan prince, Sultān Mahmūd Shāh Bahmanī. His Majesty invited the gifted bard to visit his court, and sent him a handsome present to defray the expenses of his journey. Hāfiz, like Horace, if the story be true, seems to have been a poor sailor. In terror of shipwreck he turned back before he had fairly started on his voyage, and sent to the generous literary patron a poem or panegyric instead of presenting himself. He apologized for his absence,

on the ground of dread of the dangers of the deep; and his expressed preference for the quiet life and charming beauties of Shīrāz does not seem to have displeased the liberal-minded potentate.

A pretty story is also told, regarding one of Hāfiz's odes that became known to the Scythian conqueror Tīmūr Lang (Tamerlane). This was the *ghazal* beginning—

“Agar ān Turk i Shīrāzi ba-dast ārad dīl i mā-rā,”

which is below translated in the lines opening with—

“If that beauty of Shīrāz would take my heart in hand.”

In this sonnet the passionate poet offers to give the cities of Samarkand and Bokhara for “the dark mole” on his favorite's cheek. When the great Tamerlane subdued Farsistan, he is said to have summoned Hāfiz to his presence and to have sternly rebuked him for this lavish recklessness in giving away cities that were not a poet's to bestow. The brilliancy of the minstrel's wit was equal to the occasion: kissing the ground at the conqueror's feet, he replied, “Sultān of the world, it is through such generosity that I am come to this disastrous [or joyous] day.” It is needless to add the happy result, and one wishes that the truth of the story were less uncertain. Like Pindar and other famous poets, stories are also not wanting as to how Hāfiz received the gift of song; fanciful as they may be, they all show the esteem in which he was held, not in Persia alone, but abroad.

Hāfiz was married, if we rightly interpret the pathetic lines that lament a home left desolate by the departure of a being for whom his soul breathed the Divine awe. (See below.) His own death occurred about 1389. It is said that the Moslem priests at first declined to perform the last solemn rites over his body, as exceptions were taken to the orthodoxy of some of his poetical compositions. It was determined to decide the matter by lot. A number of verses chosen at random from Hāfiz's own poems were tossed into an urn, and a child was appointed to draw one out. The verse read:—

“From the bier of Hāfiz keep not back thy foot,

For though he be immersed in sin, he goeth to Paradise.”

The body was at once accorded proper burial, and his grave in a fair shaded garden near Shīrāz, with its beautifully inscribed alabaster slab, still forms a living monument, if one were needed besides the lovely odes that we have of this passionate poet.

Hāfiz was a prolific writer; the manuscript and printed editions of his works comprise more than five hundred *ghazals* or odes. A *ghazal*—ode, or perhaps rather sonnet—is a poem not exceeding sixteen or seventeen couplets. The last two words of the first couplet

rhyme together, and with these also rhymes the second line of every couplet in the poem; all the odd lines are entirely independent of rhyme. The signature of the poet, as a rule, is woven into the last verse of the ghazal. Parallels for signatures thus inserted are not far to seek in the Greek anthology or in English, or even in Anglo-Saxon poetry. A series of ghazals, moreover, when gathered into a collection, is called a *divān*. The poems or odes in a *divān* are regularly arranged, alphabetically, according to the initial letter of the Persian word with which the poem begins. A parallel might be imagined if our hymn-books were arranged according to the table of first lines. Hāfiz also wrote quatrains and a number of other short poetical compositions. So popular was his *divān* that it came to be consulted as an oracle, by opening the book and putting the finger on any chance verse.

As to the poetic merit of Hāfiz's work, there is no question: his title to fame is acknowledged. As to the interpretation of his poems, however, there is much question and debate whether they are to be taken in a literal or in a spiritual sense. Some readers see in his praises of love and of wine, of musky tresses and slender cypress forms, merely the passion of an Ovid or an Anacreon. Other admirers of Hāfiz, however, and especially his Oriental worshipers, read spiritual thoughts of Divine love, of the soul and God, behind the physical imagery. Wine is the spirit, it is not the juice of the grape; and the draught from the tavern is but quaffing the cup of self-oblivion. There is undoubted truth in this interpretation, which is in accordance with the mystic doctrines of Sūfi-ism. The idea is Oriental, and the analogous interpretation of the Song of Solomon is familiar. In the Occident, moreover, mediæval poets employed similar physical images for religious awe and adoration; parallels even of English poets in the seventeenth century, like the Fletchers, Donne, and Crashaw, might be cited. But, as in the latter instances also, there can be little doubt that numerous odes of Hāfiz, perhaps those of his earlier youth, hardly allow of anything but a material and passionate interpretation. In any case, the grace, charm, beauty, and delicate feeling is never absent in Hāfiz's poetry.

The most complete edition of Hāfiz in translation is the English prose rendering by H. Wilberforce Clarke: 'The *Divān* i Hāfiz, Translated' (3 vols., London, 1891). It also contains extensive biographical, bibliographical, and critical matter, and should certainly be consulted. Selections from Hāfiz have been translated into many languages. Sir William Jones, who was himself a poet, made Hāfiz familiar in English as early as 1795. Among other names might be mentioned H. Bicknell, 'Selections from Hāfiz' (London, 1875); and S. Robinson, 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (privately printed, Glasgow,

1883). Robinson's work has evidently been drawn upon by J. H. McCarthy: (Ghazels from the Divan of Hāfiz) (London and New York, 1893). The best complete translation in German is by V. von Rosenzweig (3 vols., 1856-64), and the best in English by John Payne (London, 1901); there are also recent versions of the Odes by Leaf, by Bell, and by Le Gallienne.

SELECTED GHAZALS OR ODES

IF THAT beauty of Shīrāz would take my heart in hand, I would
give for her dark mole Samarkand and Bokhara.

Boy, bring me the wine that remaineth; for in Paradise thou wilt
not see the banks of the water of Roknabad, nor the
rose bower of our Mosella.

Alas! those saucy lovely ones, those charming disturbers of our city,
bear away patience from my heart as Turkomans their
repast of plunder!

Yet the beauty of our maidens is independent of our imperfect love!
To a lovely face what need is there of paint or dyes, of
mole or down?

Speak to me of the musician and of wine, and search less into the
secrets of futurity; for no one in his wisdom ever hath
discovered, or ever will discover, that mystery.

I can understand how the beauty of Joseph, which added new lustre
to the day, withdrew Zulaikha from the veil of her mod-
esty.

Thou hast spoken evil of me, and I am contented—God forgive thee!
Thou hast spoken well; for even a bitter word is besee-
ing, when it cometh from a ruby sugar-dropping lip.

Give ear, O my soul, to good counsel; for better than their own souls
love youths of a happy disposition the admonition of the
aged wise.

Thou hast composed thy ghazal; thou hast strung thy pearls: come
and sing it sweetly, O Hāfiz! for Heaven hath shed upon
thy poetry the harmony of the Pleiades.

THE HEART is the veil behind which is hidden His love; His eye is
the mirror-holder which reflecteth His countenance.

I, who would not bow my head to both worlds, submit my neck to
the burthen of His mercies.

Thou enjoyest the tūba-tree, I the image of my beloved one! Every one's thoughts are fashioned to the measure of his aims. What should I be within that Holy Place, in which the morning breeze is the veil-holder who guardeth the sanctuary of His honor! If I have soiled the skirts of my raiment, what is the damage which I can do? The universe is the pledge for His purity!

Mejnūn is long departed; now it is our turn: to each one is allowed a five-days' sojourning!

The kingdom of love and the wealth of enjoyment—all that I possess is bestowed by the hand of His destination.

If we have offered for a ransom ourselves and our hearts, why need we fear? The goal towards which we strive is the purpose of His salvation.

Never cease to make His image the object of thine eye, for its cell is the peculiar chamber of His privacy.

Every new rose which adorneth the meadow is a mark of the color and perfume of His benevolence.

Look not on his external poverty, for the bosom of Hāfiz is a rich treasury in the exuberance of His benevolence!

Is THERE aught sweeter than the delights of the garden and companionship of the spring? But where is the Cup-bearer? Say, what is the cause of his lingering?

Every pleasant moment that cometh to your hand, score up as an invaluable prize! Let no one hesitate, for who knoweth the conclusion of the matter?

The tie of life is but a hair! Use thine intelligence; be thyself thine own comrade in sorrow, and what then is the sorrow which Fate can deal thee?

The meaning of the Fountain of Life and the Gardens of Irem—what is it but the enjoyment of a running stream and a delicious wine?

The temperate man and the intemperate are both of one tribe: what choice is there between them, that we should surrender our souls to dubious reasonings?

What reveal the silent heavens of that which is behind the veil? O litigant, why dispute with the keeper of the Veil?

If to him who is bound up in error or sin there is no room for warning or amendment, what meaning is there in the words "Canceling, and the mercy of the Forgiving One"?

The devotee longs for draughts from the river Kuthur, and Hāfiz from a goblet of wine. Between these, the will of the Creator—what would *that* be?

IN THE hour of dawn the bird of the garden thus spoke to a freshly blown rose: "Be less disdainful, for in this garden hath bloomed many a one like thee."

The rose smiled, and said, "We have never grieved at hearing the truth; but no lover would speak so harshly to his beloved!"

To all eternity, the odor of love will never reach the brain of that man who hath never swept with his brow the dust from the sill of the wine-house.

Dost thou desire to drink the ruby-tinted wine from that gold-begemmed goblet, how many a pearl must thou first pierce with the point of thine eyelashes!

Yesterday, when in the Rose Garden of Irem the morning breeze with its gentle breath began to disturb the hair of the spikenard,

I exclaimed, "O throne of Jemshīd, where is thy magic world-reflecting mirror?" and it replied, "Alas! that that watchful Fortune should be slumbering!"

The words of love are not those that come to the tongue: O Cup-bearer, cut short this asking and answering.

The tears of Hāfiz have cast patience and wisdom into the sea: how could it be otherwise? The burning pangs of love how could he conceal?

THE Fast is over, the Festival is come, and hearts are lifted up, and the wine is sparkling in the wine-house, and wine we must drink!

The turn of the heavy dealer in abstinence is past, the season of joy is arrived, and of joyous revelers!

Why should reproach be heaped upon him, who like me quaffeth wine? This is neither sin nor fault in the jovial lover!

The drinker of wine, in whom is no false show and no dissimulation, is better than he who is a trader in semblances.

We are neither dissembling revelers, nor the comrades of hypocrites: He who is the knower of all secrets knoweth this.

We discharge all our Divine obligations and do evil to no man; and whatever we are told is not right, we say not that it is right.

What mattereth it, that thou and I should quaff a few goblets of wine? Wine is the blood of the vine; it is not thy blood!

This is not a fault which throweth all into confusion; and were it a fault, where is the man to be found who is free from faults?

Hāfiz, leave thou the "How" and the "Wherefore," and drink for a moment thy wine: His wisdom hath withholden from us what is the force of the words "How" and "WHEREFORE,"

HAIL, Shīrāz! incomparable site! O Lord, preserve it from every disaster!

God forbid a hundred times that our Roknabād be dimmed, to which the life of Khizar hath given its brightness!

For between Jafferabād and Mosella cometh his north wind perfumed with amber.

Oh come to Shīrāz, and the overflow of the Holy Spirit implore for it from the man who is the possessor of all perfection!

Let no one boast here the sugar-candy of Egypt, for our sweet ones have no reason for the blush of shame.

O morning breeze, what news bringest thou of that tipsy lovely one? What information canst thou give me of her condition?

Awaken me not from my dream, O God, that I may sweeten my solitude with that fair vision!

Yea, if that sweet one should desire me to pour out my blood, yield it up, my heart, as freely as mother's milk!

Wherefore, O Hāfiz, if thou wouldst be terrified by the thought of separation, wast thou not grateful for the days of her presence?

O LORD, that smiling rose which thou gavest me in charge, I return to thy charge, to preserve her from the envious eye of her meadow.

Although she be removed a hundred stages from the village of faithfulness, far be the mischiefs of the revolutions of the moon from her soul and body!

Whithersoever she goeth, the heart of her friend shall be the companion of her journey; the kindness of the benevolent the shield of her soul and body!

If, morning wind, thou passest by the bounds of Sulima's station, I shall look that thou carry a salutation from me to Sulima.

Scatter thy musky fragrance gently upon those black tresses: they are the abode of dear hearts,—do not disturb them!

Say to her, "My heart preserveth its vow of fidelity to the mole and down of thy cheek;" therefore hold sacred those amber-plaited ringlets.

In the place where they drink to the memory of her lip, base would be the intoxicated one who should remain conscious of himself!

Merchandise and money expect not to gain at the door of the wine-house. Whoever partaketh of this beverage will cast his pack into the sea.

Whoever is in dread of the restlessness of anxiety, not genuine is his love: either be her foot upon my head, or be my lip upon her mouth!

The poetry of Hāfiz is the primary couplet of wisdom: praise be on her soul-attracting and grace-inspiring breath!

I HAVE made a compact with the mistress of my soul, that so long as I have a soul within my body I will hold as mine own soul the well-wishers of her village.

In the privacy of my breast I see light from that taper of Chighil; splendor to mine eye and brightness to my heart from that moon of Khoten.

Since in accordance with my wishes and yearnings I have gained the privacy of my breast, why need I care for the slander of evil-speakers in the midst of the crowd?

If a hundred armies of lovely ones should be lying in ambush to assault my heart, I have, by the mercy and to the praise of Heaven, an idol which will shatter armies to pieces.

Would to Heaven, my rival, that this night thou wouldst close thine eye for a while, that I might whisper a hundred words to her silent ruby lips!

No inclination have I for tulip, or white rose, or the leaf of the narcissus, so long as by Heaven's grace I walk proudly in the rose garden of her favor.

O mine ancient wise one, lay not thy prohibition on the wine-house; for abandoning the wine-cup, I should break a pledge to mine own heart.

My beverage is easy of digestion, and my love is beautiful as a picture; no one hath a love—such a love as I have!

I have a Cypress in my dwelling, under the shade of whose tall stature I can dispense with the cypress of the grove, and the box-tree of the meadow.

I can boast that the seal of her ruby lip is potent as was that of Solomon: in possession of the Great Name, why should I dread the Evil One!

After long abstinence, Hāfiz is become a notorious reveler; but why grieve, so long as there is in the world an Emin-ad-Dīn Hassan!

SPRING is come again, and the joy-exciting and vow-breaking rose;
in the delight of gazing on the cheek of the rose, tear up
the root of sorrow from thy heart!

The soft east wind is arrived; the rosebud in its passion hath burst
forth and torn its own garment.

Learn, O my heart, the way of sincerity from the clear water; in
uprightness seek freedom from the cypress of the meadow.

The bride of the rosebud, with her jewels and sweet smile, hath stolen
away with her black eye my heart and my religion.

The warbling of the enamored nightingale, and the piping of the
bird of the thousand notes, come to enjoy the meeting
with the rose from her house of mourning [*i. e.*, her pod].

See how the gentle breeze hath entwined with his hand the ringlets
of the rose! Look how the plaited locks of the hyacinth
bend over the face of the jessamine!

The story of the revolving sphere seek to learn from the cup, O
Hāfiz! as the voice of the minstrel and the judgment of
the wise advise thee!

THE bird of my heart is a sacred bird, whose nest is the throne of
God: sick of its cage of the body, it is satiated with the
things of the world.

If once the bird of the spirit wingeth its flight from this pit of mire,
it findeth its resting-place once more only at the door of
that palace;

And when the bird of my heart flieth upward, its place is the sidrah-
tree; for know that our falcon reposeth only on the pin-
nacle of the Throne.

The shadow of good fortune falleth upon the world, whenever our
bird spreadeth its pinions and feathers over the earth.

In both worlds its station is only in the loftiest sphere; its body is
from the quarry, but its soul is confined to no dwelling.

Only the highest heaven is the secret bower of our bird; its drinking-
place is in the rose arbors of the Garden of Paradise.

O Hāfiz, thou perplexed one, when thou breathest a word about
Unity, inscribe Unity with thy reed on the page of man
and spirit!

IF AT the voice of the turtle-dove and the nightingale thou wilt not
quaff wine, how can I cure thee, save by the last remedy—
burning?

When the Rose hath cast her veil, and the bird is reciting his "Hu,
Hu!" put not the cup from thy hand! What meaneth
thine "Oh! Oh!"

Whilst the Water of Life is in thy hand, die not of thirst! *"Water giveth life to all things."*

Lay up treasures for thyself from the hues and odors of springtide,
for follow quickly on its heels the autumn and the winter.

Fate bestoweth no gift which it taketh not back: ask not aught of
sordid humanity; the trifle it bestoweth is a nothing.

The grandeur of sovereignty and power, how should it be stable?
Of the throne of Jem, and the diadem of Kai, what is
left save a fable?

Whoso heapeth up riches to be the heritage of the mean is an
infidel: so say the minstrel and the cupbearer; such is
the decree of the cymbal and the fife!

It is written on the portico of the mansion of Paradise: *"Woe to him
who hath purchased the smiles of the world!"*

Generosity is departed! I fold up my words *"Where is the wine?"*
that I may give *"May the soul of Hatim Tai dwell in
bliss for ever!"*

The miser will never breathe the fragrance of heaven! Come, Hāfiz!
take the cup and practice liberality, and I will be thy
surety!

Translation of S. Robinson.

THREE GHAZALS OR ODES

FROM the garden of union with thee, [even] the gardens of Rizvān
[Paradise] gain lustre of joy;

From the torment of separation from thee, [even] hell's flame
hath torment.

In the beauty of thy cheek and stature, shelter have taken
Paradise, and the tūba [tree]. For them, it [the shelter] is good;
and a good place of returning [from this world].

All night, [even] as my eye [seeth, so] the stream of Paradise
Seeth in sleep the image of thy intoxicated eye [of mercy].

In every season, Spring giveth description of thy beauty;
In every book, Paradise maketh mention of thy grace.

This heart consumed, and my soul attained not to the heart's desire;
If it had attained to its desire, it would not have poured forth blood
[of grief].

Oh, many the salt-rights of thy lip and mouth,
Which they have against rent livers and roast hearts.

Think not that in thy circle [only] lovers are intoxicated [with love
for thee]:

Of the state of zāhids distraught [with love] no news hast thou.

By the circle of thy [ruddy] lip [in thy face, resplendent as the sun],
I knew that the jewel [lustre] of the ruby
Was produced by the sun, world-illuminating.

Open the veil. This modesty how long wilt thou practice?
With this veil, what hast thou bound save modesty?

The rose beheld thy face, and fell into the fire [of love],
Perceived thy fragrance, and through shame, became [soft and fra-
grant like] rose-water.

In love for thy face, Hāfiz is immersed in the sea of calamity.
Behold he dieth! Come once! Help!

Hāfiz! that life should pass in folly, permit not:
Strive; and understand the value of dear life.

[WHEN] the rose is in the bosom, wine in the hand, and the beloved
to my desire,—

On such a day, the world's Sūltān is my slave.

Say, Into this assembly bring ye no candle for to-night.
In our assembly the moon of the Friend's face is full.

In our order [of profligates] the wine-cup is lawful; but
O Cypress, rose of body! without thy face [presence], unlawful.

In our assembly [of lovers], mix not 'itr [perfume]; for our soul
Every moment receiveth perfume from the fragrance of the tip of
thy tress.

My ear is all [intent] on the voice of the reed and the melody of
the harp [the instruction of the Mūrshid];

My eye is all [intent] on thy ruby lip, and on the circulation of the
cup [the manifestations of glories of God in the night
season].

Say ye naught of the sweetness of candy and sugar [the delights of
the world];

For my desire is for thy sweet lip [the sweet stream of Divine grace,
the source of endless delight].

From the time when the treasure of grief for thee was dweller in
my ruined heart,

The corner of the tavern is ever my abode.

Of shame why speakest thou? For from shame is my name [renown];
Of name [renown] why askest thou? For from name [renown] is my
shame.

Wine-drinker, distraught of head, profligate, and glance-player, I am:
In this city, who is that one who is not like this?

To the Muhtasib, utter not my crime; for he also
Is ever like me in desire of the drinkers of wine.

Hāfiz! sit not a moment without wine and the beloved. [Siyām!]*
'Tis the season of the rose, and of the jessamine, and of the 'Id of

WITHOUT the beloved's face, the rose —	is not pleasant.
Without wine, spring —	is not pleasant.

The border of the sward and the air of the garden	
Without the [beloved of] tulip cheek —	is not pleasant.

With the beloved, sugar of lip, rose of body,	
[To be] without kiss and embrace —	is not pleasant.

The dancing of the cypress, and the rapture of the rose,	
Without the song of the hazār —	is not pleasant.

Every picture that reason's hand depicteth,	
Save the picture of the [living beauteous] idol —	is not pleasant.

The garden and the rose and wine, [all] is pleasant; but	
Without the beloved's society, —	is not pleasant.

Hāfiz! the soul is [but] a despicable coin;	
For scattering [on the true beloved] it —	is not pleasant.

THAT friend by whom our house the [happy] dwelling of the	
Parī —	was,
Head to foot, free from defect, a Parī —	was.

Acceptable to the [All] Wise of mine [is] that moon. For his,	
With beauty of manner, the way of one endowed with vision —	was.

[My] heart said, "In hope of her, in this city I will sojourn:"	
Helpless, it knew not that its friend a traveler —	was.

Out from my grasp the malignant star plucked her:	
Yes: what can I do? The calamity of the revolution of the	
moon it —	was.

*A day of rejoicing following the fast of Ramazān.

Not only from my heart's mystery fell the screen;
 Since the sky [time] was, screen-rending its habit— was.

Sweet was the marge of the water, and the rose and the verdure. But

Alas, that moving treasure a wayfarer — was.

Happy were those times which passed with the friend;
 All without result and without knowledge the rest — was.

The bulbul [the true lover] slew himself through jealousy of
 this, that to the rose [the true beloved]
 At morning-time [the last breath of life], with the morning
 breeze [the angel of death], splendor [of heavenly
 messages] — was.

O heart! establish an excuse. For thou art a beggar; and here,
 In the kingdom of beauty, the head of a crowned one — was.

Every treasure of happiness that God gave to Hāfiz,
 From the auspiciousness of the evening prayer and of the morning
 supplication — was.

Translations of Lieut.-Col. H. Wilberforce Clarke.

THREE GHAZALS OR ODES

O CUPBEARER! bring the joy of youth; bring cup after cup of red
 wine.

Bring medicine for the disease of love; bring wine, which is
 the balm of old and young.

Do not grieve for the revolution of time, that it wheeled thus and not
 thus. Touch the lute in peace.

Wisdom is very wearisome; bring for its neck the noose of wine.

When the rose goes, say "Go gladly," and drink wine, red like the
 rose.

If the moan of the turtle does not remain, what matter? Bring music
 in the jug of wine.

The sun is wine and the moon the cup. Pour the sun into the
 moon.

To drink wine is either good or bad: drink, if it be bad or if it be
 good.

Her face cannot be seen except in a dream; bring then the medicine
 of sleep.

Give cup after cup to Hāfiz; pour, whether it be sin or sanctity.

THE east wind at the dawn of day brought a perfume from the tresses of my beloved, which immediately cast my foolish heart into fresh agitation.

I imagined that I had uprooted that flower from the garden of my heart, for every blossom which sprang up from its suffering bore only the fruits of pain.

From fear of the attacks of her love, I set my heart free with bloody strife; my heart dropped gouty drops of blood which marked my footsteps.

I beheld from her terrace how the glory of the moon veiled itself in confusion, before the face of that dazzling sun.

At the voice of the singer and the cupbearer, I go to the door in and out of season; for the messenger cometh with trouble from a weary road.

Any gift of my beloved I take as a courteous and kind, whether it be Mohammedan, Christian, or Jewish.

Heaven protect her eyebrows from harm! for though they brought me to despair, yet with a gracious greeting they have given consolation to the sick heart.

Joy to the time and the hour when I freed myself from the snare of her braided tresses, and gained a victory which even my foe admitted!

From envy of the tresses of my beloved, the breeze lavished all the musk which she had carried from Tartary.

I was amazed when I discovered last night cup and jug beside Hāfiz; but I said no word, for he used them in Sūfi manner.

Translation of Justin Huntly McCarthy.

MINSTREL, awake the sound of glee, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Fill me the bumper bounteously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

O for a bower and one beside, delicate dainty, there to hide;

Kisses at will to seize and be joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Sweet is my dear, a thief of hearts; bravery, beauty, saucy arts,

Odors and unguents, all for me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

How shall the fruit of life be thine, if thou refuse the fruitful vine?

Drink of the wine and pledge with me, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Call me my Saké silver-limbed, bring me my goblet silver-rimmed;

Fain would I fill and drink to thee, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Wind of the West, if e'er thou roam, pass on the way my fairy's home,

Whisper of Hāfiz amorously, joyous and eager, fresh and free.

Version by Walter Leaf.

RICHARD HAKLUYT

(1552?–1616)



RICHARD HAKLUYT has himself told how, when he was one of Queen Elizabeth's scholars at Westminster, he was inspired to the study of cosmography by a visit to the chamber of a kinsman, a gentleman of the Inner Temple in London. He saw there all manner of books on geography, and resolved thereupon to make their acquaintance. And while studying for holy orders at Oxford, and afterward in France, as chaplain to Sir Edward Stafford, both reading and observation gave him knowledge of English slothfulness in maritime discovery and enterprise.

Before Hakluyt was sent as ambassador's chaplain to Paris, however, he had published his first work, 'Divers Voyages touching the Discoverie of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and afterwards by the Frenchmen and Britons: And certaine notes of advertisements for observations, necessarie for such as shall hereafter make the like attempt, With two mappes annexed hereunto, for the plainer understanding of the whole matter.—Imprinted at London for Thomas Woodcocke, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the Signe of the Blacke Beare,' 1582. The book, which appeared when he was thirty (he was born about 1552), was dedicated "To the right worshipfull and most vertuous Gentleman, master Phillip Sidney Esquire"; and in the address to his patron, Hakluyt complains of England's failure to possess herself of lands rightly hers.

This was to preface a plea for the establishment of a lectureship to advance the art of navigation;—"for which cause I have dealt with the right worshipfull Sir Frances Drake, that, seeing God hath blessed him so wonderfully, he would do this honour to himselfe and benefite to his countrey, to be at the coste to erecte such a lecture." But his efforts proved futile.

The most memorable fruit of Hakluyt's life in Paris was 'A particuler discourse concerning the greate necessitie and manifolde commodityes that are like to growe to this Realme of Englande by the Westernne discoueries lately attempted, written in the yere 1584, by Richarde Hackluyt of Oxforde, at the requeste and direction of the righte wershippfull Mr. Walter Rayhly, nowe Knight, before the comynge home of his twoo barkes,' a part of which notable paper is

given at the end of this article. The energy, zeal, vigor, and conviction the piece displays bear out the claims of Robertson, who in his 'History of America' asserts that it is the Elizabethan preacher "to whom England is more indebted for its American possessions than to any man of that age." Hakluyt's faith and earnestness were so eager that he even had a thought of personal hazard, as a second letter to Walsingham bears evidence.

During a visit to England in 1584 he had presented his 'Particuler discourse concerning Westernre discoveries,' "along with one in Latin upon Aristotle's 'Politicks,'" to his royal mistress, who in recognition of his pains and loyalty had given him a pr  bend at Bristol. In May 1585 he brought in person, before the chapter of the cathedral at Bristol, the Queen's order for the preferment. Upon this and like ecclesiastical stipends he lived and did his work,—“the most versed man in that skill” (cosmography), says Hacket, “that England bred.” While in Paris Hakluyt translated and published in 1587 Laudonni  re's 'Histoire Notable de la Florida,' under the title 'A notable historie containing foure voyages made by certayne French Captaynes into Florida.' At the same time and in the same year he was preparing and publishing 'De Orbe Novo Petri Martyris Anglerii Decades octo illustrat  , labore et industria Richardi Hackluyti.' In this work is the copper-plate map upon which the name of Virginia is for the first time set down. In 1588 Hakluyt returned to England, and in the following year published a solitary volume, the precursor of his *magnum opus*, 'The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation,' which appeared in London in three folio volumes between 1598 and 1600.

"In a word," says Thomas Fuller in his 'Worthies,' "many of such useful tracts of sea adventure, which before were scattered as several ships, Mr. Hakluyt hath embodied into a fleet, divided into three squadrons, so many several volumes: a work of great honor to England; it being possible that many ports and islands in America which, being bare and barren, bear only a bare name for the present, may prove rich places for the future. And then these voyages will be produced and pleaded, as good evidence of their belonging to England, as first discovered and denominated by Englishmen."

The work is invaluable: a storehouse of the facts of life, the habits of thinking and doing, of the discoveries abroad of the Englishmen of the high seas in Elizabeth's day. The salt air of the northern seas blows over Hakluyt's pages, as well as the hot simoom and baffling winds. We run aground with the castaways, adventure in bargaining with natives, and in company with the mariners lament the casting overboard, to save our good bark, of three tons of spice. The men of that day were seekers after a golden fleece, the Argonauts of

the modern world, and their rough-hewn stories are untellable save in their hardy vernacular. Some of them were traders, with now and then the excitement of a skirmish or a freebooting expedition—a salt to harden the too tender flesh of easy commerce. All were self-gainers and all soldiers of fortune, and by the simplest facts the fore-runners of the seventeenth-century buccaneers, and every sort of excess and turpitude that name connotes.

After Hakluyt had completed his great work he edited a translation from the Portuguese, 'The Discoveries of the World' (1601), and in 1609 published his own translation of De Soto's discoveries in Florida. In this work, called 'Virginia Richly Valued,' he endeavored to promote the interests of the infant settlement. Certain of his manuscripts fell after his death into the hands of Samuel Purchas, and were by him edited and included in his 'Pilgrimes' (1625-26).

"He paid his last debt to nature," says Antony à Wood, "23 Nov. in sixteen hundred and sixteen, and was buried in the abbey church of Westminster, dedicated to S. Peter, on the 26th of the same month."

The 'Particuler Discourse' was first printed from a contemporary manuscript by Dr. Woods of Bowdoin College and Mr. Charles Dean of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1877. Dr. Woods had trace of the paper while searching in England for historical documents in behalf of the Historical Society of Maine. The copy from which he made his transcript was doubtless one of the four which Hakluyt prepared at the time he presented this 'Discourse' to Queen Elizabeth. Its object was evidently to gain Elizabeth's support for Raleigh's adventure, which he had undertaken under a patent granted him in March 1584. The MS. is most curious and valuable, and was exhibited in New York at the Hakluyt Tercentenary (1916). Besides proving that Hakluyt had sagacity, penetrative insight, and an imagination that could seize upon and construct in practical affairs, it is typical of the English attitude through all centuries.

Hakluyt's memory has been fittingly preserved in the admirable publications of the Hakluyt Society, which in the wide scope of its interest and the accuracy of its scholarship has nobly realized the vast designs of the great Englishman whose name it commemorates.

Hakluyt's (Principal Navigations and Voyages) were republished in 1809-1812. (The Voyages of the English Nation to America) were edited by Mr. Edmund Goldsmid in 1889. The (Particuler Discourse) appears in these latter volumes as well as in the publications of the Maine Historical Society.

An excellent reprint of Hakluyt's (Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation,) with many maps, was issued by MacLehose of Glasgow in 1903-5.

EXPECTATIONS OF AMERICA

A PARTICULAR DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE GREATE NECESSITIE AND MANIFOLDE COMMODYTIES THAT ARE LIKE TO GROWE TO THIS REALME OF ENGLANDE BY THE WESTERNE DISCOUERIES LATELY ATTEMPTED, WRITTEN IN THE YERE 1584, BY RICHARDE HACKLUYT OF OXFORDE, AT THE REQUESTE AND DIRECTION OF THE RIGHTE WERSHIPFULL MR. WALTER RAYHLY, NOWE KNIGHT, BEFORE THE COMYNGE HOME OF HIS TWOO BARKES. . . .

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S EINGE that the people of that parte of America from 30. degrees in Florida northewarde unto 63. degrees (which ys yet in no Christian princes actuall possession) are idolaters; and that those which Stephen Gomes broughte from the coaste of NORUMBEGA in the yere 1524. worshipped the sonne, the moone, and the starres, and used other idolatrie, . . . it remayneth to be thoroughly weyed and considered by what meanes and by whome this moste godly and Christian work may be perfourmed of inlarginge the glorious gospell of Christe. . . . Nowe the Kinges and Queenes of England have the name of Defendours of the Faithe. By which title I thinke they are not onely chardged to mayneteyne and patronize the faithe of Christe, but also to inlarge and advaunce the same. Neither oughte this to be their laste worke, but rather the principall and chefe of all others, accordinge to the commaundemente of our Saviour, Christe, Mathewe 6, Ffirste seeke the kingdome of God and the righteousness thereof, and all other thinges shalbe mynistréd unto you.

Nowe the meanes to sende suche as shall labour effectually in this busines ys, by plantinge one or twoo colonies of our nation upon that fyrme, where they shall remaine in safetie, and firste learne the language of the people nere adjoyninge (the gifte of tongues being nowe taken awaye) and by little and little acquainte themselves with their manner, and so with discretion and myldenes distill into their purged myndes the swete and lively liquor of the gospel. . . . Now therefore I truste the time ys at hande when by her Majesties forwardnes in this enterprise, not only this objection and such like shalbe aunswered by our frutefull labor in Godds harvest among the infidells, but also many inconveniences and strifes amongst ourselves at home, in matters of ceremonies, shalbe ended. For those of the clergy which by reason of idlenes here at home are nowe alwayes

coyninge of newe opynions, havinge by this voyadge to set themselves on worke in reducinge the savages to the chefe principles of our faith, will become lesse contentious, and be contented with the truthe in relligion alreadie established by authoritie. So they that shall beare the name of Christians shall shewe themselves worthye of their vocation. . . .

The nexte thinge ys that nowe I declare unto you the comodities of this newe westerne discoverie, and what marchandize are there to be had, and from thence to be expected; wherein firste you are to have regarde unto the scituation of the places which are left for us to be possessed. The contries therefore of AMERICA whereunto we have just title, as beinge firste discovered by Sebastian Gabote, at the coste of that prudente prince Kinge Henry the Seaventh, from Florida northewarde to 67. degrees (and not yet in any Chrestian princes actuall possession), beinge aunswerable in clymate to Barbary, Egipt, Siria, Persia, Turkey, Greece, all the islandes of the Levant sea, Italie, Spaine, Portingale, Fraunce, Flaunders, Highe Almayne, Denmarke, Estland, Poland, and Muscovye, may presently or within a shorte space afforde unto us, for little or nothings, and with moche more safetie, eyther all or a greate parte of the comodities which the aforesaid contries do yelde us at a very dere hande and with manifolde daungers.

Firste, therefore, to begyn at the southe from 30. degrees, and to quote unto you the leafe and page of the printed voyadges of those which personally have with diligence searched and viewed these contries. John Ribault writeth thus, in the first leafe of his discourse, extant in printe bothe in Frenche and Englishe: Wee entred (saithe he) and viewed the contrie, which is the fairest, frutefullest, and pleasauntest of all the worlde, aboundinge in honye, waxe, venison, wild fowle, fforestes, woodds of all sorts, palme trees, cipresses, cedars, bayes, the highest and greatest, with also the fairest vines in all the worlde, with grapes accordinge, which naturally withoute arte or mans helpe or trymynge will growe to toppes of oakes and other trees that be of wonderfull greatness and heichte. And the sighte of the faire meadowes is a pleasure not able to be expressed with tongue, full of herons, curlues, bitters, mallardes, egrights, woodcocks, and all other kinde of small birdes, with hartes, hinds, bucks, wild swyne, and all other kynd of wilde beastes, as wee perceaved well bothe by their footinge there, and also afterwardes in other

places by their crye and roaringe in the nighte. Also there be conies and hares, silkewormes in marvelous number, a great deale fairer and better than be our silkewormes. Againe, in the sixte leafe and seconde page: They shewed unto us by signes that they had in the lande golde and silver and copper, whereof wee have broughte some home. Also leade like unto ours, which wee shewed them. Also turqueses and greate aboundance of perles, which as they declared unto us they tooke oute of oysters, whereof there is taken ever alonge the rivers side and amongst the reedes and in the marishes, in so marvelous aboundaunce as it is scante credible. And wee have perceaved that there be as many and as greate perles founde there as in any contrie in the worlde. In the seaventh leafe it followeth thus: The scituation is under 30. degrees, a good clymate, healthfull, and of goodd temperature, marvelous pleasaunt, the people goodd and of a gentle and amyable nature, which willingly will obey, yea be contented to serve those that shall with gentlenes and humanitie goe aboute to allure them, as yt is necessarie for those that be sente thither hereafter so to doe. In the eighth leafe: It is a place wonderfull fertile and of strong scituation, the grounde fatt, so that it is like that it would bringe forthe wheate and all other corne twise a yere.

Verarsana, fallinge in the latitude of 34. degrees, describeth the scituation and commodities in this manner: Beyond this we sawe the open contrie risinge in heighte above the sandie shoare, with many faire feeldes and plaines full of mightie greate wooddes, some very thicke and some very thynne, replenished with divers sortes of trees, and pleasaunt and delectable to beholde as ys possible to ymagine. And youre Majestie may not thinke that these are like the wooddes of Hyrcinia, or the wilde desertes of Tartaria, and the northerne coastes, full of fruteles trees; but full of palme, date-trees, bayes, and highe cypresses, and many other sortes of trees to us unknowen in Europe, which yelde moste swete savours farr from the shoare; neyther doe wee thincke that they, partakinge of the easte worlde rounde aboute them, are altogether voyde of drugs and spicerye, and other riches of golde, seinge the colour of the lande dothe altogether argue yt. And the lande is full of many beastes, as redd dere, fallowe dere, and hares, and likewise of lakes and pooles of freshe water, with greate plentie of fowles convenient for all pleasaunt game. This lande is in latitude 34. degrees with goodd

and holesome ayre, temperate betwene hote and colde; no vehement windes doe blowe in these regions, &c. Againe, in the fourthe leafe as it is in Englishe, speakinge of the nexte contrie, he saithe: Wee sawe in this contrie many vines growinge naturally, which springinge upp tooke holde of the trees as they doe in Lombardye, which, if by husbandmen they were dressed in goodd order, withoute all doubtte they woulde yelde excellent Wynes; for havinge oftentimes seene the frute thereof dried, which was swete and pleasaunte and not differinge from oures, wee thinke they doe esteeme of the same, because that in every place where they growe they take away the under braunches growinge rounde aboute, that the frute thereof may ripen the better. Wee founde also roses, violetts, lyllies, and many sortes of herbes and swete and odoriferous flowers. And after, in the sixte leafe, he saithe: Wee were oftentimes within the lande V. or VI. leagues, which wee founde as pleasaunte as is possible to declare, apte for any kinde of husbandrye of corne, wine, and oile. For therein there are plaines 25. or 30. leagues broade, open and withoute any impedymente of trees, of suche frute-fulnes that any seede beinge sowen therein will bringe furthe moste excellent frute. Wee entred afterwarde into the woodds, which wee founde so greate and thicke that an armye (were it never so greate) mighte have hydd it selfe therein, the trees whereof were oakes, cypresses, and other sortes unknowen in Europe. Wee founde pomi appij. plomes, and nuttes, and many other sortes of frutes to us unknowen. There are beastes in greate aboundaunce, as redd dere and fallowe dere, leopardes and other kindes, which they take with their bowes and arrowes, which are their chefe weapons. This land is scituate in the parallele of Rome in 41. degrees and 2. terces. And towards the ende he saithe: Wee sawe many of the people weare earringes of copper hanginge at their eares. Thus farr oute of the relation of Verarsana. . . .

This coaste, from Cape Briton C. C. [200] leagues to the south west, was again discovered at the chardges of the cardinall of Burbon by my frende Stephen Bellinger of Roan, the laste yere, 1583. who founde a towne of fourscore houses, covered with the barkes of trees, upon a rivers side, about C. leagues from the aforesaid Cape Briton. He reporteth that the contrie is of the temperature of the coaste of Cascoigne and Guyañ. He broughte home a kinde of mynerall matter supposed to holde

silver, whereof he gave me some: a kynde of muske called castor; divers beastes skynnes, as bevers, otters, marternes, lucernes, seales, buffs, dere skynnes, all dressed, and painted on the innerside with divers excellent colours, as redd, tawnye, yellowe, and vermillyon,—all which thinges I sawe; and divers other marchandize he hath which I saw not. But he tolde me that he had CCCC. and xl. crownes for that in Roan, which, in trifles bestowed upon the savages, stode him not in fortie crownes.

The nature and qualitie of thother parte of America from Cape Briton, beinge in 46 degrees unto the latitude of 52. for iij C. leagues within the lande even to Hochelaga, is notably described in the twoo voyadges of Iacques Cartier. In the fift chapter of his second relation thus he writeth: From the 19. till the 28. of September wee sailed upp the ryver, never loosinge one houre of tyme, all which space wee sawe as goodly a contrie as possibly coulde be wisshed for, full of all sortes of goodly trees; that is to say, oakes, elmes, walnut-trees, cedars, fyrres, asshes, boxe, willoughes, and greate store of vynes, all as full of grapes as coulde be, that if any of our fellowes wente on shoare, they came home laden with them. There were likewise many cranes, swannes, geese, mallardes, fesauntes, partridges, thrushshes, black birdes, turtles, finches, redbreastes, nightingales, sparrowes, with other sortes of birdes even as in Fraunce, and greate plentie and store. Againe in the xlth chapter of the said relation there ys mention of silver and golde to be upon a ryver that is three monethes' saylinge, navigable southwarde from Hoghelaga; and that redd copper is yn Saguinay. All that contrie is full of sondrie sortes of woodde and many vines. There is great store of stagges, redd dere, fallowe dere, beares, and other suche like sorts of beastes, as conies, hares, marterns, foxes, otters, bevers, squirrells, badgers, and rattes exceedinge greate, and divers other sortes of beastes for huntinge. There are also many sortes of fowles as cranes, swannes, outardes, wilde geese white and graye, duckes, thrushshes, black birdes, turtles, wild pigeons, lynnets, finches, redd breastes, stares, nightingales, sparrows, and other birdes even as in Fraunce. Also, as wee have said before, the said ryver is the plentifullest of fyshe that ever hath bene seene or hearde of, because that from the heade to the mouthe of yt you shall finde all kinde of freshe and salte water fyshe accordinge to their season. There are also many

whales, porposes, sea horses, and adhothuis, which is a kinde of fishe which wee have never seene nor hearde of before. And in the xllth chapiter thus: Wee understoode of Donaconna and others that . . . there are people cladd with clothe as wee are, very honest, and many inhabited townes, and that they had greate store of golde and redd copper; and that within the land beyonde the said firste ryver unto Hochelaga and Saguinay, ys an iland envyroned rounde aboute with that and other ryvers, and that there is a sea of freshe water founde, and as they have hearde say of those of Saguinay, there was never man hearde of that founde out the begynnyng and ende thereof. Finally, in the postscripte of the seconde relation, wee reade these wordes: They of Canada saye, that it is a moones sailinge to goe to a lande where cynamonde and cloves are gathered. . . .

Thus having alleaged many printed testimonies of these credible persons, which were personally betwene 30. and 63. degrees in America, as well on the coaste as within the lande, which affirmed unto the princes and kinges which sett them oute that they found there, . . . I may well and truly conclude with reason and authoritie, that all the comodities of all our olde decayed and daungerous trades in all Europe, Africa, and Asia haunted by us, may in shorte space for little or nothings, and many for the very workmanship, in a manner be had in that part of America which lieth between 30. and 60. degrees of northerly latitude, if by our slacknes we suffer not the Frenche or others to prevente us.

CAP. IV. *That this enterprize will be for the manifolde ymployment of numbers of idle men, and for breeding of many sufficient, and for utteraunce of the great quantitie of the comodities of our realme.*

It is well worthe the observation to see and consider what the like voyadges of discoverye and plantinge in the Easte and Weste Indies hath wroughte in the kingdomes of Portingale and Spayne; bothe which realmes, beinge of themselves poore and barren and hardly able to susteine their inhabitaunts, by their discoveries have founde suche occasion of employmente, that these many yeres we have not herde scarcely of any pirate of those two nations; whereas wee and the Frenche are moste infamous for our outeragious, common, and daily piracies. Againe, when hearde wee almoste of one theefe amongst them? The reason is, that

by these their newe discoveries, they have so many honest wayes to set them on worke, as they rather wante men than meanes to ymploye them. But wee, for all the statutes that hitherto can be devised, and the sharpe execution of the same in poonishinge idle lazye persons, for wante of sufficient occasion of honest employmente cannot deliver our commonwealthe from multitudes of loyterers and idle vagabondes. Truthe it is that throughe our longe peace and seldome sicknes (twoo singuler blessinges of Almightye God) wee are growen more populous than ever heretofore; so that now. there are of every arte and science so many that they can hardly lyve one by another, nay rather they are readie to eate uppe one another; yea many thousandes of idle persons are within this realme, which, havinge no way to be sett on worke, be either mutinous or seeke alteration in the State, or at leaste very burdensome to the commonwealth, and often fall to pilferinge and thevinge and other lewdnes, whereby all the prisons of the lande are daily pestred and stuffed full of them, where either they pitifully pyne awaye or els at length are miserably hanged, even xx^{ti} at a clappe oute of some one jayle. Whereas yf this voyadge were put in execution, these pety thieves mighte be condempned for certein yeres in the westerne partes, especially in Newefounde lande, in sawinge and felling of tymber for mastes of shippes, and deale boordes; in burninge of the firres and pine-trees to make pitche, tarr, rosen, and sope ashes; in beatinge and workinge of hempe for cordage; and in the more southerne partes, in settinge them to worke in mynes of golde, silver, copper, leade, and yron; in dragginge for perles and curall; in plantinge of suger canes, as the Portingales have done in Madera; in mayneteynaunce and increasinge of silke wormes for silke, and in dressinge the same; in gatheringe up cotten whereof there is plentie; in tillinge of the soile there for graine; in dressinge of vines whereof there is greate aboundaunce for wyne; olyves, whereof the soile ys capable, for oyle; trees for oranges, lymons, almondes, figges and other frutes, all which are founde to growe there already; in sowinge of woade and madder for diers, as the Portingales have don in the Azores; in dressinge of raw hides of divers kindes of beastes; in makinge and gatheringe of salte, as in Rochel and Bayon, which may serve for the newe lande fisshinge; in killinge the whale, seale, porpose, and whirlepoole for trayne oile; in fisshinge, saltinge, and dryenge of linge, codde, salmon, herringe; in makinge and gatheringe of hony,

waxe, turpentine; in hewing and shapinge of stone, as marble, jeate, christall, freestone, which will be goodd ballaste for our shippes homewardes, and after serve for noble buildinges; in makinge of caskes, oares, and all other manner of staves; in buildinge of fortes, townes, churches; in powdringe and barrelinge of fishe, fowles, and fleshe, which will be notable provision for sea and land; in dryenge, sortinge, and packinge of fethers, whereof may be had there marvelous greate quantitie.

Besides this, such as by any kinde of infirmitie can not passe the seas thither, and nowe are chardgeable to the realme at home, by this voyadge shalbe made profitable members, by employinge them in England in makinge of a thousande triflinge thinges, which will be very goodd marchandize for those contries where wee shall have moste ample vente thereof.

And seinge the savages of the Graunde Baye, and all alonge the mightie ryver ronnethe upp to Canada and Hochelaga, are greatly delighted with any cappe or garment made of course wollen clothe, their contrie beinge colde and sharpe in the winter, yt is manifeste wee shall finde greate utteraunce of our clothes, especially of our coursest and basest northerne doosens, and our Irishe and Welshe frizes and rugges; whereby all occupations belonginge to clothinge and knittinge shalbe freshly sett on worke, as cappers, knitters, clothiers, wollmen, carders, spynners, weavers, fullers, sheremen, dyers, drapers, hatters, and such like, whereby many decayed townes may be repaired.

In somme, this enterprize will mynister matter for all sortes and states of men to worke upon; namely, all severall kindes of artificers, husbandmen, seamen, merchaunts, souldiers, capitaines, phisitions, lawyers, devines, cosmographers, hidrographers, astronomers, historiographers; yea, olde folkes, lame persons, women, and younge children, by many meanes which hereby shall still be mynistred unto them, shalbe kepte from idlenes, and be made able by their owne honest and easie labour to finde themselves, withoute surchardginge others.

Whatsoever clothe wee shall vente on the tracte of that firme, or in the ilands of the same, or in other landes, ilandes, and territories beyonde, be they within the circle articke or withoute, all these clothes, I say, are to passe oute of this realme full wroughte by our naturall subjectes in all degrees of labour. And if it come aboute in tyme that wee shall vente that masse there that wee vented in the Base Contries, which is hoped by greate reason,

then shall all that clothe passe oute of this realme in all degrees of labour full wroughte by the poore naturall subjectes of this realme, like as the quantitie of our clothe dothe passe that goeth hence to Russia, Barbarie, Turkye, Persia, &c. And then consequently it followeth, that the like number of people alleaged to the Emperour shal be sett on worke in England of our poore subjectes more then hath bene; and so her Majestie shall not be troubled with the pitefull outecryes of cappers, knytters, spynners, &c.

And on the other side wee are to note, that all the comodities wee shall bringe thence, we shall not bringe them wroughte, as wee bringe now the comodities of Fraunce and Flaunders, &c., but shall receave them all substaunces unwroughte, to the ymployment of a wonderfull multitude of the poore subjectes of this realme in returne. And so to conclude, what in the number of thinges to goe oute wroughte, and to come in unwroughte, there nede not one poore creature to steale, to starve, or to begge, as they doe.

And to answer objections: where fooles for the swarming of beggars alleage that the realme is too populous, Salomon saieth that the honour and strengthe of a prince consisteth in the multitude of the people. And if this come aboute, that worke may be had for the multitude, where the realme hath nowe one thousande for the defence thereof, the same may have fyve thousande. For when people knowe howe to live, and howe to mayneteyne and feede their wyves and children, they will not abstaine from mariage as nowe they doe. And the soile thus aboundinge with corne, fleshe, mylke, butter, cheese, herbes, rootes, and frutes, &c., and the seas that envyron the same so infynitely aboundinge in fishe, I dare truly affirme, that if the number in this realme were as greate as all Spaine and Ffraunce have, the people beinge industrious, I say, there shoulde be founde victualls ynoughe at the full in all bounty to suffice them all. And takinge order to cary hence thither our clothes made in hose, coates, clokes, whoodes, &c., and to returne thither hides of their owne beastes, tanned and turned into shoes and bootes, and other skynnes of goates, whereof they have store, into gloves, &c., no doubt but wee shall sett on worke in this realme, besides sailers and suche as shalbe seated there in those westernne discovered contries, at the leaste C. M. subjectes, to the greate abatinge of the goodd estate of subjectes of forreine princes, enemies, or doubtfull

frends, and this *absque injuria*, as the lawyers say, albeit not *sine damno*. . . .

CHAP. XV. *That spedie plantinge in divers fitt places is moste necessarie upon these laste luckye westerne discoveries, for feare of the danger of beinge prevented by other nations which have the like intention, with the order thereof, and other reasons therewithall alleaged.*

HAVINGE by God's goodd guidinge and mercifull direction atchieved happily this presente westerne discoverye, after the seekinge the advauncement of the kingedome of Christe, the seconde chefe and principall ende of the same is traficque, which consisteth in the vente of the masse of our clothes and other comodities of England, and in receavinge backe of the nedefull comodities that wee nowe receive from all other places of the worlde. But forasmoche as this is a matter of greate ymportance and a thinge of so greate gaine as forren princes will stomacke at, this one thinge is to be don withoute which it were in vaine to goe aboute this; and that is, the matter of plantinge and fortificacion, withoute due consideracion whereof in vaine were it to think of the former. And therefore upon the firste said viewe taken by the shippes that are to be sente thither, wee are to plante upon the mouthes of the greate navigable rivers which are there, by stronge order of fortification, and there to plante our colonies. And so beinge firste settled in strengthe with men, armour, munition, and havinge our navy within our bayes, havens, and roades, wee shall be able to lett the entraunce of all subjectes of forren princes, and so with our freshe powers to encounter their shippes at the sea, and to renewe the same with freshe men, as the sooden feightes shall require; and by our fortes shalbe able to hold faste our firste footinge, and readily to annoyne such weary power of any other that shall seke to arryve; and shalbe able with out navye to sende advertise-mente into England upon every sooden whatsoever shall happen. And these fortifications shall kepe the naturall people of the contrye in obedience and goodd order. And these fortes at the mouthes of those greate portable and navigable ryvers may at all tymes sende upp their shippes, barkes, barges, and boates into the inland with all the comodities of England, and returne unto the said fortes all the comodities of the inlandes that wee shall receive in exchange, and thence at pleasure convey the same into England. And thus settled in those fortes, yf the

nexste neighboures shall attempte any annoye to our people wee are kepte safe by our fortes; and wee may, upon violence and wronge offred by them, ronne upon the rivers with our shippes, pynnesses, barkes, and boates, and enter into league with the petite princes their neighboures, that have alwayes lightly warres one with an other, and so entringe league nowe with the one and then with the other, wee shall purchase our owne safetie, and make our selves lordes of the whole.

Contrarywise, withoute this plantinge in due time, wee shall never be able to have full knowledge of the language, manners, and customes of the people of those regions, neither shall wee be able thoroughly to knowe the riches and comodities of the inlandes, with many other secretes whereof as yet wee have but a small taste. And althoughe by other meanes we might attaine to the knowedge thereof, yet beinge not there fortified and strongly seated, the French that swarme with multitude of people, or other nations, mighte secretly fortifie and settle themselves before us, hearinge of the benefite that is to be reaped of that voyadge: and so wee shoulde beate the bushe and other men take the birdes; wee shoulde be at the chardge and travell and other men reape the gaine. . . . Yf wee doe procrastinate the plantinge (and where our men have nowe presently discovered, and founde it to be the beste parte of America that is lefte, and in truthe more agreeable to our natures, and more nere unto us, than Nova Hispania), the Frenche, the Normans, the Brytons, or the Duche, or some other nation, will not onely prevente us of the mightie Baye of St. Lawrence, where they have gotten the starte of us already, thoughe wee had the same revealed to us by bookes published and printed in Englishe before them, but also will depriue us of that goodd lande which nowe wee have discovered. . . .

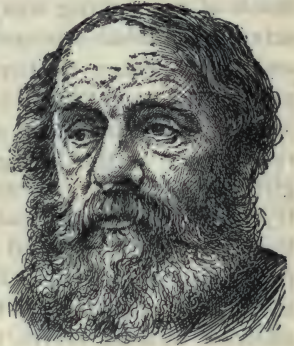
God, which doth all thinges in his due time, and hath in his hande the hertes of all Princes, stirr upp the mynde of her Majestie at lengthe to assiste her moste willinge and forwarde subjectes to the perfourmaunce of this moste godly and profitable action; which was begonne at the chardges of Kinge Henry the viiith her grandfather, followed by Kinge Henry the Eighte, her father, and lefte as it semeth to be accomplished by her (as the three yeres golden voyadge to Ophir was by Salomon), to the makinge of her realme and subjectes moste happy, and her selfe moste famous to all posteritie. Amen.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

(1822—)

THE city of Boston has been long remarkable for its distinguished figures in science, politics, and affairs, in art and literature—and particularly in the walk of letters. Edward Everett Hale is one of these figures.

Dr. Hale's long and still productive life has been one of great and varied usefulness. The religious, philanthropic, civic, and literary circles of his community have felt for many years the impact of his vigorous personality, and his reputation as preacher and writer has become national. His family is a noted one: his father was Nathan Hale, first editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser,—Nathan Hale the martyr being of the same line,—while several of the immediate kin of Edward Hale find places in American biography. Born in Boston, April 3d, 1822, Edward Everett Hale was educated at the famous Latin School, then at Harvard, of which he is one of the most noteworthy sons. Hale read theology and was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Congregational Ministers, his first regular settlement being in Worcester, where he was pastor of the Church of the Unity from 1846 to 1856.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Thence he went to the Boston Unitarian society known as the South Congregational Church, and for more than forty years has been its active head.

As a clergyman Dr. Hale has shown rare qualities as preacher and organizer. His theology has been of the advanced liberal type, his teaching emphasizing good works. His earnest, helpful efforts in the broadest humanitarian undertakings have gone far outside the conventional limits of his calling, making him more widely known as a public man. Both by direct personal endeavor and through the influence of his writings he has been instrumental in founding many societies for beneficent work of all kinds, of which the Harry Wadsworth Clubs and the Look-Up Legion, with members by the tens of thousands in different lands, are examples. He has kept closely in

touch with his Alma Mater at Cambridge, serving it as member of the board of overseers and as president of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The degree of S. T. D. was conferred upon him by Harvard in 1879.

His journalistic enterprises numbered too **many** for enumeration here. He began early, setting type in his father's office as a lad and showing himself a diligent scribbler. Perhaps his best known editorial connections were those with the magazine *Old and New*, started under Unitarian auspices with the idea of giving literary expression to liberal Christianity, and afterwards merged in *Scribner's Monthly*; and *Lend A Hand*, a sort of record of organized charity, founded in 1886.

Few writing clergymen have been so voluminous as Dr. Hale; few so successful. In addition to the long list of his magazine papers and articles of every sort, his books number upwards of fifty titles. As was inevitable in one who was so prolific, throwing off literary work with a running pen,—often with a practical rather than an artistic aim,—much of his writing was occasional in motive, and ephemeral in character. It includes histories, essays, novels, poems, and short stories; and the average quality, considering the variety and extent of the performance and the fact that with Dr. Hale literature was an avocation, an aside from his main business in life, is decidedly high. The short story is the literary form in which he ever best expressed his gift and character. One of his stories, 'The Man Without a Country,' is a little American classic. Others, such as 'My Double and How he Undid Me' and 'The Skeleton in the Closet,' have also won permanent popularity. They were written a generation ago, when the short story was not the familiar form it has since become; so that in addition to their merit, they are of interest as early ventures in the tale distinguished from the full-length novel.

'The Man Without a Country,' selections from which follow, well represents Dr. Hale's characteristics. Its manner has ease, felicity, and good breeding. The narrative runs along in such an honest, straightforward way, there is such an air of verisimilitude, that the reader is half inclined to accept it all as history; although the idea of a United States naval officer kept a prisoner at sea for a long lifetime and never permitted to hear or know of his native land, is hardly more credible than the idea of the 'Flying Dutchman' or the 'Wandering Jew.' Yet when the tale appeared the writer received letters of inquiry, indicating that the fiction was taken in sober earnest; and in a later edition he stated in an appendix that it lacked all foundation in fact. But over and above its literary fascination, 'The Man Without a Country' is surcharged with ethical significance. It is a beautiful allegory, showing the dire results of a momentary

and heedless lapse from patriotism, and so preaching love of country. It develops a lively sense of what it is to have a flag to fight for, a land to love. This lesson is conveyed with power and pathos; and the story's instant and continued acceptance is testimony, were any needed, that Americans felt the appeal while enjoying the lovely fiction for its own sake. Such work, on the moral side, is typical of Dr. Hale. He could not write without a spiritual or moral purpose. Dr. Hale died on June 10, 1909; he was mourned by all the citizens of Boston, and lay in state for hours while crowds filed past his bier in reverential sorrow.

PHILIP NOLAN

From 'The Man Without a Country.' Copyrighted; reprinted by permission of Dr. Hale and J. S. Smith & Co., publishers, Boston

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805 at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow,—at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and in short fascinated him. For the next year, barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, hazard, and high-low-Jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown.

But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a distinguished conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many Weekly Arguses, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake or a cotton-wood

tree, as he said,—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as *A Man Without a Country*.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the house of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then house of York by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and to fill out the list, little Nolan; against whom, Heaven knows there was evidence enough,—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order been signed "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped,—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy:—

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution; and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He on his part had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz; and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and in

a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat-men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23d, 1807, till the day he died, May 11th, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried "God save King George!" Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes with a face like a sheet, to say:—

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a

country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? what then if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? what then if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now; though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:—

LEVANT, 2°2' S. @ 131° W.

Dear Fred:

I TRY to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was; and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his state-room,—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there,—the first time the doctor had been in the state-room,—and he said he should like to see me. Oh dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old "*Intrepid*" days? Well, I went in; and there to be sure the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in.

The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak, and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country!" And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it in large letters: "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiana Territory," as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"O Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? "Mr. Nolan," said I, "I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?"

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand, and said, "God bless you! Tell me their names," he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. "The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi,—that was

where Fort Adams is: they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope."

Well, that was not a bad text; and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map, and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas,—told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his grave was, and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected, partly because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. "And the men," said he laughing, "brought off a good deal besides furs." Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again,—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, "God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him." Then he asked about the old war; told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java; asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi and New Orleans and Texas and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in command of the "Legion of the West"? I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that by our last news he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, "Where was Vicksburg?" I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills," said he: "well, that is a change!"

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him,—of immigration, and the means of it; of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs; of

inventions and books and literature; of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School,—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see, it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families." Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington. Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!

And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said with a smile that it would open at the right place,—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me:—"For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank thee that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of thy holy laws, thou hast continued to us thy marvelous kindness,"—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me:—"Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant the President of the United States, and all others in authority,"—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him, and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written:—

BURY me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:—

IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP NOLAN,

Lieutenant in the Army of the United States

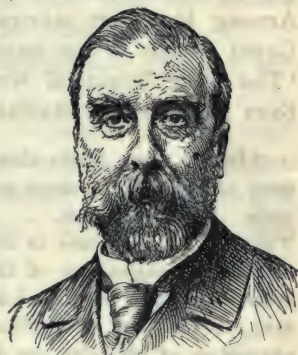
He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
but no man deserved less at her hands.

LUDOVIC HALÉVY

(1834-1908)



LUDOVIC HALÉVY, known to American readers chiefly as the author of the graceful little novel 'The Abbé Constantin,' entered French letters as a dramatist and writer of librettos. Born in Paris in 1834 of Jewish parentage, he was the son of Léon Halévy, a poet and littérateur of some note in his day; and he was, as well, the nephew of the composer of 'The Jewess' and of 'The Queen of Cyprus.' He grew up in the atmosphere of the theatre. After leaving college he entered his country's civil service, and rapidly rose to occupy positions of distinction. At the same time he gave his leisure to writing plays and short stories, looking forward to the day when he would be able to throw off the burdensome yoke of clerical duties and to devote himself entirely to literature. Unsuccessful at first, Halévy finally worked his way into public favor; especially after associating his pen with that of Henri Meilhac. In collaboration with the latter, Halévy wrote many of the librettos of Offenbach's most brilliant and satiric operettas, including 'The Perichole,' 'The Brigands,' the 'Belle Hélène,' and 'The Grand Duchess of Gérolstein'—a burlesque opera which had such vogue that it is said to have been the first thing the Emperor Alexander of Russia wished to hear, when he came to Paris to attend the Exposition of 1867. Several serious librettos of high excellence are from the same hands, including that for Bizet's 'Carmen.' In spoken drama, 'Frou-Frou' and 'Tricoche and Cacolet' are among the most popular plays the two dramatists produced together. In speaking of the collaboration of Halévy with Meilhac in humorous drama, Francisque Sarcey says:—"Gifted with an exquisite appreciation of the real, Halévy has preserved the more fantastic and bizarre characteristics of the imagination of the latter. From this mutual work have sprung plays which in my opinion are not sufficiently estimated by us;—we have seen them hundreds of times, and have referred to them with a grimace of contempt. There is a great deal



LUDOVIC HALÉVY

of imagination, of wit, and of good sense in these amusing parodies of every-day life."

Yet, great as was the success of his dramatic work, Halévy's claim to a place in French literature rests on what he produced alone after the collaboration with Meilhac had suffered a rupture, in 1881. At the same time he ceased writing for the stage, and turned to fiction. 'L'Abbé Constantin,' the first of his novels, is also the most popular. It opened to him the French Academy. It was for more than one season the French story of the day. It is a charming story, full of fresh air and sun, simply and skillfully told. It presented a view of American character and temperament not usual in French fiction; and irreproachable in its moral tone, it has become a sort of classic for American schools and colleges. 'La Famille Cardinal' (The Cardinal Family) and 'Crichtette' are others of Halévy's studies in fiction of aspects of Parisian life. 'Notes and Souvenirs' embody observations during the Prussian invasion of 1871. They are interesting, as giving faithful pictures of the temper of the people during those days. Among his short stories, 'Un Mariage d'Amour' (A Marriage for Love) is one of the most delightful; and a highly characteristic one, 'The Most Beautiful Woman in Paris,' is appended to this sketch. Says Mr. Brander Matthews:—

"In all these books there are the same artistic qualities; the same sharpness of vision, the same gentle irony, the same constructive skill, and the same dramatic touch. . . . M. Halévy's irony is delicate and playful. There is no harshness in his manner and no hatred in his mind. We do not find in his pages any of the pessimism which is perhaps the dominant characteristic of the best French fiction of our time. . . . More than Maupassant, or Flaubert, or Mérimée, is M. Halévy a Parisian. Whether or not the characters of his tales are dwellers in the capital, whether or not the scene of his story is laid in the city by the Seine, the point of view is always Parisian. . . . His style even, his swift and limpid prose,—the prose which somehow corresponds to the best *vers de société* in its brilliancy and buoyancy,—is the style of one who lives at the centre of things. Cardinal Newman once said that while Livy and Tacitus and Terence and Seneca wrote Latin, Cicero wrote Roman. So, while M. Zola on one side and M. Georges Ohnet on the other may write French, M. Halévy writes Parisian."

Ludovic Halévy died May 8, 1908, having attained the age of seventy-four years; his passing was a serious loss in the field of letters, in France, where he had long been so important a figure.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN PARIS

From 'Parisian Points of View.' Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers

ON FRIDAY, April 19th, Prince Agénor was really distracted at the opera during the second act of 'Sigurd.' The prince kept going from box to box, and his enthusiasm increased as he went.

"That blonde! oh, that blonde! she is ideal! Look at that blonde! Do you know that blonde?"

It was from the front part of Madame de Marizy's large first-tier box that all these exclamations were coming at that moment.

"Which blonde?" asked Madame de Marizy.

"Which blonde! Why, there is but one this evening in the house. Opposite to you, over there in the first box, the Sainte Mesmes' box. Look, baroness, look straight over there."

"Yes, I am looking at her. She is atrociously got up, but pretty."

"Pretty! She is a wonder! simply a wonder! Got up? Yes, agreed—some country relative. The Sainte Mesmes have cousins in Périgord. But what a smile! How well her neck is set on! And the slope of the shoulders! ah, especially the shoulders!"

"Come, either keep still or go away. Let me listen to Madame Caron."

The prince went away, as no one knew that incomparable blonde. Yet she had often been to the opera, but in an unpretentious way—in the second tier of boxes. And to Prince Agénor, above the first tier of boxes there was nothing, absolutely nothing. There was emptiness—space. The prince had never been in a second-tier box, so the second-tier boxes did not exist.

While Madame Caron was marvelously singing the marvelous phrase of Reyer, "Ô mon sauveur silencieux, la Valkyrie est ta conquête," the prince strolled along the passages of the opera. Who was that blonde? He wanted to know, and he would know.

And suddenly he remembered that good Madame Picard was the box-opener of the Sainte Mesmes, and that he, Prince of Nérins, had had the honor of being for a long time a friend of that good Madame Picard.

"Ah, prince," said Madame Picard on seeing Agénor, "there is no one for you to-night in *my* boxes. Madame de Simiane is not here, and Madame de Sainte Mesme has rented her box."

"That's precisely it. Don't you know the people in Madame de Sainte Mesme's box?"

"Not at all, prince. It's the first time I have seen them in the marquise's box."

"Then you have no idea—"

"None, prince. Only to me they don't appear to be people of—"

She was going to say of *our* set. A box-opener of the first tier of boxes at the opera, having generally only to do with absolutely high-born people, considers herself as being a little of their set, and shows extreme disdain for unimportant people; it displeases her to receive these unimportant people in *her* boxes. Madame Picard however had tact which rarely forsook her, and so stopped herself in time to say:—

"People of *your* set. They belong to the middle class, to the wealthy middle class; but still the middle class. That doesn't satisfy you; you wish to know more on account of the blonde. Is it not so, prince?"

Those last words were spoken with rare delicacy; they were murmured more than spoken—box-opener to prince! It would have been unacceptable without that perfect reserve in accent and tone; yes, it was a box-opener who spoke, but a box-opener who was a little bit the aunt of former times, the aunt *à la mode de Cythère*. Madame Picard continued:—

"Ah, she is a beauty! She came with a little dark man—her husband, I'm sure; for while she was taking off her cloak—it always takes some time—he didn't say a word to her: no eagerness, no little attentions—yes, he could only be a husband. I examined the cloak: people one doesn't know puzzle me and my colleague; Madame Flachet and I always amuse ourselves by trying to guess from appearances. Well, the cloak comes from a good dressmaker, but not from a great one; it is fine and well made, but it has no style. I think they are middle-class people, prince. But how stupid I am! You know M. Palmer—well, a little while ago he came to see the beautiful blonde!"

"M. Palmer?"

"Yes, and he can tell you."

"Thanks, Madame Picard, thanks."

"Good-by, prince, good-by," and Madame Picard went back to her stool, near her colleague Madame Flachet, and said to her:

"Ah, my dear, what a charming man the prince is! True gentlefolks, there is nothing like them! But they are dying out, they are dying out; there are many less than formerly."

Prince Agénor was willing to do Palmer—big Palmer, rich Palmer, vain Palmer—the honor of being one of his friends; he deigned, and very frequently, to confide to Palmer his financial difficulties, and the banker was delighted to come to his aid. The prince had been obliged to resign himself to becoming a member of two boards of directors presided over by Palmer, who was much pleased at having under obligations to him the representative of one of the noblest families in France. Besides, the prince proved himself to be a *good prince*, and publicly acknowledged Palmer, showing himself in his box, taking charge of his entertainments, and occupying himself with his racing stable. He had even pushed his gratitude to the point of compromising Madame Palmer in the most showy way.

"I am removing her from the middle class," he said; "I owe it to Palmer, who is one of the best fellows in the world."

The prince found the banker alone in a lower box.

"What is the name—the name of that blonde in the Sainte Mesmes' box?"

"Madame Derline."

"Is there a M. Derline?"

"Certainly; a lawyer—my lawyer, the Sainte Mesmes' lawyer. And if you want to see Madame Derline close to, come to my ball next Thursday. She will be there."

The wife of a lawyer! she was only the wife of a lawyer! The prince sat down in the front of the box opposite Madame Derline, and while looking at that lawyeress he was thinking "Have I," he said to himself, "sufficient credit, sufficient power, to make of Madame Derline the most beautiful woman in Paris?"

For there was always a *most beautiful woman in Paris*, and it was he, Prince Agénor, who flattered himself that he could discover, proclaim, crown, and consecrate that most beautiful woman in Paris. Launch Madame Derline in society! Why not? He had never launched any one from the middle class. The enterprise would be new, amusing, and bold. He looked at Madame Derline through his opera-glass, and discovered thousands of beauties and perfections in her delightful face.

After the opera, the prince, during the exit, placed himself at the bottom of the great staircase. He had enlisted two of his friends. "Come," he had said to them, "I will show you the most beautiful woman in Paris." While he was speaking, two steps away from the prince was an alert young man who was attached to a morning paper, a very widely read paper. The young man had sharp ears; he caught on the fly the phrase of the Prince Agénor, whose high social position he knew; he succeeded in keeping close to the prince, and when Madame Derline passed, the young reporter had the luck of hearing the conversation, without losing a word, of the three brilliant noblemen. A quarter of an hour later he arrived at the office of the paper.

"Is there time," he asked, "to write a dozen lines in the Society Notebook?"

"Yes, but hurry."

The young man was a quick writer; the fifteen lines were done in the twinkling of an eye. They brought seven francs fifty to the reporter, but cost M. Derline a little more than that.

During this time Prince Agénor, seated in the club at the whist table, was saying, while shuffling the cards:—

"This evening at the opera there was a marvelous woman, a certain Madame Derline. She is the most beautiful woman in Paris!"

The following morning, in the gossip-corner of the Bois, in the spring sunshine, the prince, surrounded by a little group of respectful disciples, was solemnly delivering from the back of his roan mare the following opinion:—

"Listen well to what I say. The most beautiful woman in Paris is a certain Madame Derline. This star will be visible Thursday evening at the Palmers'. Go, and don't forget the name—Madame Derline."

The disciples dispersed, and went abroad spreading the great news.

Madame Derline had been admirably brought up by an irreproachable mother; she had been taught that she ought to get up in the morning, keep a strict account of her expenses, not go to a great dressmaker, believe in God, love her husband, visit the poor, and never spend but half her income, in order to prepare dowries for her daughters. Madame Derline performed all these duties. She led a peaceful and serene life in the old

house (in the Rue Dragon) which had sheltered, since 1825, three generations of Derlines; the husbands had all three been lawyers, the wives had all three been virtuous. The three generations had passed there a happy and moderate life, never having any great pleasures, but also never being very much bored.

The next day Madame Derline awoke at eight o'clock in the morning with an uneasy feeling. She had passed a troubled night—she, who usually slept like a child. The evening before, in the box at the opera, Madame Derline had vaguely felt that something was going on around her. And during the entire last act, an opera-glass obstinately fixed on her—the prince's opera-glass—had thrown her into a certain agitation, though not a disagreeable one. She had worn a low dress—too low, in her mother's opinion; and two or three times, under the fixity of that opera-glass, she had raised the shoulder-straps of her dress.

So, after opening her eyes, Madame Derline re-closed them lazily, indolently, with thoughts floating between dreamland and reality. She again saw the opera-house, and a hundred, two hundred, five hundred opera-glasses obstinately fixed on her—on her alone.

The maid entered, placed a tray on a little table, made up a big fire in the fireplace, and went away. There was a cup of chocolate and the morning paper on the tray, the same as every morning. Then Madame Derline courageously got up, slipped her little bare feet into fur slippers, wrapped herself in a white cashmere dressing-gown, and crouched shivering in an arm-chair by the fire. She sipped the chocolate, and slightly burned herself; she must wait a little while. She put down the cup, took up the paper, unfolded it, and rapidly ran her eye over the six columns of the front page. At the bottom, quite at the bottom of the sixth column, were the following lines:—

“Last evening at the opera there was a very brilliant performance of ‘Sigurd.’ Society was well represented there; the beautiful Duchess of Montaignon, the pretty Countess Verdinière of Lardac, the marvelous Marquise of Muriel, the lively Baroness of—”

To read the name of the baroness it was necessary to turn the page. Madame Derline did not turn it; she was thinking, reflecting. The evening before, she had amused herself by having Palmer point out to her the social leaders in the house, and

it so happened that the banker had pointed out to her the marvelous marquise. And Madame Derline—who was twenty-two—raised herself a little to look in the glass. She exchanged a slight smile with a young blonde, who was very pink-and-white.

"Ah," she said to herself, "if I were a marquise the man who wrote this would perhaps have paid some attention to me, and my name would perhaps be there. I wonder if it's fun to see one's name printed in a paper?"

And while addressing this question to herself, she turned the page, and continued reading:—

"—the lively Baroness of Myrvoix, etc. We have to announce the appearance of a new star which has abruptly burst forth in the Parisian constellation. The house was in ecstasy over a strange and disturbing blonde, whose dark steel eyes, and whose shoulders—ah, what shoulders! The shoulders were the event of the evening. From all quarters one heard asked, "Who is she?"—"Who is she?"—"To whom do those divine shoulders belong?"—"To whom?" We know, and our readers will doubtless thank us for telling them the name of this ideal wonder. It is Madame Derline."

Her name! She had read her name! She was dazzled. Her eyes clouded. All the letters in the alphabet began to dance wildly on the paper. Then they calmed down, stopped, and regained their places. She was able to find her name, and continue reading:—

"It is Madame Derline, the wife of one of the richest and most agreeable lawyers in Paris. The Prince of Nérins, whose word has so much weight in such matters, said yesterday evening to every one who would listen, "She is the most beautiful woman in Paris." We are absolutely of that opinion."

A single paragraph, and that was all. It was enough,—it was too much! Madame Derline was seized with a feeling of indefinable confusion. It was a combination of fear and pleasure, of joy and trouble, of satisfied vanity and wounded modesty. Her dressing-gown was a little open; she folded it over with a sort of violence, and crossed it upon her feet, abruptly drawn back towards the arm-chair. She had a feeling of nudity. It seemed to her that all Paris was there in her room, and that the Prince de Nérins was in front saying to all Paris, "Look, look! She is the most beautiful woman in Paris!"

The Prince of Nérins! She knew the name well, for she read with keen interest in the papers all the articles entitled 'Parisian Life,' 'High Life,' 'Society Echoes,' etc.; and all the society columns signed "Mousseline," "Fanfreluche," "Brimborion," "Véloutine"; all the accounts of great marriages, great balls, of great comings-out, and of great charity sales. The name of the prince often figured in these articles, and he was always quoted as supreme arbiter of Parisian elegances.

And it was he who had declared—ah! decidedly pleasure got the better of fear. Still trembling with emotion, Madame Derline went and placed herself before a long looking-glass, an old cheval-glass from Jacob's, which never till now had reflected other than good middle-class women married to good lawyers. In that glass she looked at herself, examined herself, studied herself,—long, curiously, and eagerly. Of course she knew she was pretty, but oh, the power of print! she found herself absolutely delightful. She was no longer Madame Derline; she was the most beautiful woman in Paris! Her feet, her little feet—their bareness no longer troubled her—left the ground. She raised herself gently towards the heavens, towards the clouds, and felt herself become a goddess.

But suddenly an anxiety seized her. "Edward! what would Edward say?" Edward was her husband. There had been but one man's surname in her life—her husband's. The lawyer was well loved! And almost at the same moment when she was asking herself what Edward would say, Edward abruptly opened the door.

He was a little out of breath. He had run up-stairs two at a time. He was peacefully rummaging among old papers in his study on the ground-floor when one of his brother lawyers—with forced congratulations, however,—had made him read the famous article. He had soon got rid of his brother lawyer, and he had come, much irritated, to his room. At first there was simply a torrent of words.

"Why do these journalists meddle? It's an outrage! Your name—look, there is your name in this paper!"

"Yes, I know, I've seen—"

"Ah, you know, you have seen—and you think it quite natural!"

"But, dear—"

"What times do we live in? It's your fault, too."

"My fault!"

"Yes, your fault!"

"And how?"

"Your dress last night was too low, much too low. Besides, your mother told you so—"

"Oh, mamma—"

"You needn't say 'Oh, mamma!' Your mother was right. There, read: 'And whose shoulders—ah, what shoulders!' And it is of your shoulders they are speaking. And that prince who dares to award you a prize for beauty!"

The good man had plebeian, Gothic ideas—the ideas of a lawyer of old times, of a lawyer of the Rue Dragon; the lawyers of the Boulevard Malesherbes are no longer like that.

Madame Derline very gently, very quietly, brought the rebel back to reason. Of course there was charm and eloquence in her speech, but how much more charm and eloquence in the tenderness of her glance and smile!

Why this great rage and despair? He was accused of being the husband of the most beautiful woman in Paris. Was that such a horrible thing, such a terrible misfortune? And who was the brother lawyer, the good brother lawyer, who had taken pleasure in coming to show him the hateful article?

"M. Renaud."

"Oh, it was M. Renaud—dear M. Renaud!"

Thereupon Madame Derline was seized with a hearty fit of laughter; so much so that the blond hair, which had been loosely done up, came down and framed the pretty face from which gleamed the dark eyes, which could also, when they gave themselves the trouble, look very gentle, very caressing, very loving.

"Oh, it was M. Renaud, the husband of that delightful Madame Renaud! Well, do you know what you will do immediately, without losing a minute? go to the president of the Tribunal and ask for a divorce. You will say to him: 'M. Aubépin, deliver me from my wife. Her crime is being pretty, very pretty, too pretty. I wish another one who is ugly, very ugly, who has Madame Renaud's large nose, colossal foot, pointed chin, skinny shoulders, and eternal pimples.' That's what you want, isn't it? Come, you big stupid, kiss your poor wife, and forgive her for not being a monster."

As rather lively gestures had illustrated this little speech, the white cashmere dressing-gown had slipped—slipped a good deal,

and had opened, very much opened; the criminal shoulders were within reach of M. Derline's lips—he succumbed. Besides, he too felt the abominable influence of the press. His wife had never seemed so pretty to him; and brought back to subjection, M. Derline returned to his study in order to make money for the most beautiful woman in Paris.

A very wise and opportune occupation; for scarcely was Madame Derline left alone when an idea flashed through her head which was to call forth a very pretty collection of bank-notes from the cash-box of the lawyer of the Rue Dragon. Madame Derline had intended wearing to the Palmers' ball a dress which had already been much seen. Madame Derline had kept the dressmaker of her wedding dress, her mother's dressmaker, a dressmaker of the Left Bank. It seemed to her that her new position imposed new duties on her. She could not appear at the Palmers' without a dress which had not been seen, and one stamped with a well-known name. She ordered the carriage in the afternoon, and resolutely gave her coachman the address of one of the most illustrious dressmakers in Paris. She arrived a little agitated, and to reach the great artist was obliged to pass through a veritable crowd of footmen, who were in the ante-chamber chatting and laughing, used to meeting there and making long stops. Nearly all the footmen were those of society, the highest society; they had spent the previous evening together at the English Embassy, and were to be that evening at the Duchess of Grémoille's.

Madame Derline entered a sumptuous parlor; it was very sumptuous, too sumptuous. Twenty great customers were there, —society women and actresses, all agitated, anxious, feverish,—looking at the beautiful tall saleswomen come and go before them, wearing the last creations of the master of the house. The great artist had a diplomatic bearing: buttoned-up black frock-coat, long cravat with pin (a present from a Royal Highness who paid her bills slowly), and a many-colored rosette in his buttonhole (the gift of a small reigning prince who paid slower yet the bills of an opera-dancer). He came and went—precise, calm, and cool—in the midst of the solicitations and supplications of his customers. "M. Arthur! M. Arthur!" One heard nothing but that phrase; he was M. Arthur. He went from one to the other—respectful without too much humility to the duchesses, and easy without too much familiarity to the actresses.

There was an extraordinary liveliness, and a confusion of marvelous velvets, satins, and embroidered, brocaded, and gold- or silver-threaded stuffs, all thrown here and there as though by accident—but what science in that accident!—on arm-chairs, tables, and divans.

In the first place Madame Derline ran against a shop-girl who was bearing with outstretched arms a white dress, and was almost hidden beneath a light mountain of muslins and laces. The only thing visible was the shop-girl's mussed black hair and sly suburban expression. Madame Derline backed away, wishing to place herself against the wall; but a tryer-on was there, a large energetic brunette, who spoke authoritatively in a high staccato. "At once," she was saying, "bring me at once the princess's dress!"

Frightened and dazed, Madame Derline stood in a corner and watched an opportunity to seize a saleswoman on the fly. She even thought of giving up the game. Never, certainly, should she dare to address directly that terrible M. Arthur, who had just given her a rapid glance in which she believed to have read, "Who is she? She isn't properly dressed! She doesn't go to a fashionable dressmaker!" At last Madame Derline succeeded in getting hold of a disengaged saleswoman, and there was the same slightly disdainful glance—a glance which was accompanied by the phrase—

"Madame is not a regular customer of the house?"

"No, I am not a customer—"

"And you wish?"

"A dress, a ball-dress, and I want the dress for next Thursday evening—"

"Thursday next?"

"Yes, Thursday next."

"O madame, it is not to be thought of! Even for a customer of the house it would be impossible."

"But I wished it so much—"

"Go and see M. Arthur. He alone can—"

"And where is M. Arthur?"

"In his office. He has just gone into his office. Over there, madame, opposite."

Madame Derline, through a half-open door, saw a sombre and severe but luxurious room—an ambassador's office. On the walls the great European powers were represented by photographs—

the Empress Eugénie, the Princess of Wales, a grand-duchess of Russia, and an archduchess of Austria. M. Arthur was there taking a few moments' rest, seated in a large arm-chair, with an air of lassitude and exhaustion, and with a newspaper spread out over his knees. He arose on seeing Madame Derline enter. In a trembling voice she repeated her wish.

"O madame, a ball-dress—a beautiful ball-dress—for Thursday! I couldn't make such a promise; I couldn't keep it. There are responsibilities to which I never expose myself."

He spoke slowly, gravely, as a man conscious of his high position.

"Oh, I am so disappointed. It was a particular occasion, and I was told that you alone could—"

Two tears, two little tears, glittered on her eyelashes. M. Arthur was moved. A woman, a pretty woman, crying there before him! Never had such homage been paid to his genius.

"Well, madame, I am willing to make an attempt. A very simple dress—"

"Oh no, not simple. Very brilliant, on the contrary—everything that is most brilliant. Two of my friends are customers of yours" (she named them), "and I am Madame Derline—"

"Madame Derline! you are Madame Derline?"

The two *Madame Derlines* were followed by a glance and a smile—the glance was at the newspaper and the smile was at Madame Derline; but it was a discreet, self-contained smile, the smile of a perfectly gallant man. This is what the glance and smile said with admirable clearness:—

"Ah! you are Madame Derline, that already celebrated Madame Derline, who yesterday at the opera—I understand, I understand—I was reading just now in this paper: words are no longer necessary; you should have told your name at once. Yes, you need me; yes, you shall have your dress; yes, I want to divide your success with you."

M. Arthur called:—

"Mademoiselle Blanche, come here at once! Mademoiselle Blanche!"

And turning towards Madame Derline, he said:—

"She has great talent, but I shall myself superintend it; so be easy—yes, I myself."

Madame Derline was a little confused, a little embarrassed by her glory, but happy nevertheless. Mademoiselle Blanche came forward.

"Conduct madame," said M. Arthur, "and take the necessary measures for a ball-dress, very low, and with absolutely bare arms. During that time, madame, I am going to think seriously of what I can do for you. It must be something entirely new—ah! before going, permit me—"

He walked very slowly around Madame Derline, and examined her with profound attention: then he walked away, and considered her from a little distance. His face was serious, thoughtful, and anxious: a great thinker wrestling with a great problem. He passed his hand over his forehead, raised his eyes to the sky, getting inspiration by a painful delivery; but suddenly his face lit up—the spirit from above had answered.

"Go, madame," he said, "go. Your dress is thought out. When you come back, mademoiselle, bring me that piece of pink satin; you know, the one that I was keeping for some great occasion."

Thus Madame Derline found herself with Mademoiselle Blanche in a trying-on room, which was a sort of little cabin lined with mirrors. A quarter of an hour later, when the measures had been taken, Madame Derline came back and discovered M. Arthur in the midst of pieces of satin of all colors, of crêpes, of tulles, of laces, and of brocaded stuffs.

"No, no, not the pink satin," he said to Mademoiselle Blanche, who was bringing the asked-for piece; "no, I have found something better. Listen to me. This is what I wish; I have given up the pink, and I have decided on this, this peach-colored satin: a classic robe, outlining all the fine lines and showing the suppleness of the body. This robe must be very clinging—hardly any underskirts. It must be of surah. Madame must be melted into it—do you thoroughly understand?—absolutely melted into the robe. We will drop over the dress this crêpe—yes, that one, but in small, light pleats. The crêpe will be as a cloud thrown over the dress—a transparent, vapory, impalpable cloud. The arms are to be absolutely bare, as I already told you. On each shoulder there must be a simple knot, showing the upper part of the arm. Of what is the knot to be? I'm still undecided; I need to think it over—till to-morrow, madame, till to-morrow."

Madame Derline came back the next day, and the next, and every day till the day before the famous Thursday; and each time that she came back, while awaiting her turn to try on, she ordered dresses, very simple ones, but yet costing from seven to eight hundred francs each.

And that was not all. On the day of her first visit to M. Arthur, when Madame Derline came out of the great house she was broken-hearted—positively broken-hearted—at the sight of her brougham: it really did make a pitiful appearance among all the stylish carriages which were waiting in three rows and taking up half the street. It was the brougham of her late mother-in-law, and it still rolled through the streets of Paris after fifteen years' service. Madame Derline got into the woe-begone brougham to drive straight to a very well-known carriage-maker, and that evening, cleverly seizing the psychological moment, she explained to M. Derline that she had seen a certain little black coupé lined with blue satin that would frame delightfully her new dresses.

The coupé was bought the next day by M. Derline, who also was beginning fully to realize the extent of his new duties. But the next day it was discovered that it was impossible to harness to that jewel of a coupé the old horse who had pulled the old carriage, and no less impossible to put on the box the old coachman who drove the old horse.

This is how on Thursday, April 25th, at half-past ten in the evening, a very pretty chestnut mare, driven by a very correct English coachman, took M. and Madame Derline to the Palmers'. They still lacked something—a little groom to sit beside the English coachman. But a certain amount of discretion had to be employed. The most beautiful woman in Paris intended to wait ten days before asking for the little groom.

While she was going up-stairs at the Palmers', she distinctly felt her heart beat like the strokes of a hammer. She was going to play a decisive game. She knew that the Palmers had been going everywhere, saying, "Come on Thursday: we will show you Madame Derline, the most beautiful woman in Paris." Curiosity as well as jealousy had been well awakened.

She entered, and from the first minute she had the delicious sensation of her success. Throughout the long gallery of the Palmers' house it was a true triumphal march. She advanced with firm and precise step, erect, and head well held. She appeared to see nothing, to hear nothing, but how well she saw! how well she felt the fire of all those eyes on her shoulders! Around her arose a little murmur of admiration, and never had music been sweeter to her.

Yes, decidedly, all went well. She was on a fair way to conquer Paris. And, sure of herself, at each step she became more

confident, lighter, and bolder, as she advanced on the arm of Palmer, who in passing pointed out the counts, the marquises, and the dukes. And then Palmer suddenly said to her:—

“I want to present to you one of your greatest admirers, who the other night at the opera spoke of nothing but your beauty; he is the Prince of Nérins.”

She became as red as a cherry. Palmer looked at her and began to laugh.

“Ah, you read the other day in that paper—?”

“I read—yes, I read—”

“But where is the prince, where is he? I saw him during the day, and he was to be here early.”

Madame Derline was not to see the Prince of Nérins that evening. And yet he had intended to go to the Palmers' and preside at the deification of his lawyeress. He had dined at the club, and had allowed himself to be dragged off to a first performance at a minor theatre. An operetta of the regulation type was being played. The principal personage was a young queen, who was always escorted by the customary four maids of honor.

Three of these young ladies were very well known to first-nighters, as having already figured in the tableaux of operettas and in groups of fairies, but the fourth—oh, the fourth! She was a new one, a tall brunette of the most striking beauty. The prince made himself remarked more than all others by his enthusiasm. He completely forgot that he was to leave after the first act. The play was over very late, and the prince was still there, having paid no attention to the piece or the music, having seen nothing but the wonderful brunette, having heard nothing but the stanza which she had unworthily massacred in the middle of the second act. And while they were leaving the theatre, the prince was saying to whoever would listen:—

“That brunette! oh, that brunette! She hasn't an equal in any theatre! She is the most beautiful woman in Paris! the most beautiful!”

It was one o'clock in the morning. The prince asked himself if he should go to the Palmers'. Poor Madame Derline: she was of very slight importance beside this new wonder! And then, too, the prince was a methodical man. The hour for whist had arrived; so he departed to play whist.

The following morning Madame Derline found ten lines on the Palmers' ball in the “society column.” There was mention of the marquises, the countesses, and the duchesses who were

there, but about Madame Derline there was not a word—not a word.

On the other hand, the writer of theatrical gossip celebrated in enthusiastic terms the beauty of that ideal maid of honor, and said, "*Besides, the Prince of Nérins declared that Mademoiselle Miranda was indisputably the most beautiful woman in Paris!*"

Madame Derline threw the paper into the fire. She did not wish her husband to know that she was already not the most beautiful woman in Paris.

She has however kept the great dressmaker and the English coachman, but she has never dared to ask for the little groom.



THOMAS C. HALIBURTON

(1796-1865)



IN 1835 there appeared in a Nova-Scotian journal a series of articles satirizing the New England character, as expressed in the person of Sam Slick, a Yankee clock-peddler. Within a few weeks these had become so popular that they were republished in book form, the little duodecimo volume called 'The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville,' being read by all classes of people. Indeed, the popularity of this skit wholly obscured the importance of the author's more serious work as a histo-

rian and publicist. Thomas C. Haliburton, the inventor of this famous Yankee character, was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, 1796, educated in his native town, and called to the bar there in 1820. Eight years later he was appointed Chief Justice of Common Pleas, and presently transferred to the Supreme Court, in which he sat until 1856, when he removed to England, where he died in 1865.



T. C. HALIBURTON

While his historical work is not important, his 'History of Nova Scotia' has done more to make Acadia known to the outside world than any other work except 'Evangeline,' and Longfellow acknowledged himself much indebted to Haliburton for material. His 'Bubbles of Canada' and 'Rule and Misrule of the English in America,' dealing with political situations of importance in his time, and his half-dozen other books, are now forgotten. It is as a humorist only that he is remembered.

Of his 'Sam Slick' Professor Felton of Harvard wrote: "We can distinguish the real from the counterfeit Yankee at the first sound of the voice, and by the turn of a single sentence: and we have no hesitation in declaring that Sam Slick is not what he pretends to be; that there is no organic life in him; that he is an impostor, an impossibility, a nonentity." The London Athenæum, on the other hand, pronounced that "he [the clockmaker] deserves to be entered on our list of friends containing the names of Tristram Shandy, the shepherd of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and other rhapsodical discourses on

THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN WILKINSON

THOMAS C. HALIBURTON

(1796-1865)



In 1821 there appeared in a Nova-Scotian journal a series of articles satirizing the New England character, as expressed in the person of Sam Slick, a Yankee clock-maker. Within a few weeks these had become so popular that they were republished in book form, the little duodecimo volume called *'The Clockmaker, or the Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville,'* being read by all classes of people. Indeed, the popularity of this skit wholly obscured the importance of the author's more-serious work as a historian and publicist. Thomas C. Haliburton, the inventor of this famous Yankee character, was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, 1796, studied law, was admitted to the bar there in 1820. Eight years later he was appointed Chief Justice of Common Pleas, and presently transferred to the Supreme Court, in which he sat until 1856, when he removed to England, where he died in 1865.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON



T. C. HALIBURTON

While his historical work is not important, his *'History of Nova Scotia'* has done more to make Acadia known to the outside world than any other work except *'Evangelina,'* and Longfellow acknowledged himself much indebted to Haliburton for material. His *'Hudibos of Canada'* and *'Rule and Misrule of the English in America,'* dealing with political situations of importance in his time, and his half-dozen other books, are now forgotten. It is as a humorist only that he is remembered.

Of his *'Sam Slick'* Professor Felton of Harvard wrote: "We can distinguish the real from the counterfeit Yankee at the first sound of the voice, and by the turn of a single sentence; and we have no hesitation in declaring that Sam Slick is not what he pretends to be; that there is no organic life in him; that he is an impostor, an impossibility, a nonentity." The *London Athenaeum*, on the other hand, pronounced that "he [the clockmaker] deserves to be entered on our list of friends containing the names of *Tristram Shandy*, the shepherd of the *'Nones Amboalana,'* and other rhapsodical discourses on

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time and change, who besides the delight of their discourse possess also the charm of individuality."

Farcical as is his delineation of the shrewd, conceited, bragging, cozening, hard-working, garrulous Yankee, little as he admires the institutions that produced this type of citizen, it is plain that Judge Haliburton uses the clockmaker and his kind to point the moral against the dullness, lack of enterprise, laziness, and provincial shiftlessness of the Nova-Scotians. He means to sting his fellow-countrymen into effort and action if he can. Whether the book really served for admonition and correction, whether the Yankee clock really struck the hour for the "Bluenose" awakening, as its author fondly believed, at least he created the conventional Yankee of general acceptance,—the lank, awkward figure, ill articulated and ill dressed, with trousers and coat-sleeves too short, with hat too large, with hair too long, with sharp nose, keen eyes, shrewd smile, with flattened vowels and nasal tones, with queer vocabulary and queerer syntax—in short, the Yankee of the stage, of caricature, of tradition, universally believed in (at least across the seas) until Lowell's genius revealed the true New-Englander in Hosea Biglow. Even as a Pretender, therefore, Sam Slick has his important place in the Republic of Letters,—a place the more important as interest in him becomes more and more merely historic.

MR. SAMUEL SLICK

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I HAD heard of Yankee clock-peddlers, tin-peddlers, and Bible-peddlers,—especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments: a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares at whatever price he pleases, where a Bluenose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

"What a pity it is, Mr. Slick,"—for such was his name,— "what a pity it is," said I, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time."

"I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do

nothing in these parts but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about 'House of Assembly.' If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is owing to the bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why, he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you."

"But how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, which certainly cannot be called necessary articles, among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?"

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone:—

"Why, I don't care if I do tell you; for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*'. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farm-house stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and addressing himself to me, said: "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down-east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me. Why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The deacon has a hundred acres of dike—"

"Seventy," said the deacon, "only seventy."

"Well, seventy: but then there is your fine deep bottom; why, I could run a ramrod into it—"

"Interval, we call it," said the deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

"Well, interval, if you please—though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms—is just as good as dike. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid

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COPTIC WRITING
A specimen from the Gospel of St. Mark, the work of Michael VII., Bishop of Damietta, written about 1180 A. D. The illustration

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ΤΑΡΧΗΝ ΥΠΕΥΑΓΓΕΛΙΟΝ
 ΗΤΕ ΙΗΣΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ
 ΦΙΛΟΝ ΚΑΤΑΦΡΗΤ ΕΤΕ
 ΗΘΟΥΤ ΗΕΝ ΗΣΙΑΣΠΙ
 ΠΡΟΦΗΤΗΣ

ΧΕΓΗΠΕΤ ΜΑΘΟΥΩΡΗ
 ΥΠΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ ΗΑΤΕΝ
 ΦΗΕΘΗΝΑΣ ΟΥΤ ΥΠΕΚ
 ΜΩΙΤ ΗΛΧΩΚ
 ΠΗΡΩΟΥ ΦΗΕΤΩ
 ΕΒΟΛΙΠΥΛΑΧΕ
 ΚΤΕΦΙΜΩΙΤ ΥΠΟΣ
 ΣΩΟΥΤΕΝ ΗΝΕΨΥΑΝ
 ΜΟΥ



ΠΙΡΕΨΤΩΜΕΣ ΕΙΠΥΛ
 ΧΕ ΟΥΟΓΕΨΙΩΜΗΘ
 ΩΜΕ ΥΠΕΤΑΝΟΙΑ ΗΕΟΥ
 ΧΩΕΒΟΛΗΤΕΣ ΓΑΝΝΩ

fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, deacon, you don't put up a carding-mill on it; the same works would carry a turning-lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and—"

"Too old," said the deacon; "too old for all those speculations."

"Old!" repeated the Clockmaker, "not you: why, you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays; you are young enough to have"—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear: but whatever it was, the deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

"But your beasts—dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;" saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, "That is what I call 'soft sawder.' An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or," said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away if he could. Now I find—" Here his lecture on "soft sawder" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

"Jist come to say good-by, Mrs. Flint."

"What, have you sold all your clocks?"

"Yes, and very low too; for money is scarce, and I wish to close the consarn—no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels and patent axles, is a beautiful article, a real first-chop, no mistake, genuine superfine—but I guess I'll take it back; and besides, Squire Hawk might think kinder hard that I did not give him the offer."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Flint, "I should like to see it; where is it?"

"It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport."

"That's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties and soon produced the clock,—a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-

looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The deacon praised the clock; he too thought it a handsome one: but the deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

"I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, deacon: it ain't for sale," said Mr. Slick; "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gave me no peace about it."

Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

"It is no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do: but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars.—Why, it ain't possible!" said the Clockmaker in apparent surprise, looking at his watch; "why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here! How on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint; I'll leave the clock in your care till I return, on my way to the States. I'll set it a-going, and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night,—which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "that I call 'human natur'"! Now, that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the deacon learn, until I call for the clock, having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had; but when once obtained, it is not in human natur' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to 'soft sawder' to get them into the house, and to human natur' that they never come out of it."

HENRY HALLAM

(1777-1859)

THE work of Henry Hallam as a historian was timely. He filled a distinct want, and he seems likely to hold his place for decades to come. His security rests not upon his power of philosophizing from the great events, crises, and epochs in human affairs; not upon broad generalizations regarding the development and trend of civilization: but rather upon his clear and comprehensive vision of the all-important facts of history, upon his calm and legal-like presentation of these facts. He walks forth in the vast valley of crumbling bones and dust, the chaos of the ages, and with painstaking care and unerring judgment takes up on this side and on that, from the heap of rubbish, the few perfect parts that go to make up a complete framework. He compels us to clothe the skeleton, and construct a body of our own fashioning; to form our own theories, to deduce our own philosophy. That, then, is the reason that Hallam will remain a source of profit and inspiration to his readers.

In his great work 'The Middle Ages,' as it is commonly known (though its fuller title is 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages'), published in 1818, Hallam adopted a method to such an end, that was peculiarly his own. At the risk of repetition and retracing, he took up first one country after another and sketched in outline its growth into a nation, devoting to each a chapter that was a complete book in itself, and bringing in the doings of near-by countries only so much as was absolutely necessary. In this way Hallam traces, with admirable arrangement and sense of proportion, the main lines in the history of France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and of the Greeks and Saracens. To give a detailed narration is furthest from his thought and furthest from his achievement. He deals primarily with results; and with him, as he himself has said, "a single sentence or paragraph is often sufficient to give the character of entire generations." He takes the continent in magnificent sweeps, casting aside legend, tradition, intrigue, and disaster, and catching up only those greater facts and results which he puts together dexterously and accurately to form indeed the framework of the long story of the Middle Ages.

This brief summary of Hallam's methods and system applies, it should be said, more to his 'Middle Ages' than to any other work.

of his. In fact, it would seem that his name for the future rests upon this work almost wholly; for while his compendious and careful 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries' (published in 1838-9), shows immense erudition and amazingly wide reading, one cannot help getting the impression of confusion and clumsiness in its construction. In it Hallam's opinions are discriminating, as in everything he ever wrote, but they are by no means profound, and to the average student his 'Literature' can hardly fail to be dispiriting and dull.

It is not surprising that a legal acumen and a logical arrangement of his facts should characterize Hallam's historical writings. Born at Windsor, July 9th, 1777, and a Christ Church College graduate in 1799, he studied for the law at Christ College, Oxford, and practiced industriously for some years on the Oxford Circuit. Of independent means, he relinquished the law and devoted himself to his literary life and to his important personal interests and his friends. Of the latter he had many, and they were among the most distinguished of his contemporaries. He was a member of the famous Holland House circle and a guest at Bowood; and Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and other social and literary lights esteemed his society. He passed most of his time, season by season, in his London house in Wimpole Street,—an uninteresting and retired neighborhood, as pictured in a line of that 'In Memoriam' which Lord Tennyson wrote as his tribute to a friendship with Hallam's beloved son Arthur. Various societies, British and foreign, honored his works emphatically; he was a member of the Institute of France, and it is interesting to Americans to know that he and Washington Irving received in 1830 the medals offered by King George IV. for eminence in historical writings.

His life was relatively quiet and uneventful. It is somewhat curious that we have not more reminiscences and pen pictures of him, especially as his contemporaries held him in such affection. He had almost nothing to say to political life, though his prime came to him during the Corn Law agitations. Indeed, he kept himself, during all his busy years until his death in 1859, a student of the past rather than a worker of his day. We owe much to his profound studies of the centuries preceding his own; yet a real admirer of Hallam could wish that he had been less concentrated on his analysis of the past, and bolder to cope with questions of the present. As he himself says, he ended his 'Constitutional History of England' (published in 1827) at the accession of George III., because he had "been influenced by unwillingness to excite the prejudices of modern politics." It must be a matter of regret that Hallam should thus stop (ingloriously, we might almost say!) just at the threshold of

what was a most interesting part of England's modern Constitutional history.

In this twentieth century, every student and historian specializes, —takes up some one period and attempts to exhaust it. Those were not the methods of Hallam's time. Some of the advantages of those methods Hallam undoubtedly missed. This weakness shows occasionally on points which seemed to be so obscure in Hallam's thought as to render his expression blind and ambiguous. On the whole, however, such instances are infrequent. It is sufficient praise to say that Hallam has done what he set out to do: to furnish for the intelligent and seeking reader a just and accurate outline; to point out the landmarks and beacons on the way that will guide him unfailingly in his future search. In these respects Hallam's achievements are remarkable and incomparable.

ENGLISH DOMESTIC COMFORT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

From 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages'

IT is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlor beyond, and one or two chambers above; and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates after the Wars of the Roses; but I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

France by no means appears to have made a greater progress than our own country in domestic architecture. Except fortified castles, I do not find any considerable dwellings mentioned before the reign of Charles VII., and very few of so early a date. Even in Italy, where from the size of her cities and social refinements of her inhabitants, greater elegance and splendor in building were justly to be expected, the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages did not attain any perfection. In several towns the houses

were covered with thatch, and suffered consequently from destructive fires.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former: yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse was made, perhaps in this country, by some forgotten semi-barbarian. About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. . . .

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few, probably, had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot or even plaster; except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that perhaps hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house in St. Botolph's Lane, A. D. 1481. There appear to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noticed as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare this account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honor of the earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the North, not at the same period—for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient—but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished

at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle; nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense probably that we must understand Æneas Sylvius,—if he meant anything more than to express a traveler's discontent,—when he declares that the kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg.

THE MIDDLE AGES AS A PERIOD OF INTELLECTUAL DARKNESS

From 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages'

IF WE would listen to some literary historians, we should believe that the darkest ages contained many individuals not only distinguished among their contemporaries, but positively eminent for abilities and knowledge. A proneness to extol every monk of whose production a few letters or a devotional treatise survives, every bishop of whom it is related that he composed homilies, runs through the laborious work of 'The Benedictines of St. Maur,' 'The Literary History of France,' and in a less degree is observable even in Tiraboschi and in most books of this class. Bede, Alcuin, Hincmar, Raban, and a number of inferior names, become real giants of learning in their uncritical panegyrics. But one might justly say that ignorance is the smallest defect of the writers of these dark ages. Several of them were tolerably acquainted with books; but that wherein they are uniformly deficient is original argument or expression. Almost every one is a compiler of scraps from the Fathers, or from such semi-classical authors as Boëtius, Cassiodorus, or Martianus Capella. Indeed, I am not aware that there appeared more than two really considerable men in the republic of letters from the sixth to the middle of the eleventh century—John, surnamed Scotus or Erigena, a native of Ireland; and Gerbert, who became pope by the name of Sylvester II.: the first endowed with a bold and acute metaphysical genius; the second excellent, for the time when he lived, in mathematical science and mechanical inventions.

If it be demanded by what cause it happened that a few sparks of ancient learning survived throughout this long winter, we can only ascribe their preservation to the establishment of Christianity. Religion alone made a bridge, as it were, across

the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization. Without this connecting principle, Europe might indeed have awakened to intellectual pursuits; and the genius of recent times needed not to be invigorated by the imitation of antiquity. But the memory of Greece and Rome would have been feebly preserved by tradition, and the monuments of those nations might have excited, on the return of civilization, that vague sentiment of speculation and wonder with which men now contemplate Persepolis or the Pyramids. It is not, however, from religion simply that we have derived this advantage, but from religion as it was modified in the Dark Ages. Such is the complex reciprocation of good and evil in the dispensations of Providence that we may assert, with only an apparent paradox, that had religion been more pure it would have been less permanent; and that Christianity has been preserved by means of its corruptions. The sole hope for literature depended on the Latin language; and I do not see why that should not have been lost, if three circumstances in the prevailing religious system, all of which we are justly accustomed to disapprove, had not conspired to maintain it,—the papal supremacy, the monastic institutions, and the use of a Latin liturgy. 1. A continual intercourse was kept up, in consequence of the first, between Rome and the several nations of Europe; her laws were received by the bishops; her legates presided in councils: so that a common language was as necessary in the Church as it is at present in the diplomatic relations of kingdoms. 2. Throughout the whole course of the Middle Ages there was no learning, and very little regularity of manners, among the parochial clergy. Almost every distinguished man was either the member of a chapter or a convent. The monasteries were subjected to strict rules of discipline, and held out more opportunities for study than the secular clergy possessed, and fewer for worldly dissipations. But their most important service was as secure repositories for books. All our manuscripts have been preserved in this manner, and could hardly have descended to us by any other channel; at least, there were intervals when I do not conceive that any royal or private libraries existed.

In the shadows of this universal ignorance a thousand superstitions, like foul animals of night, were propagated and nourished. It would be very unsatisfactory to exhibit a few specimens of this odious brood, when the real character of those times is

only to be judged by their accumulated multitude. There are many books, from which a sufficient number of instances may be collected to show the absurdity and ignorance of the Middle Ages in this respect. I shall only mention two, as affording more general evidence than any local or obscure superstition. In the tenth century an opinion prevailed everywhere that the end of the world was approaching. Many charters begin with these words: "As the world is now drawing to its close." An army marching under the Emperor Otho I. was so terrified by an eclipse of the sun, which it conceived to announce this consummation, as to disperse hastily on all sides. As this notion seems to have been founded on some confused theory of the millennium, it naturally died away when the seasons proceeded in the eleventh century with their usual regularity. A far more remarkable and permanent superstition was the appeal to Heaven in judicial controversies, whether through the means of combat or of ordeal. The principle of these was the same; but in the former it was mingled with feelings independent of religion, — the natural dictates of resentment in a brave man unjustly accused, and the sympathy of a warlike people with the display of skill and intrepidity. These, in course of time, almost obliterated the primary character of judicial combat, and ultimately changed it into the modern duel, in which assuredly there is no mixture of superstition. But in the various tests of innocence which were called ordeals, this stood undisguised and unqualified. It is not necessary to describe what is so well known — the ceremonies of trial by handling hot iron, by plunging the arm into boiling fluids, by floating or sinking in cold water, or by swallowing a piece of consecrated bread. It is observable that as the interference of Heaven was relied upon as a matter of course, it seems to have been reckoned nearly indifferent whether such a test were adopted as must, humanly considered, absolve all the guilty, or one that must convict all the innocent. The ordeals of hot iron or water were however more commonly used; and it has been a perplexing question by what dexterity these tremendous proofs were eluded. They seem at least to have placed the decision of all judicial controversies in the hands of the clergy, who must have known the secret, whatever that might be, of satisfying the spectators that an accused person had held a mass of burning iron with impunity. For several centuries this mode of investigation was in great repute, though not without opposition

from some eminent bishops. It does discredit to the memory of Charlemagne that he was one of its warmest advocates. But the judicial combat, which indeed might be reckoned one species of ordeal, gradually put an end to the rest; and as the Church acquired better notions of law and a code of her own, she strenuously exerted herself against all these barbarous superstitions. . . .

At the same time it must be admitted that the evils of superstition in the Middle Ages, though separately considered very serious, are not to be weighed against the benefits of the religion with which they were so mingled. In the original principles of monastic orders, and the rules by which they ought at least to have been governed, there was a character of meekness, self-denial, and charity that could not wholly be effaced. These virtues, rather than justice and veracity, were inculcated by the religious ethics of the Middle Ages; and in the relief of indigence, it may upon the whole be asserted that the monks did not fall short of their profession. This eleemosynary spirit, indeed, remarkably distinguishes both Christianity and Moham-
medanism from the moral systems of Greece and Rome, which were very deficient in general humanity and sympathy with suffering. Nor do we find in any single instance during ancient times, if I mistake not, those public institutions for the alleviation of human miseries which have long been scattered over every part of Europe. The virtues of the monks assumed a still higher character when they stood forward as protectors of the oppressed. By an established law, founded on very ancient superstition, the precincts of a church afforded sanctuary to accused persons. Under a due administration of justice this privilege would have been simply and constantly mischievous, as we properly consider it to be in those countries where it still subsists. But in the rapine and tumult of the Middle Ages, the right of sanctuary might as often be a shield to innocence as an immunity to crime. We can hardly regret, in reflecting on the desolating violence which prevailed, that there should have been some green spots in the wilderness where the feeble and the persecuted could find refuge. How must this right have enhanced the veneration for religious institutions! How gladly must the victims of internal warfare have turned their eyes from the baronial castle, the dread and scourge of the neighborhood, to those venerable walls within which not even the clamor of arms could be heard to disturb the chant of holy men and the sacred service of the altar!

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

(1790-1867)

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK did his share, as an American poet, in giving dignity to the native literature during the first half of the nineteenth century. Like his friend and fellow-worker Drake, he wrote polished and pleasing verse at a time when such work was rare and not fostered by the social conditions.

A New-Englander of good Puritan stock, he was born July 8th, 1790, in the old Connecticut coast town of Guilford. He had such schooling as the place afforded, but at fifteen became a clerk in his uncle's store, where he remained until his majority. His bookish ancestry, or the writing ichor of a man predestined to letters, led him while yet a school-lad to scribble verses, practicing a 'prentice hand. When twenty-one he went to New York, entering a counting-room and only leaving it, after twenty years of service, for a similar position with John Jacob Astor, held for sixteen years,—a long life of mercantile employment. But Halleck's interests lay in another direction. All his spare money went for books, and soon after arriving in the great city he formed the friendship with Drake which lasted until the latter's death



FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

in 1820, and inspired what is perhaps Halleck's best short lyric. Halleck and Drake were collaborators in the clever satiric 'Croaker' papers, which, appearing during 1819 in the New York Evening Post, caught the public fancy, as Irving and Paulding caught it with the 'Salmagundi' papers. The same year Halleck's long satirical poem 'Fanny' was published, and met with success. A European trip at the age of thirty-two broadened his culture; and in the 'Poems' issued in 1827 several pieces show this influence, including the familiar martial lay of 'Marco Bozzaris.'

In 1849, Mr. Astor having granted him a small annuity, the poet returned to his native Guilford to live with his sister in one of the town's old-time houses, and to lead a life of quiet, studious retirement. Between brother and sister, neither of whom had married, a tender and beautiful friendship existed. Not much literary work was

done by Halleck during the last twenty years, though his poem 'Connecticut' belongs to this period, and reflects his love for his own State. He died at Guilford, November 19th, 1867, aged seventy-seven. Full honor has been awarded him since. On the eightieth anniversary of his birth a fine obelisk, erected through the efforts of leading men of letters, was dedicated with imposing ceremony at Guilford, and was the first monument to an American poet, as the statue to Halleck in Central Park, New York, set up in 1877, is the first memorial of its kind. An address by Bayard Taylor and a poem by Dr. Holmes on this occasion indicated the quality of the respect felt for the poet. His 'Poetical Writings' have been edited by James Grant Wilson (1869), who at the same time prepared his biography.

Fitz-Greene Halleck will always have a place in the American anthology. His verse to-day strikes the ear as somewhat academic and confined; the body of his work is slender, nor was his range wide. But as a forerunner of greater singers, and within his limitations, he produced poetry that is felicitous in diction, skillful in the handling of metres, and possessed of feeling in the lyric vein and of fire in the heroic. Two or three of his compositions certainly have vitality enough for a prolonged existence. He cannot be overlooked in tracing the development of letters in the United States.

MARCO BOZZARIS

AT MIDNIGHT, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day;

And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:—
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!”

They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought;
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys;
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

ROBERT BURNS

THERE have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

Yet read the names that know not death:
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart
In which the answering heart would speak;
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listened, and believed, and felt
The Poet's mastery?

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth:

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,'
Or 'Auld Lang Syne,' is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with the Cotter's hymn of praise;
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With Logan's banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,—
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns, though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,
Lived, died, in form and soul a Man,
The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,—
Tortures the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel,—

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood as in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave,
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! His words are driven,
Like flower seeds by the far winds sown,

Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! A nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,—
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,—
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,—
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined;
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there; o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far,

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West—
My own green forest-land:

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The Poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

GREEN be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep;
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts whose truth was proven
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine,—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

JEHUDAH HALLEVI

(1080-?)

BY RICHARD GOTTHEIL

IN THE sunny lands of Spain, the Jews, outcast from their Eastern homes, had found a second fatherland. Under the rule of Arabic caliphs, Orientals as they themselves were, occasion had been given them to develop that taste for literature which their continued occupation with the Bible had instilled into them. Cordova, Granada, and Toledo soon became homes of Jewish learning, in which the glory of the schools of Babylon and Palestine was well-nigh hidden. Under the influence of a quieter life, the heart of the Jew expanded and his imagination had freedom to run its own course. The Hebrew muse, which had almost forgotten the force with which it had poured forth psalm and song in ancient days, awoke again to a sense of its power. The harp of David was once more strung to catch the outpourings of hearts thankful and gay. The priests in the Temple of God, less grand outwardly now, but more fully the expression of the feelings of the individual, chanted anew Israel's songs of praise and of sanctification.

Of the many poets which this new life produced,—lived as it was among a people to whom poetry was so natural a mode of expression,—to Abulhasan Jehudah ben Hallevis all unite in giving the crown. Born in Toledo, Old Castile, in 1080, his songs and verses soon became so well known and so oft recited that the person of their author has been almost forgotten in the love shown his productions. He lived only for his pen, and no deeds are accounted him which might make the telling of his life more than of a passing interest. He was learned—as most of the men of his race then were—in all the sciences of the Arabians; had made himself proficient in the language of both Quran and Bible, was learned in the practice of medicine and facile in the discussion of philosophy. His was a thoroughly religious nature; and in joining together philosophy, and poetry, and medicine, he was following a custom not unknown in the Jewish high schools. In philosophy he communed with man about God, in poetry with God about man; while his service to his fellow-men was through his power in the healing art. "I occupy myself in the hours which belong neither to the day nor to the night, with the vanity of medical science, although I am unable to heal. I physic Babel, but it continues infirm," are his own words in a letter to a friend. This

art he practiced in Toledo and Cordova; and in one of these places he wrote in the Arabic tongue a philosophical work ('Kuzari') which, though perhaps bad philosophy, is a poetical and beautiful defense of his own faith against the conflicting claims of Christianity and Mohammedanism.

But at the early age of thirteen, his pen had commenced to run in the cadence of rhyme and metre. His first poems were upon subjects which touch the young,—poems of friendship, of love, and of wine, in which he made the old sedate and stately language of the Bible shake with youthful mirth and laughter. And though he never really forsook such subjects light and gay, these poems were not the real expression of his inmost being. A strong sense of the Divine presence, a romantic love for the home of his faith,—in spite of its second home in Spain,—have made of Jehudah Hallelevi the chief of the national poets of Israel whose love was rooted in the land of the patriarchs and prophets. Of all his three hundred religious poems—almost one third of the poet's legacy—none bear the stamp of intense feeling as do these national ones. In verse after verse he bemoans the ruins of the ancient places, bewails the exile of Israel's children, and sings the larger hope of her returned glory.

So strong was the love of Zion within him that he could not rest until he had seen in the flesh that which his spiritual eye had beheld since his youth. He had already reached the age of sixty when he set out on his long journey to the Holy Land; alone, because he had not sufficiently persuaded others up to the pitch of his own faith. And yet not entirely alone! His muse went with him; and his track was strewn with the brightest pearls which have fallen from his lips. He reached Palestine; but our knowledge of his further doings there is cut off. His body must have been laid in the sacred soil; but no man knoweth the place of his sepulture. Like Elijah of old, he went up to heaven. The popular fancy has seized upon so welcome a figure, and has told how he was cut down by an Arab at the very walls of Jerusalem, after he had poured forth the 'Ode to Zion,' which has done more than any of his other pieces to keep his memory alive; and of which Heine—of the elder poet's race, and inwardly also of his faith—has said:—

"Tears of pearl, that on the golden
Thread of rhyme are strung together,
From the shining forge of poetry
Have come forth in song celestial.

"And this is the song of Zion
That Jehudah ben Hallelevi
Sang when dying on the holy
Ruins of Jerusalem."

Jehudah Hallevi has thus become the exponent of suffering Israel, the teller of its woes, the prophet of its hopes. A depth of pure feeling is revealed in him; a freedom from artificial constraint, and a power of description, which we meet with nowhere among the Middle-Age Hebrew poets. As a true poet, love remains his theme to the end; but the love of the fair one is exchanged for a love purer and greater,—his people, his faith.

"But a wan and woeful maiden
Was his love: a mournful image
Of despair and desolation,
Who was named Jerusalem.

"Even in his early boyhood
Did he love her, deeply, truly,
And a thrill of passion shook him
At the word Jerusalem."

And that people has returned his love a thousandfold.

Richard G. L. Hall

NOTE.—See 'Songs of Zion by Hebrew Singers of Mediæval Times'; translated into English verse by Mrs. Henry Lucas. London, 1894.

ODE TO ZION

ART thou not, Zion, fain
To send forth greetings from thy sacred rock
Unto thy captive train,
Who greet thee as the remnants of thy flock?
Take thou on every side—
East, West, and South, and North—their greetings multiplied.
Sadly he greets thee still,
The prisoner of hope, who, day and night,
Sheds ceaseless tears, like dew on Hermon's hill—
Would that they fell on thy mountain's height!
Harsh is my voice when I bewail thy woes,
But when in fancy's dream
I see thy freedom, forth its cadence flows
Sweet as the harps that hung by Babel's stream.

My heart is so distressed
 For Bethel ever blessed,
 For Peniel, and each sacred place.
 The Holy Presence there
 To thee is present where
Thy Maker opes thy gates, the gates of heaven to face.

Oh! who will lead me on
 To seek the spots where, in far distant years,
 The angels in their glory dawned upon
 Thy messengers and seers?
 Oh! who will give me wings
 That I may fly away,
 And there, at rest from all my wanderings,
 The ruins of my heart among thy ruins lay?
 I'll bend my face unto thy soil, and hold
 Thy stones as precious gold.
 And when in Hebron I have stood beside
 My fathers' tomb, then will I pace in turn
 Thy plains and forest wide,
 Until I stand in Gilead and discern
 Mount Hor and Mount Abarim, 'neath whose crest
The luminaries twain, thy guides and beacons, rest.

Thy air is life unto my soul; thy grains
 Of dust are myrrh, thy streams with honey flow;
 Naked and barefoot, to thy ruined fanes
 How gladly would I go!
 To where the ark was treasured, and in dim
 Recesses dwelt the holy cherubim.

Perfect in beauty, Zion! how in thee
 Do love and grace unite!
 The souls of thy companions tenderly
 Turn unto thee; thy joy was their delight,
 And weeping, they lament thy ruin now.
 In distant exile, for thy sacred height
They long, and towards thy gates in prayer they bow.

Thy flocks are scattered o'er the barren waste,
 Yet do they not forget thy sheltering fold;
 Unto thy garments' fringe they cling, and haste
 The branches of thy palms to seize and hold.
 Shinar and Pathros! come they near to thee?
 Naught are they by thy light and right Divine.

To what can be compared the majesty
 Of thy anointed line?
 To what the singers, seers, and Levites thine?
 The rule of idols fails and is cast down,—
 Thy power eternal is, from age to age thy crown.

The Lord desires thee for his dwelling-place
 Eternally; and blest
 Is he whom God has chosen for the grace
 Within thy courts to rest.
 Happy is he that watches, drawing near,
 Until he sees thy glorious lights arise,
 And over whom thy dawn breaks full and clear
 Set in the Orient skies.
 But happiest he who with exultant eyes
 The bliss of thy redeemed ones shall behold,
 And see thy youth renewed as in the days of old.

Translation of Alice Lucas.

SEPARATION

AND so we twain must part! Oh, linger yet,—
 Let me still feed my glance upon thine eyes.
 Forget not, love, the days of our delight,
 And I our nights of bliss shall ever prize.
 In dreams thy shadowy image I shall see,—
 Oh, even in my dream be kind to me!

Though I were dead, I none the less should hear
 Thy step, thy garment rustling on the sand.
 And if thou waft me greetings from the grave,
 I shall drink deep the breath of that cold land.
 Take thou my days, command this life of mine,
 If it can lengthen out the space of thine.

No voice I hear from lips death-pale and chill,
 Yet deep within my heart it echoes still.
 My frame remains—my soul to thee yearns forth;
 A shadow I must tarry still on earth.
 Back to the body dwelling here in pain
 Return, my soul; make haste and come again!

Translation of Emma Lazarus. From 'The Poems of Emma Lazarus.' Copy-right, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston

THE EARTH IN SPRING

THEN, day by day, her broidered gown
 She changes for fresh wonder;
 A rich profusion of gay robes
 She scatters all around her.
 From day to day her flowers' tints
 Change quick, like eyes that brighten;
 Now white, like pearl, now ruby red,
 Now emerald green they'll lighten.
 She turns all pale; from time to time
 Red blushes quick o'er-cover;
 She's like a fair fond bride that pours
 Warm kisses on her lover.
 The beauty of her bursting spring
 So far exceeds my telling,
 Methinks sometimes she pales the stars
 That have in heaven their dwelling.

Translation of Edward G. King.

LONGING FOR JERUSALEM

O CITY of the world, with sacred splendor blest,
 My spirit yearns to thee from out the far-off West;
 A stream of love wells forth when I recall thy day;
 Now is thy temple waste, thy glory passed away.
 Had I an eagle's wings, straight would I fly to thee,
 Moisten thy holy dust with wet cheeks streaming free.
 Oh! how I long for thee! albeit thy King has gone,
 Albeit where balm once flowed, the serpent dwells alone.
 Could I but kiss thy dust, so would I fain expire,
 As sweet as honey then, my passion, my desire!

Translation of Emma Lazarus. From 'The Poems of Emma Lazarus.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

(1834-1894)

THE sneer of Disraeli, that a critic is a man who has failed in the branch of work he sets up to judge, is like saying that a mill-race is a stream which has failed to run in its own channel: making a definition serve as an insult. The man who does not fail is too busy with his own creations to spare much time for shaping judgments on others'. And so far as it implies that the failure leaves the critic no claim to be heard, it is shallow to the point of stupidity. On the contrary, the only thing which does give his verdicts weight is the fact that he has wrought enough in the given field to know its technic and its implications. Experience without success is the very condition of most good professional criticism. The limitations and perversions involved by this are equally clear, and must be allowed for.

Hamerton was in his own generation the best literary exponent of art to the public, and of different classes of art to each other; —for artists are often as narrow and distorted in their estimates of other branches than their own as the public is in its estimates of all, and are perhaps even more acrid and unreasonable. This position he owed precisely to the fact that he was a trained and learned artist, versed in the technics of a singularly wide range of artistic methods, but neither a great nor a popular artist; combined of course with other qualities which marked him out for an efficient interpreter. His analytic powers, his remarkable freedom from bias or bigotry, his catholicity of taste and sanity of mind, gave him unusual insight and foresight; few men have measured work or reputations with more sobriety of judgment, or made fewer mistakes in prophecy.

The character and purpose of his writing must be borne in mind. He was not instructing artists but the public, even though a special, wealthy, and fairly cultivated public; a body which, as he has said, is at once practically ignorant of art and sorely affronted at being taxed with such ignorance. He was therefore in the general position



P. G. HAMERTON

of a schoolmaster with a voluntary school of jealous and conceited pupils. His lucid and pleasing literary style, his clearness of analysis, his justness of spirit, and a temper never ruffled even into a *tu quoque*, gave him unequaled power of persuasiveness over this audience; but great depth or originality of exposition would have been worse than wasted. He says himself that "the vulgarization of rudiments has nothing to do with the advance of science"; nor has it anything to do with the advance of art, except—and the exception is of the first importance—by raising the level of the buyers of art work. Hence it is unreasonable to blame him for the commonplaceness which artists fret over in his art writing: it was an indispensable part of his service and influence; and probably fewer are beyond the need and scope of his commonplaces than would like to acknowledge it. Indeed, through his guiding of public taste, he had much more influence even on the development of art forms themselves than is generally supposed: it is due mainly to him that etching, the most individual and expressive of the methods of engraving, has been raised from an unfamiliar specialty to the foremost place in the favor of cultivated art lovers.

His literary services to art taken as a whole—his quarter-century editing of the Portfolio which he founded, with his clear and patient analysis of current works of art, and his indirect and conciliatory but all the more effective rebuffs to public ignorance and presumption; his thorough technical works on Etching, on Landscape, on all the Graphic Arts; his life of Turner; his 'Thoughts on Art,' steadily readable and clarifying; and much other matter—have probably done more than all other art writing of the age together to put the public mind into the only state from which anything good can be hoped for art; to wit, a willing recognition of its ignorance of the primary laws and limitations of artistic processes, and its lack of any right to pass on their embodiments till the proper knowledge is acquired. He has removed some of that ignorance, but in the very process contrives to explain how vast a body is still left, and how crude, random, and worthless any judgments based upon that vacuity of knowledge must be. To do this and yet rouse no irritation in his pupils, but leave instead a great personal liking, is a signal triumph of good exposition, good manners, and intrinsic good feeling. Mr. Hamerton never indulged in the acrimony by which critics so often mar their influence; he assumed that when his readers make mistakes, they do so from misunderstanding, and would be glad of knowledge courteously presented: and he was rewarded by being both listened to and liked. And to the uninstructed who listen teachably, his incomparably lucid explanations of the principles of artistic values and sacrifices, the piecemeal attempts of different forms of art to

interpret nature, and their insuperable boundaries, the technics of materials, the compulsion to imaginative work by physical limitations, and other pieces of analysis, form the best of preliminary trainings in rational judgment of art, and render the worst class of ignorant misjudgments wholly impossible.

His literary work unconnected with art was of considerable volume, and equals the other in general repute and appreciation. Best known of all his books is 'The Intellectual Life,' which deserves its fame as being the chief storehouse of philosophic consolation to the vast class of literary weaklings developed by a comfortable democracy. It is a perpetual healing in the hours of despondency that come to every aspiring but limited worker, when he looks on his petty accomplishment by the light of his ambition. It consists of a set of short conversational articles, many of them in the form of letters, developing the thesis that the intellectual life is not a matter of volume but of quality and tendency; that it may be lived intensely and satisfyingly with little actual acquirement and no recognized position; that it consists not in the amassing of facts or even in power of creation, but in the constant preference of higher thought to lower, in aspiration rather than attainment; and that any one mind is in itself as worthy as another. The single utterance that "It never could have been intended that everybody should write great books," naïvely obvious as it is, was worth writing the book for, as an aid to self-content. It is full of the gentlest, firmest, most sympathetically sensible advice and suggestion and remonstrance, as to the limitations of time and strength, the way in which most advantages breed compensating obstacles so that conditions are far more equal than they appear, the impossibility of achievement without sacrifice, the need of choice among incompatible ends, and many other aspects of life as related to study and production. Its teaching of sobriety and attainability of aim, of patient utilization of means, and of contentment in such goal as our powers can reach, is of inestimable value in an age of a general half-education which breeds ambitions in far greater number than can be realized.

'Human Intercourse' is a collection of essays on life and society, some of them ranking among his best: the admirable chapter on 'The Noble Bohemianism' is really an estray from 'The Intellectual Life.' The book 'French and English,' most of it first published in the Atlantic Monthly, is a comparison of the two peoples and modes of life and thought, of great charm and suggestiveness. His double position, as a loyal Englishman by birth and long residence and a sort of adoptive Frenchman by marriage and also long residence, made him solicitous to clear up the misunderstandings each people had of the other; and he wrote much to this end, with his usual calm sense

and gentlemanly urbanity. 'Five Modern Frenchmen' is a set of excellent biographies of French artists and others. 'Chapters on Animals' explains itself. He wrote two novels, 'Wenderholme' and 'Marmorne,' deserving of more reading than they receive; and a number of other works, besides publishing collected volumes of shorter papers, and at twenty-one a volume of poems.

Mr. Hamerton was born in Laneside, near Shaw, Lancashire, England, September 10th, 1834. After preparing for Oxford, he went to Paris to study art and literature. A few years later he set up a camp at Loch Awe, Scotland, to paint landscapes; this he described in 'A Painter's Camp in the Highlands,' and began to gain the note as a man of letters which he vainly hoped to gain as an artist. From 1866 to 1868 he was art critic for the London Saturday Review. In 1869 he established the Portfolio, a high-grade art review, addressing a public of supposably cultivated art lovers rather than the miscellaneous mass; but how little he felt himself dispensed from rudimentary exposition, and how low an estimate he set on even their connoisseurship, may be learned from the first chapter of the 'Thoughts on Art.' He married a French lady of Autun, and spent the latter part of his life mostly there or in Boulogne; he died in the latter place November 5th, 1894.

Greater geniuses in dying have deprived the world of less service and less enjoyment. Many of his readers felt a personal bereavement in his loss, as in that of a companion with a nature at once lofty and tender, a safe guide and elevating friend, unfailing in charm, comfort, and instructiveness.

PEACH-BLOOM

From 'The Sylvan Year'

THERE is a corner of a neglected old garden at the Val Ste. Veronique in which grows a certain plant very abundantly, that inevitably reminds us of an ancient philosopher. Towards the end of March it is all carpeted with young hemlock, which at this stage of its existence lies almost perfectly flat upon the ground, and covers it with one of the most minutely beautiful designs that can possibly be imagined; the delicate division of the fresh green leaves making a pattern that would be fit for some room, if a skillful manufacturer copied it. Our own hemlock is believed to be identical with that which caused the death of Socrates, but its action in northern countries is much feebler than in the warmer climate of the Mediterranean. . . .

In the same old abandoned garden where the hemlock grows on the walls there remain a few fruit-trees, and amongst these some peaches and apricots. They are in full bloom towards the end of March; and of all the beautiful sights to be seen at this time of the year, I know of none to be compared to these old peach-trees with their wreath of rosy bloom, which would be beautiful in any situation but is especially in this, because there happen to be some mellow-tinted walls behind them, the very background that a painter would delight in. There is some pretty coloring in the apricot blossoms, on account of the pink calyx and the pinkish brown of the young twigs, which has an influence on the effect; but the peach is incomparably richer. And after the grays of wintry trees and wintry skies, the sight is gladdened beyond measure by the flush of peach-blossom and the blue of the clear spring heaven. But to enjoy these two fresh and pure colors to the utmost we need some quiet coloring in the picture, and nothing supplies this better than such old walls as those of the monastic buildings at the Val Ste. Veronique; walls that Nature has been painting in her own way for full four hundred years, with the most delicate changes of gray and brown and dark gleamings of bronze and gold. There is something, too, which gratifies other feelings than those of simple vision in the renewal of the youth of Nature, contrasting with the steady decay of any ancient human work; and in the contrast between her exquisiteness, her delicacy, her freshness, as exhibited in a thing so perfect as a fresh peach-blossom, with its rosy color, its almond perfume, its promise of luscious fruit,—and the roughness of all that man can do, even at his best.

THE FASCINATION OF THE REMOTE

From the 'Life of J. M. W. Turner'

IT HAS been remarked before, that whereas with most men the maturing of the faculties leads from imagination to reason, from poetry to prose, this was not the case with Turner, who became more and more poetical as he advanced in life; and this might in some measure account for his ever-increasing tendency to desert the foreground, where objects are too near to have much enchantment about them, in order to dream, and make others dream, of distances which seem hardly of this world.

The fascination of the remote, for minds which have any imaginative faculty at all, is so universal and so unailing that it must be due to some cause in the depths of man's spiritual nature. It may be due to a religious instinct, which makes him forget the meanness and triviality of common life in this world, to look as far beyond it as he can to a mysterious infinity of glory, where earth itself seems to pass easily into heaven. It may be due to a progressive instinct, which draws men to the future and the unknown, leading them ever to fix their gaze on the far horizon, like mariners looking for some visionary Atlantis across the spaces of the wearisome sea. Be this as it may, the enchantments of landscape distances are certainly due far more to the imagination of the beholder than to any tangible or explicable beauty of their own. It is probable that minds of a common order, which see with the bodily eyes only and have no imaginative perception, receive no impressions of the kind which affected Turner; but the conditions of modern life have developed a great sensitiveness to such impressions in minds of a higher class. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to name any important imaginative work in literature, produced during the present century, in which there is not some expression proving the author's sensitiveness to the poetry of distance. I will not weary the reader with quotations, but here is just one from Shelley, which owes most of its effect upon the mind to his perception of two elements of sublimity—distance and height; in which perception, as in many other mental gifts, he strikingly resembled Turner. The stanza is in the 'Revolt of Islam':—

"Upon that rock a mighty column stood,
 Whose capital seemed sculptured in the sky,
 Which to the wanderers o'er the solitude
 Of distant seas, from ages long gone by,
 Had made a landmark; o'er its height to fly,
 Scarcely the cloud, the vulture, or the blast
 Has power; and when the shades of evening lie
 On earth and ocean, its carved summits cast
 The sunken daylight far through the aerial waste."

This was written in 1817, just about the time when Turner was passing from his early manner to the sublimities of his maturity; and there is ample evidence, of which more may be said later, that Turner and Shelley were as much in sympathy as two

men can be, when one is cultivated almost exclusively by means of literature and the other by graphic art. But however great may have been the similarity of their minds, whatever susceptibility to certain impressions they may have had in common, the two arts which they pursued differed widely in technical conditions. It may, or it may not, be as easy to write verses as to paint, when both are to be supremely well done; but it is certain that poetic description requires less realization than pictorial, so that less accurate observation will suffice for it, and an inferior gift of memory. In the whole range of the difficulties which painters endeavor to overcome, there is not one which tries their powers more severely than the representation of distant effects in landscape. They can never be studied from nature, for they come and go so rapidly as to permit nothing but the most inadequate memoranda; they can never be really imitated, being usually in such a high key of light and color as to go beyond the resources of the palette; and the finest of them are so mysterious that the most piercing eyesight is baffled, perceiving at the utmost but little of all that they contain. The interpretation of such effects, however able and intelligent it may be, always requires a great deal of good-will on the part of the spectator, who must be content if he can read the painter's work as a sort of shorthand, without finding in it any of the amusement which may be derived from the imitation of what is really imitable.

For all these reasons it would be a sufficiently rash enterprise for an artist to stake his prospects on the painting of distances; but there is another objection even yet more serious. Such painting requires not only much good-will in the spectator, but also great knowledge, freedom from vulgar prejudices, and some degree of faith in the painter himself. When people see a noble effect in nature, there is one stock observation which they almost invariably make; they always say, or nearly always, "Now, if we were to see that effect in a picture we should not believe it to be possible." One would think that after such a reflection on their own tendency to unbelief in art and to astonishment in the presence of nature, people would be forewarned against their own injustice; but it is not so. They will make that observation every time they see a fine sunset or a remarkable cloud in the natural world, and remain as unjust as ever to the art which represents phenomena of the same order. Turner had to contend against this disposition to deny the truth of everything that is

not commonplace. He was too proud and courageous to allow it to arrest his development, and would not submit to dictation from any one as to the subjects of his larger pictures. He knew the value of money, and would work very hard to earn it, but no money consideration whatever was permitted to interfere between him and the higher manifestations of his art.

TREES IN ART

From 'Landscape'

IT MAY, however, not be absolutely safe to conclude that the Greeks had no landscape painting, because we find only conventional and decorative representations of trees on vases. If it is true that the mural paintings at Herculaneum and Pompeii were not always essentially modern at the time when they were painted upon the wall, but rather in many cases copies and reminiscences of much more ancient art, it would seem possible that the painters of antiquity may have at least gone so far in the direction of true landscape painting as to have attained the notion of mass in foliage. Some of the Pompeian pictures give large-leaved shrubs seen near the figures, with much of the liberty and naturalness in this disposal of the leaves that were afterwards fully attained by the Venetians; whilst many of the landscapes really show foliage in mass, not so learnedly as in modern landscape painting, but quite with the knowledge that masses had a light side, and a dark side, and a roundness that might be painted without insisting on the form of each leaf. The same observation of mass is to be seen in the Campanian interpretation of mountains, which, though extremely simple and primitive, and without any of the refinements of mountain form that are perceptible to ourselves, exhibit nevertheless the important truth that the facets of a mountain catch the light.

In mediæval landscape painting, trees were of great importance from the first, on account of the free decorative inventiveness of the mediæval mind, that exercised itself in illumination and tapestry and in patterns for dress, for all of which leaves and flowers were the best natural materials or suggestions. The history of tree drawing in the Middle Ages is very like its history in Greece. As Apollo and Semele were placed on each side the laurel, of which the leaves were few and distinctly individualized.

so Adam and Eve were placed on each side the apple-tree, which was often represented as a bare thin stem branching into a sort of flat oval at the top that was filled with distinct leaves and fruit, and sometimes even surrounded by a line. In other drawings or paintings the tree was allowed to develop itself more freely; but the artist still attended to the individual leaves, and the tree was usually kept small, like the young trees in our gardens. Even in hunting scenes where a forest is represented, as in the manuscript of the hunting-book by Gaston Phoebus,* the trees have short bare trunks and a few leaves, and are about the height of a man on horseback, often not so high. They answer, in short, to the trees in boxes of toys for children, except that they are more prettily designed.

The nearest approach to foliage attained by the mediæval love of the distinct leaf is in the backgrounds to tapestries, and decorative paintings designed on the same principles, where the leaves, although individually perfect, are so multiplied that the mere numbers make them appear innumerable. In this way the distinct designers of the Middle Ages attained a sort of infinity, though it is not the same as the real infinity of nature where details cannot be counted. One of the best examples of this is the background to Orcagna's fresco of the 'Dream of Life' in the Campo Santo of Pisa, where the orange-trees stand behind the figures and fill the upper part of the picture from side to side with their dense foliage studded with fruit, and between their thin stems every inch of space is filled with a diaper of flat green leaves to represent the close shrubbery or underwood in the garden. This is still quite mediæval in spirit, because the leaves are distinctly drawn, and all are countable, however numerous; they are also decorative, as primitive art was sure to be.

It is difficult to fix with precision the date when the idea of mass in foliage began to acquire importance, and I know that if I give a date, some earlier examples may be found which would seem to throw it farther back in art history; but occasional precursors do not invalidate the rights of a century in which an idea first takes effectual root. There is a very remarkable landscape background by Giovanni Bellini in his picture of 'The Death of Peter Martyr' in our National Gallery, the most elaborate example of tree painting among our older pictures. The

*The book is entitled '*Des Deduits de la Chasse des Bestes Sauvages*,' and is in the National Library at Paris.

idea is to show trees in a wood, with stems crossing each other and supporting an immense quantity of highly wrought foliage. Well, in this picture the foliage is not flat; there is a sense of mass; and yet to a modern eye it is easily visible that Bellini was still hampered by the mediæval interest in the leaf, and driven by that to bestow prodigious pains upon the individual leaves that he portrayed by thousands. In the same fifteenth century a manuscript of the Epistles of Ovid, now in the National Library of Paris, was illuminated with subjects that have landscape backgrounds of a very advanced kind; and here the foliage is completely massed, with considerable breadth of shaded parts and only touches for the lights.

We may remember, then, that classical tree painting began with the stem and a reduced number of distinct leaves, but attained masses of foliage in the Campanian paintings or earlier, and that mediæval painting began in the same way with the leaf and the stem, but led to masses about the fifteenth century, after passing through an intermediate stage in which there was a great multiplicity of distinctly painted leaves.

THE NOBLE BOHEMIANISM

From 'Human Intercourse'

AMONGST the common injustices of the world, there have been few more complete than its reprobation of the state of mind and manner of life that have been called Bohemianism; and so closely is that reprobation attached to the word, that I would gladly have substituted some other term for the better Bohemianism, had the English language provided me with one. It may, however, be a gain to justice itself that we should be compelled to use the same expression, qualified only by an adjective, for two states of existence that are the good and the bad conditions of the same; as it will tend to make us more charitable to those whom we must always blame, and yet may blame with a more or less perfect understanding of the causes that led them into error.

The lower forms of Bohemianism are associated with several kinds of vice, and are therefore justly disliked by people who know the value of a well-regulated life, and when at the worst, regarded by them with feelings of positive abhorrence. The vices

connected with these forms of Bohemianism are idleness, irregularity, extravagance, drunkenness, and immorality; and besides these vices, the worst Bohemianism is associated with many repulsive faults that may not be exactly vices, and yet are almost as much disliked by decent people. These faults are slovenliness, dirt, a degree of carelessness in matters of business often scarcely to be distinguished from dishonesty, and habitual neglect of the decorous observances that are inseparable from a high state of civilization.

After such an account of the worst Bohemianism, in which, as the reader perceives, I have extenuated nothing, it may seem almost an act of temerity to advance the theory that this is only the bad side of a state of mind and feeling that has its good and perfectly respectable side also. If this seems difficult to believe, the reader has only to consider how certain other instincts of humanity have also their good and bad developments. The religious and the sexual instincts, in their best action, are on the side of national and domestic order; but in their worst action they produce sanguinary quarrels, ferocious persecutions, and the excesses of the most degrading sensuality. . . .

Again, before going to the *raison d'être* of Bohemianism, let me point to one consideration of great importance to us if we desire to think quite justly. It is, and has always been, a characteristic of Bohemianism to be extremely careless of appearances, and to live outside the shelter of hypocrisy; so its vices are far more visible than the same vices when practiced by men of the world, and incomparably more offensive to persons with a strong sense of what is called "propriety." At the time when the worst form of Bohemianism was more common than it is now, its most serious vices were also the vices of the best society. If the Bohemian drank to excess, so did the nobility and gentry; if the Bohemian had a mistress, so had the most exalted personages. The Bohemian was not so much blamed for being a sepulchre as for being an ill-kept sepulchre, and not a whited sepulchre like the rest. It was far more his slovenliness and poverty than his graver vices that made him offensive to a corrupt society with fine clothes and ceremonious manners.

Bohemianism and Philistinism are the terms by which, for want of better, we designate two opposite ways of estimating wealth and culture. There are two categories of advantages in wealth,—the intellectual and the material. The intellectual

advantages are leisure to think and read, travel, and intelligent conversation. The material advantages are large and comfortable houses, tables well served and abundant, good coats, clean linen, fine dresses and diamonds, horses, carriages, servants, hot-houses, wine cellars, shootings. Evidently the most perfect condition of wealth would unite both classes of advantages; but this is not always, or often, possible, and it so happens that in most situations a choice has to be made between them. The Bohemian is the man who with small means desires and contrives to obtain the intellectual advantages of wealth, which he considers to be leisure to think and read, travel, and intelligent conversation. The Philistine is the man who, whether his means are small or large, devotes himself wholly to the attainment of the other set of advantages,—a large house, good food and wine, clothes, horses, and servants.

The intelligent Bohemian does not despise them; on the contrary, when he can afford it, he encourages them and often surrounds himself with beautiful things; but he will not barter his mental liberty in exchange for them, as the Philistine does so readily. If the Bohemian simply prefers sordid idleness to the comfort which is the reward of industry, he has no part in the higher Bohemianism, but combines the Philistine fault of intellectual apathy with the Bohemian fault of standing aloof from industrial civilization. If a man abstains from furthering the industrial civilization of his country, he is only excusable if he pursues some object of at least equal importance. Intellectual civilization really is such an object, and the noble Bohemianism is excusable for serving it rather than that other civilization of arts and manufactures which has such numerous servants of its own. If the Bohemian does not redeem his negligence of material things by superior intellectual brightness, he is half a Philistine; he is destitute of what is best in Bohemianism (I had nearly written of all that is worth having in it); and his contempt for material perfection has no longer any charm, because it is not the sacrifice of a lower merit to a higher, but the blank absence of the lower merit not compensated or condoned by the presence of anything nobler or better.

I have said that the intelligent Bohemian is generally a man of small or moderate means, whose object is to enjoy the *best* advantages (not the most visible) of riches. In his view these advantages are leisure, travel, reading, and conversation. His

estimate is different from that of the Philistine, who sets his heart on the lower advantages of riches, sacrificing leisure, travel, reading, and conversation, in order to have a larger house and more servants. But how, without riches, is the Bohemian to secure the advantages that he desires? for they also belong to riches. There lies the difficulty, and the Bohemian's way of overcoming it constitutes the romance of his existence. In absolute destitution the intelligent Bohemian life is not possible. A little money is necessary for it; and the art and craft of Bohemianism is to get for that small amount of money such an amount of leisure, reading, travel, and good conversation as may suffice to make life interesting. The way in which an old-fashioned Bohemian usually set about it was this: he treated material comfort and outward appearances as matters of no consequence, accepting them when they came in his way, but enduring the privation of them gayly. He learned the art of living on a little.

He spent the little that he had, first for what was really necessary, and next for what really gave him pleasure; but he spent hardly anything in deference to the usages of society. In this way he got what he wanted. His books were second-hand and ill bound, but he *had* books and read them; his clothes were shabby, yet still kept him warm; he traveled in all sorts of cheap ways, and frequently on foot; he lived a good deal in some unfashionable quarters in a capital city, and saw much of art, nature, and humanity.

To exemplify the true theory of Bohemianism, let me describe from memory two rooms; one of them inhabited by an English lady not at all Bohemian, the other by a German of the coarser sex who was essentially and thoroughly Bohemian. The lady's room was not a drawing-room, being a reasonable sort of sitting-room without any exasperating inutilities; but it was extremely, excessively comfortable. Half hidden amongst its material comforts might be found a little rosewood bookcase containing a number of pretty volumes in purple morocco, that were seldom if ever opened. My German Bohemian was a steady reader in six languages; and if he had seen such a room as that, he would probably have criticized it as follows. He would have said:—"It is rich in superfluities, but has not what is necessary. The carpet is superfluous; plain boards are quite comfortable enough. One or two cheap chairs and tables might replace this costly furniture. That pretty rosewood bookcase holds the smallest

number of books at the greatest cost, and is therefore contrary to true economy; give me rather a sufficiency of long deal shelves all innocent of paint. What is the use of fine bindings and gilt edges? This little library is miserably poor. It is all in one language, and does not represent even English literature adequately: there are a few novels, books of poems, and travels, but I find neither science nor philosophy. Such a room as that, with all its comfort, would seem to me like a prison. My mind needs wider pastures." I remember his own room, a place to make a rich Englishman shudder. One climbed up to it by a stone corkscrew-stair, half ruinous, in an old mediæval house. It was a large room, with a bed in one corner, and it was wholly destitute of anything resembling a carpet or a curtain. The remaining furniture consisted of two or three rush-bottomed chairs, one large cheap lounging-chair, and two large plain tables. There were plenty of shelves (common deal, unpainted), and on them an immense litter of books in different languages, most of them in paper covers, and bought second-hand, but in readable editions. In the way of material luxury there was a pot of tobacco; and if a friend dropped in for an evening, a jug of ale would make its appearance. My Bohemian was shabby in his dress, and unfashionable; but he had seen more, read more, and passed more hours in intelligent conversation than many who considered themselves his superiors. The entire material side of life had been systematically neglected, in his case, in order that the intellectual side might flourish. It is hardly necessary to observe that any attempt at luxury or visible comfort, any conformity to fashion, would have been incompatible, on small means, with the intellectual existence that this German scholar enjoyed.

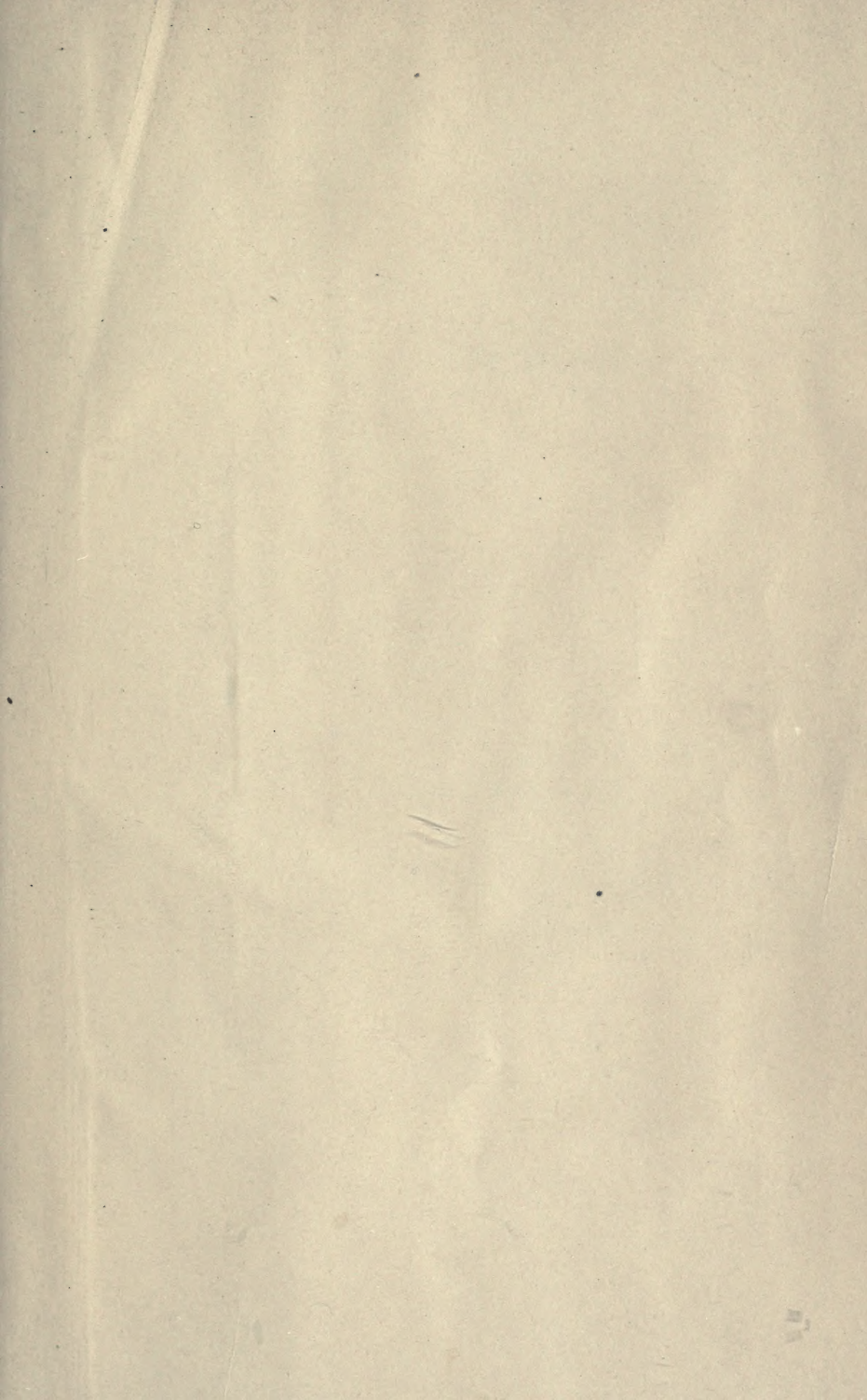
The class in which the higher Bohemianism has most steadily flourished is the artistic and literary class, and here it is visible and recognizable because there is often poverty enough to compel the choice between the objects of the intelligent Bohemian and those of ordinary men. The early life of Goldsmith, for example, was that of a genuine Bohemian. He had scarcely any money, and yet he contrived to get for himself what the intelligent Bohemian always desires; namely, leisure to read and think, travel, and interesting conversation. When penniless and unknown, he lounged about the world thinking and observing; he traveled in Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, not as people

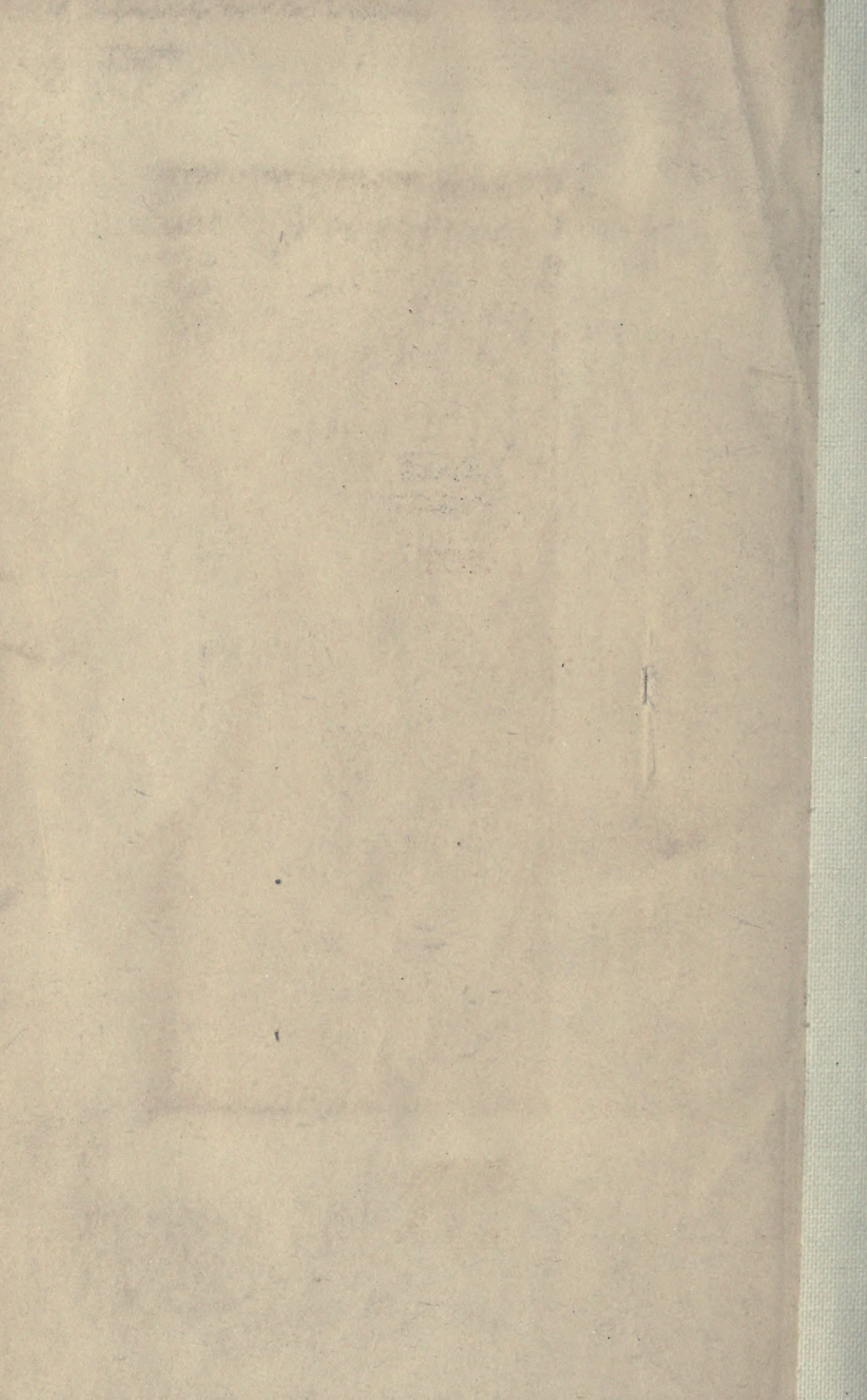
do in railway carriages, but in leisurely intercourse with the inhabitants. Notwithstanding his poverty he was received by the learned in different European cities; and, notably, heard Voltaire and Diderot talk till three o'clock in the morning. So long as he remained faithful to the true principles of Bohemianism he was happy in his own strange and eccentric way; and all the anxieties, all the slavery of his later years were due to his apostasy from those principles. He no longer estimated leisure at its true value, when he allowed himself to be placed in such a situation that he was compelled to toil like a slave in order to clear off work that had been already paid for, such advances having been rendered necessary by expenditure on Philistine luxuries. He no longer enjoyed humble travel; but on his later tour in France with Mrs. Horneck and her two beautiful daughters, instead of enjoying the country in his own old simple innocent way, he allowed his mind to be poisoned with Philistine ideas, and constantly complained of the want of physical comfort, though he lived far more expensively than in his youth. The new apartments, taken on the success of the 'Good-natured Man,' consisted, says Irving, "of three rooms, which he furnished with mahogany sofas, card tables, and bookcases; with curtains, mirrors, and Wilton carpets." At the same time he went even beyond the precept of Polonius, for his garments were costlier than his purse could buy, and his entertainments were so extravagant as to give pain to his acquaintances. All this is a desertion of real Bohemian principles. Goldsmith ought to have protected his own leisure, which from the Bohemian point of view was incomparably more precious to himself than Wilton carpets and coats "of Tyrian bloom."

Corot, the French landscape painter, was a model of consistent Bohemianism of the best kind. When his father said, "You shall have £80 a year, your plate at my table, and be a painter; or you shall have £4,000 to start with if you will be a shop-keeper," his choice was made at once. He remained always faithful to true Bohemian principles, fully understanding the value of leisure, and protecting his artistic independence by the extreme simplicity of his living. He never gave way to the modern rage for luxuries; but in his latter years, when enriched by tardy professional success and hereditary fortune, he employed his money in acts of fraternal generosity to enable others to lead the intelligent Bohemian life.

Wordsworth had in him a very strong element of Bohemianism. His long pedestrian rambles, his interest in humble life and familiar intercourse with the poor, his passion for wild nature and preference of natural beauty to fine society, his simple and economical habits, are enough to reveal the tendency. His "plain living and high thinking" is a thoroughly Bohemian idea, in striking opposition to the Philistine passion for rich living and low thinking. There is a story that he was seen at a breakfast-table to cut open a new volume with a greasy butter-knife. To every lover of books this must seem horribly barbarous; yet at the same time it was Bohemian, in that Wordsworth valued the thought only and cared nothing for the material condition of the volume. I have observed a like indifference to the material condition of books in other Bohemians who took the most lively interest in their contents. I have also seen "bibliophiles" who had beautiful libraries in excellent preservation, and who loved to fondle fine copies of books that they never read. That is Philistine,—it is the preference of material perfection to intellectual values.

Some practical experience of the higher Bohemianism is a valuable part of education. It enables us to estimate things at their true worth, and to extract happiness from situations in which the Philistine is both dull and miserable. A true Bohemian of the best kind knows the value of mere shelter, of food enough to satisfy hunger, of plain clothes that will keep him sufficiently warm; and in the things of the mind he values the liberty to use his own faculties as a kind of happiness in itself. His philosophy leads him to take an interest in talking with human beings of all sorts and conditions, and in different countries. He does not despise the poor; for whether poor or rich in his own person, he understands simplicity of life, and if the poor man lives in a small cottage, he too has probably been lodged less spaciouly still in some small hut or tent. He has lived often, in rough travel, as the poor live every day. I maintain that such tastes and experiences are valuable both in prosperity and in adversity. If we are prosperous they enhance our appreciation of the things around us, and yet at the same time make us really know that they are not indispensable, as so many believe them to be; if we fall into adversity they prepare us to accept lightly and cheerfully what would be depressing privations to others.





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